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MISSIONS:

THEIR

AUTHORITY, SCOPE, AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

AN ESSAY:

TO WHICH THE SECOND PRIZE, PROPOSED BY A RECENT
ASSOCIATION IN SCOTLAND, WAS ADJUDGED.

BY

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D.,

MINISTER OF BELGRAVE CHAPEL, LEEDS.

SECOND EDITION.

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A. PICKARD, PRINTER, TOP OF BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

TO THE LIBERAL FOUNDERS OF THE PRIZES;

TO THE REVEREND ADJUDICATORS OF THE ESSAYS;

THE FOLLOWING TREATISE ON MISSIONS,

TO WHICH THEIR SECOND PREFERENCE

WAS AWARDED,—

A POSITION GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED,

BUT ALSO A RESPONSIBILITY TREMBLINGLY REALISED,—

IS DEDICATED

BY THEIR OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Leeds, March 1st, 1842.

DEDICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE REV. JOHN HARRIS, D.D.,

PRESIDENT AND THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR
OF CHESHUNT COLLEGE.

Beloved and Honoured Friend,

No happier event ever befel me,—no prouder emotion ever flattered me,—than when I found myself placed second to you.

Ever believe me,
Dear Harris,
Yours devotedly,
RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

[The following Announcements will explain the History of the present Work.]

ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

PRIZE OF TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS.

During the last forty years, many excellent Sermons, Tracts, and Pamphlets, have appeared on the subject of Missions to the Heathen; but the want of a comprehensive work, embracing all the topics directly and collaterally involved in the general theme, has long been felt and very generally acknowledged. It has occurred to a few friends of the Missionary Enterprise in Scotland, that this desideratum in our Christian literature might be supplied by means of friendly competition, were the theme of Missions proposed as the subject of a Prize Essay. Dispensing, for the present, with the consideration of the causes that may instrumentally have retarded the progress of Christianity throughout the world, and with the investigation of the most approved methods of practically conducting Missions abroad, a Prize of Two Hundred Guineas is hereby offered for the best Essay; and another Prize of Fifty Guineas for the second best Essay, on "The Duty, Privilege, and Encouragement of Christians to send the Gospel of Salvation to the unenlightened Nations of the Earth." The grand object of Missions, viz., the regeneration of a lost world, through the all-sufficient atonement of the Lord our Righteousness and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, must be distinctly unfolded, and vindicated from the Sacred Scriptures. The Duty, Privilege, &c., must be illustrated as enjoined or sanctioned by Divine commands, Evangelical motives, and explicit prophecies, as well as recommended by a review of the beneficial effects of Christianity on the civilization of the world and the reflex influence of the Missionary Enterprise in improving the Spiritual tone and condition of the Reformed Churches. Under the head of Duty, must be comprehended the obligation to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer by means of prayer, counsel, pecuniary contribution, and personal services. Answers must also be furnished to all the most plausible objections that have from time to time been urged against the cause of Missions.

In order at once to demonstrate the Catholicity of the present design, and inspire universal confidence in the rectitude of the decision, the following Gentlemen have been requested, and have kindly consented, to become adjudicators, viz.,—

The Rev. DAVID WELSH, D.D., Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh.

The Rev. RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., Glasgow.

The Rev. HENRY MELVILL, B.D., Camberwell, late Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

The Rev. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., President of the Wesleyan Conference, London.

The Rev. THOMAS CRISP, President of the Baptist College, Bristol.

The Essays will be received on or before 1st June, 1839, by the Secretaries of the Church of England, Baptist, Wesleyan, and London Missionary Societies, at the respective Mission Houses in London; and by the Rev. Dr. Brunton, Convener, or Rev. Dr. Gordon, Secretary of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland's Committee for Foreign Missions, Edinburgh. Each must be accompanied with a Sealed Letter, enclosing the Name and Address of the Author—the Letter and Essay bearing some motto or superscription common to both. No Essay need be forwarded which is not written or copied, in a clear, distinct, legible hand. The Adjudicators are expected to make their decision known on or before 1st June, 1840; after which date, the Essays will be returned, on proper application at the several Offices where they were originally left, with the letters unopened, except those accompanying the successful Treatises. Half of the Profits arising from the Sale of the Copyright of the Essay, to which the Prize of Two Hundred Guineas shall be awarded, to be given to the Author; the other half to be applied to such object, promotive of the great cause of Missions, as the Contributors to the present Prize may deem most expedient.

In name of the Contributors,
Stevenson M'Gill, D.D.,
Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow.
Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.
Alexander Duff, D.D.,
Church of Scotland Mission, Calcutta.

February 5th, 1838.

MISSIONARY PRIZE ESSAY.

THE Committee have now to announce that the Adjudicators have given in their Decision.

The First Prize, of Two Hundred Guineas, has been awarded to the Rev. Dr. John Harris, Author of "Mammon," &c. &c.

The Second Prize, of Fifty Guineas, to the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, of Belgrave Chapel, Leeds.

C. CUNNINGHAM,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Glasgow, October 29th, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE Author, thanking the Public for its kind estimation of his Work, has endeavoured to amend it, adding nearly a sixth of perfectly original matter.

LEEDS, July 14th, 1846.

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"Εισι τοινυν τινες ὃι τοτ᾽ εξελεγχειν τον παριοντα ὄιονται, επειδαν ερωτησωσι τι ουν χρη ποιεῖν; ὁις εγω μεν το δικαιοτατον και αληθεστατον τουτο αποκρινουμαι, ταυτα μη ποιεῖν ἃ νυνι ποιεῖτε· ου μην αλλα και καθ᾽ εκαστον ακριβως ερω· και ὅπως, ὥσπερ ερωτῶσι προθυμως, ὅυτω και ποιεῖν εθελησουσιν."

DEMOSTHENES: Cherronesus.

"We have those among us, who deem a speaker fully refuted by asking in a taunting manner, What then must be done? To whom I answer,—and I cannot conceive of reply better founded in justice and truth,—Any thing rather than what you are now doing! I will state the matter with the most explicit distinctness. But I have a right to insist that they, who are so eager to demand a plan, be not less earnest in working it out."

"Not sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores."

WORDSWORTH'S Eccles: Sketches.

"The Lord, whose work it is, guide us by his Divine Providence, and stir up many promoters among persons of all ranks, that, in these last times, the Salvation of the Heathen may be sought with *earnestness*, and their conversion promoted by the *whole Christian Church*."

Letter to King George the First, from Ziegenbalg and Gründler,
Missionaries at Tranquebar, 1718.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON ANCIENT AND MODERN MISSIONS.

When the Religion of Jesus was examined, at its first announcement, by the philosopher and sage, it was felt by them to be impracticable by its very benevolence. Its general principles, its primary duties, were the dictates of a perfect philanthropy. The disciples who professed it were enjoined, under every vow and sanction, to carry out its spirit. Their life was to be spent in "doing good to all men." It did not leave the question, What is good? perplexed in doubt. It distinctly showed the nature of the true well-being, and pointed as directly to the only way in which that could be secured. But the existing state of public opinion was little favourable to its success. Seldom, in all the course of time, has there arisen an age so flagrantly selfish. Men were "lovers of their own selves." No vestige,—amidst the mouldering heaps of forum, circus, and temple,—survives of refuge for decrepitude or of hospital for disease. So rarely was the abstract sentiment inculcated, that a simple expression of disinterestedness in a Roman comedy struck the assembly, which witnessed it, with such surprise at its novelty, and such delight at its sublimity, that, it is said, one prolonged shout of admiration stayed the performance and endangered the theatre.* Passages incomparably more just and noble abound in the Christian records. This divine Charity, therefore, could not but indicate, by its amiable contrariety and contrast, all surrounding evils. It prepared itself immediately for their redress. They were, however, deep-lodged in human institutions, as well as coiled about the human heart. They could not be opposed without shocking the pride of those who had hitherto flattered them, or risking the stake of those who had embarked all earthly interests in their perpetuity. Idolatry was the chief prop, and the direst bane, of all. The mischiefs which it did not produce, it most bitterly aggravated. And thus Christianity was compelled, at once, to take a hostile attitude. Had mankind more clearly reasoned, they would have perceived that in this antagonistic influence there was nothing imperious or oppressive; it was only the contest of the light with the darkness, the grappling of the remedy with the disease. But they would not yield. They stood up against it in defence of their favourite passions and aims. The joined battle was inevitable. The struggle was fearful, but the mild victory which decided it, compensated for all its sufferings, and only sought the olive-branch as the fruit and emblem of the triumph. How beautiful is the purpose and illustration of the Gospel! "God, having raised up," that is, appointed or designated, "his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities!"

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* "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."—
Terence: Heautontimorumenos. Lin: 25.

It is the only Religion of mercy. It is full of it. It bends over man with a Divine compassion. For the first time, in listening to its voice, does he learn that there is any care for him. The defenceless finds a protector, the mourner a comforter, the outcast a friend. Henceforth no tear flows unnoticed, no sigh escapes unheard. All who labour and are heavy-laden, all who have no helper, all who have been trodden down, may assure themselves of its sympathy. It stoops to raise the bruised reed. How has it cheered, if it could not turn, the captivity of the exile! How has it lightened, if it might not break, the fetter of the slave! What visions has it made fall upon the bereaved! What consolations has it borne to the oppressed! The poor always enjoyed the tokens of its special interest! The afflicted ever experienced its fullest favour! It heareth the needy when he crieth! Such a religion is "not of men!" It has flowed from a bosom capacious of an infinite benevolence. It could not be brought within any plan of ambition and falsehood. It is simple as grief. It is a new and original power of influence. The meekness and gentleness of Christ are potent charms of healing. They search deeply, they operate surely. The Gospel perpetuates and breathes all the sweetness of its first institution. It is instinct with the tenderness and grace of love. It cometh from heaven as the small rain upon the tender herb. The Star of Bethlehem moved not more serenely to its ascendant, nor did the Dove of Jordan more gently bend its earth-ward wing!

The polytheism, then overthrown, leaves no ground for fear respecting any other. Its mythology was taught to the associations of the earliest infancy, was embodied in the noblest forms of art, and entwined itself with the origin of states. It is difficult to withstand its enchantment still. The poetic legend, the gleaming marble, the pillared temple, the speaking statue,—the graceful robe, the mystic fillet, the tragic cothurnus, the symbolic procession,—the bearded pontiff, the mighty orator, the crowned monarch, the visioned sage,—the charm of the scenery, the clearness of the atmosphere, the beauty of the climate, the imagination of the multitude,—dome bending itself to the azure concave above it, pediment sculptured with the dreams of the classic antiquity,—the intermixture of all with the institutions of education and policy,—its ever present recollection in gymnasium as well as sanctuary,—the romance and pageant,—the exhaustion of taste, genius, and splendour, upon its fables and ceremonies,—even to our own times, constitute the ancient Paganism a marvel of all that was attractive and magnificent. Yet did the twelve poor followers of the Crucified One lay this majestic, towering, system low. They lived to see it, not fallen but shaken, not absolutely renounced but narrowly scanned, not utterly deserted but coldly neglected; and though they perished themselves in the struggle, they beheld the structure smitten by a blow, and rocking with a feebleness, which assured them of its certain and speedy subversion. They calmly, in their writings and discourses, alluded to rites and usages as already well nigh obsolete and harmless. They marked the shrinking power of the enemy. They spoke of the delubrum and its mysteries, the course and its strifes, the oracle and its responses,—freely, easily, because, even then, these were faded and expiring, vacant and obsolete, things.

It is evident that the Heathen writers had, formerly, never foreboded the extinction of their religion. They rested upon its stability all hopes of national greatness and personal fame.* They sought not a more indestructible pedestal for the hero's figure nor a safer niche for the poet's bust. Yet all is shattered now! And had not history been a more tenacious register, their own deed and song a more glorious security and a more enduring title, long since had every great event and every illustrious name perished in that downfall and been buried in those ruins!

Julian attempted to revive it, but without the shadow of success. He rallied around him every Heathen ally. He summoned to his court and to his camp all possible intellectual assistance. Menaces and lures were successively tried by him to effect the restoration. Coins, bearing on their obverse the Isiac symbol, were struck with inscriptions purporting that the religion of Christ was destroyed. Columns were also erected to perpetuate the event. These only survived to record the story of his failure. His own example was that of the wildest zeal in the service of the idol-gods. Not contented with his Pantheon, he colonised every new divinity in his capital. He was initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, and versed himself in the Demiurgic Incantations. Magic became his study and delight. He even sought the restoration of Human Sacrifices to assist his infernal art. But all was vain. Moderation and phrenzy were alike unsuccessful. We behold the Apostate alternately prevaricating with his convictions, or sinking under his fears. Iamblichus reveals the shallow, pitiful, conceits with which he attempted to evade truth and its evidences, to stifle remorse and its horrors: while Gregory Nazianzen follows him, stripping away disguise after disguise, until he leaves him for our pity,—the javelin barb-deep and quivering in his side,—steeping with his blood, and filling with the groan of his despair, the sands of Assyria. Whether he said it or not,—The Galilean had overcome!

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* "Dîs te minorem quod geris, imperas:
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum."
Hor: Car: Lib. iii. 6.

"Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens; *dum* Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex."
Ibid: 30.

The Religion of the Cross soon conquered the selfishness of those who believed. They "judged that they should not live to themselves." A softening influence breathed upon public manners. The cruel sports of the arena were indignantly stopped. Vindictive laws were mitigated. Kingdoms and homes felt the bland and subduing change. "The earth melted."

Why, we may ask, did the rapid progress of Christianity so suddenly terminate? What arrested its victorious career? It is admitted, that we cannot always follow it with precision. There is something of a fabulous and romantic vagueness in the chronicles which report it. We think of Asia, and pursue this revolution to the Indus: we range through Bactria, and mark the conquest of its thousand cities:* we are encouraged to think that its day-spring reached the farthest East. The Roman Empire was soon covered with the Gospel. Greece, then a province of that Empire, equally received its benefits. Warlike and pastoral peoples submitted. Barbarous and civilised countries yielded. Nothing imposed a check; scarcely offered a resistance. In far later centuries the tide of success rolled on. These northern islands witnessed the fervour and power of the visitation. Facts obtrude when the agents are concealed. Must there not have been some vitiating principle, to account for this reverse?* Is there not some entanglement of Christianity with the friendship of the world, some spirit of bitter dispute, some estrangement from its proper direction, some paralysis of pristine might, which we must note to explain it? It did run well: what has hindered it? When we have adjusted our religion to its only standard, raised it to its native pitch, we may hope that its dormant energies will again awaken, and that it will repeat the wonders which were of old. Until then, though its form be retained, its life is exhausted: just as poisons, the quickest in wasting the living principle, preserve the animal fibre from decomposition, conserving the frame while they destroy the vitality.

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* Ammianus Marcellinus.

To supply the most succinct narrative of the attempts which have been made to propagate Christianity, would be to write its annals. If even those attempts, which were perfectly direct, should only find their place in the record, there would be little abridgment of its page. But the task is hopeless. We must, would we complete it, follow those countless impulses which carry forward the deeds of a high benevolence to unseen and unimaginable results, like the far-going waves which strike distant, and still more distant, shores. We must penetrate the rudiments of the hidden soul, until we reach its treasure-chamber of intents and aspirations. And did we visit country after country, to gather the tale of their Christian regenerators, how much would be lost in antiquity and distorted by tradition! Nameless has the Missionary died. Unrecorded sunk he to his tomb. We know, however, where he has trodden. His footsteps may be traced. Thinking on these realms, where our lot is cast, a deep uncertainty hangs over its religious history. But the Missionary has traversed them. His journey was not in vain. Other means have had their use. There has been the light of colleges, the example of cities, the glory of saints. But these were as nothing to the direct labourer. The Culdee spread the Gospel far more extensively by his itinerancy, than Iona by its innocence or Lindisfarne by its lore. The scroll of these blessed men, who have turned many to righteousness, will be read until Heaven shall expand its firmament, in which they shall shine as the stars, distinctly yet a host, for ever and ever.

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* Tertullian, in his Adversus Judæos, speaking of the triumphs of Christianity, asserts their scene to be "in countries and islands scarcely known to us by name."

And it looks for universality. Its ambition burns but in its love. Adapted to every condition of man, addressing him through every medium, it proposes to itself no rest, and it will satisfy itself with no victory, until "He, who tasted death for every man," shall be acknowledged and adored by all. "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

This is to be accomplished in an order of means. Christian men, distributively and collectively, must publish the glad tidings of salvation. They should not only "be ready always to give a reason of the hope which is in them," they should not only stand on the defensive, but by a systematic agency they are bound to make known and commend their religion. If they understand and value it aright, they are assured that it exclusively can bless and deliver man,—that by it alone can man the citizen be raised, and man the immortal be redeemed. It only can heal the fountain of the present life: it can cast the branch of a divine virtue into the spring of the waters, and they are made sweet for ever.

But the idea, the theory, seems peculiar to the Gospel. Idolatry never thought of extending itself by persuasive missions, by moral means. It has, sometimes, been enforced by conquest. Victory has been an exchange of gods. Later errors and impostures have, also, resorted to violence for the purposes of proselytism. Christianity, in the masquerade of superstition and war, sounded the onset to the Crusades. But as the Faith of the Son of God disclaims every form of coercion, so idolatry, and its kindred evils, can boast no other dependence. Where are the Missionaries of Paganism to be found in the cities and countries of professed Christianity? What altars have they raised among us? By what apparatus do they intend to establish the worship of their divinities? "In our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us." We are, therefore, entitled to regard the Missionary principle, when properly understood, as a sublime originality, worthy of the religion which dictates it, and most appropriate to it. Missions could only be consistent with the Gospel: the Gospel could only be consistent with Missions.

The Duty has been long neglected. The Cross, which should have gathered a world around it by its infinitely tender attractions, long stood abandoned, solitary, "left as an ensign on" its own sacred "hill,"—a gnomon casting over the dial-plate of empires the long shadow of ages, ever cycling in their awful, silent, revolutions. That neglect has been strangely excused. The very circumstances alleged to palliate it, really grew out of it. It is asked, scarcely in a strain of apology, Is it not propitious that Missions were not more early commenced? that a perverted view, a debased standard, of our religion, were not more widely propagated? that the mutual oppression, which was the current practice of all parties, did not obtain a larger extension? that a disputatious, dialectical, style of refining upon truth had not acquired a greater prevalence? It is easily rejoined, that it was from this neglect, from the torpor of those activities which should have prompted Missions, and found their place in them, that these evils sprung. They are the sickly growth of confinement. The rust ate into the armour because it was not in use. Intestine feud arose from the repression of righteous war. Practical Christianity brooks not restraint. The word of God must not be bound. It pines away in inaction. It wants the mountain track and mountain breeze, to give it health and vigour. Had the Church duly pondered its position and relation to those who were "without," had it appreciated its obligation to send to them the Gospel, had it strung its arm for this heroic exercise, it would have found no time for ambition, no taste for controversy, no pretext for persecution. Scholastic subtleties amused its state of sloth, but that sloth produced them; cruel irritations excited its listlessness, but that listlessness called them forth. No better antidote to its corruption of doctrine, no better preservative of its brotherly love, could have been discovered than in the hearty and resolute discharge of the responsibility committed to it, — of any, of all, most grand,—the moral conquest of the world, the present and everlasting salvation of mankind!

The enterprise, after a long neglect and suspension, is at last renewed. It would be unjust to say that it drags along slowly and feebly. "Nobles put their necks to the work of their Lord." "The cheerful giver" is beheld on every side. Men of true greatness dedicate themselves to its most perilous tasks.* The solemn feast and assembly derive from it their zest, and the reason of their convocation. The liveliest sympathy of tens of thousands is with its progress and issue. It continually swells its revenues, and enlarges the number of its adherents. Its zeal spreads from individual to individual, from rank to rank, from church to church, like the teeming of a vernal season; or "the morning spread upon the mountains," the first indexes and brightest prisms of the rising day.

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the conviction of this Duty was ever so deeply and generally impressed on the mind of the Christian Public. The early Church, deficient in its information, restricted in its ability, often too selfish in its policy, cannot be said to have attained to the systematic order of these later efforts. When driven forth by the "overflowing scourge" of persecution, they did their duty well. But universal evangelization did not define itself to them as it does to us. They possessed no such complement of means. It is to our shame and rebuke if, with the clearer conception and ampler apparatus, we fall far below their devotedness, simplicity, and zeal.

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* "Sunt nobis fortia bello
Pectora, sunt animi, et rebus spectata juventus."
Vir: Æn: Lib: viii. 150.

Every thing settles into seriousness around us. We seem to be, at least, in the eve of a mighty crisis. Should not that eve be a holy vigil? What shall be its glorious morrow? The times passing over us are solemnly significant. These can be none other than "the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he begins to sound!"

Already the effect is great. The Church revives. Her "youth is renewed like the eagle's," in pristine strength and beauty,—like as it stirreth up its nest, so she in fond love strives with her offspring and trains them to a noble flight,—like as it shakes from itself a tattered plumage, and its wing becomes buoyant as before, so she casts aside her bigotry, and narrowness, and prejudice, as so many moulted feathers,—like as it gazes on the sun and soars towards the highest heaven, so she emulates her proper sphere, and challenges her supernal destiny!

Into this moral phænomenon of these latter days,—it is the purpose of the following pages to enquire.

MISSIONS,

THEIR PHILOSOPHY AND BEARING.

THE enquiring mind, in marking any course of action, does not satisfy itself with the mere superficial aspect, but would exercise its scrutiny upon the more hidden springs. Without this desire to scan, and this power to investigate, a man may become the annalist, the chronicler, the judge of coins, the remembrancer of dates, but the science of history he cannot understand. Great and little events are to him the same. He unravels no cause, he traces no influence. He has no presence in the past or future. Instead of rising as the rock stately among the waves, he only mounts and falls as one of them. Lessons are not imprinted on his memory, principles are not gathered up by his research. But the far-seeing, the deeply-musing, intellect looks into the seeds of things, and follows many a latent operation through periods and countries the most remote. And when any new movement impels the human mind, it not only examines the outward phase, but lays hold of the energising principle.

Now it will hardly be denied that Christianity prompts its own extension. As an exclusive remedy for the perishing soul of man, can any be true to it who conceal it? As the means of social improvement and mental elevation, can any, who have drunk into its spirit, repress it? It works within all its disciples the missionary motive. The tremendous truths which form its basis, the awful sanctions which fence around those truths, can only bind, all who believe them, to one direction of conduct. Benevolence agrees with piety to require it. Love to man unites with reverence to God. "There is none other commandment greater than these." We need not take any transcendental views of the system, not even those which are singularly strong. The simplest interpretation, the barest consistency, might suffice. "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Necessity is laid upon us. It is "a fire." It is "like leaven." In the mean while Christianity urgently enjoins, and honouringly approves, the same. The Founder's Mission is the pattern and the pledge which teach and commit his followers. Their feeling toward the duty is not simply incidental. It is formed and regulated. Because they "believe, they speak." "It is zealous affection." "They do the work of the Lord." A comprehensive survey of our religion, in regard to the elucidation of this question, therefore, is nothing more than this: Does it merit it? Does it presume it? Does it suggest it? Is its production in uniformity with our faith, and honourable to it? A legitimate and fruitful result? Or, is it a "piece of new cloth put unto the old garment," of unequal texture and violent contrast, "making the rent worse?"

The same law of enquiry would easily divine what species of extension should be sought, and what that agency is which should be employed. A message of kindness can find no support in cruelty. A requirement of persuasion can obtain no help in coercion. A revelation of truth can experience no facility in fraud. Christianity, when diffused, cannot contradict Christianity when in its earliest announcement. It can only be the wide-spread activity of the same kindness, persuasion, and truth.

But such a philosophy of investigation might, perhaps, observe that the working out of a system may be very inferior to its just pretensions and avowed designs. Have not sages complained of this? If, then, it should be more narrowed in its range than it deserves and desires to be, there follows no proof of its diminished worth and importance. Justice ought to be done to its real and proper claims.

This is a very necessary reservation. If we be guided by our mere experience, there are many physical powers, of which we know little more than their existence, and whose nature can never be adequately conceived. We may imagine some spot of earth where the elements of nature were so nicely poised and settled, that its inhabitant has little suspicion of their impetuous and resistless sublimity. He has only witnessed the calm of summer seas: he has never beheld them heave into mountain and seethe with rage. He has only been fanned by the zephyr: he has never felt the tempest which hurls to the ground the massive and towered pile. He has only heard the whisper of the woodland: he has never listened as the forest groaned. He has only walked the verdant slopes of his circumjacent hills: he has never shuddered as their strong foundations trembled. His competency to decide upon these possible forces must at once be disallowed. The resistless potency of those elements could not, on his mere inexperience of them, therefore, be denied.—We take thence an illustration to guide our estimate of Christianity. A true philosophy will determine us to pierce to its true, its inborn, strength and spirit. But let us bear in mind the way and aspect in which it always appeared to us. It smiled upon our infancy. It gave us kindly and affectionate parentage. It beckoned us to its worship. It has consoled us by its truth. Every where it imposes its mighty debt. It is around us. It directs the national education and the popular opinion and the public mind. It gives stability to the commonwealth. It stamps a mild authority upon law. It is more manifestly beneficial in its preventive, than in its stirring, influence. Yet all this amount of personal and social good may we realise, and carry back most equitably to its holy source, and still not know what this religion has done, and what it truly is. And why? Because we make our experience the rule of judgment. We have lived from youth among its most torpid and powerless evolutions. We are habituated to its want of success. It seems to us the common course of things. General conversions would surprise and bewilder us. The ratio of three thousand on one day, in one city, would be accounted by us no less a marvel than the going back, or standing still, of the sun. But this has been. These were its accustomed triumphs; rejoicing its first promulgators, but not startling them. Then have we a right to assert for the gospel its unchanged conformation, its original impulse. It retains all its clearness of evidence, and has acquired an accumulation of proof, which a religion, at its outset, cannot boast. How is it that it acts not as in its youthful prime? That it is not vigorous as in its natal resources?

That it is not spirit and life? May it not be compared to an unhealthy stem, longing for its native air and indigenous soil? But then the sap and root are still the same. Does it not resemble a lake deserted by its mountain-spring, grown vapid because cut off from the source which fed it? But then the bed and capacity are just the same. That stem, transplanted back again from the region where it was never acclimated, might, under its own sky, reach its proper growth and luxuriance. That lake, filled once more with the living stream, might pulse and sparkle as when its waters had not learned to stagnate. "The straitening" must be in ourselves. For Jesus Christ often propounded the question,—not constituting such faith, however, as an auxiliary but only as a test: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" The want of it is recorded as if a very incapacity: "He could there do no mighty work." A sound habit of thinking upon any system will bear witness to this premiss,—what it was, it yet must be; whatever it has formerly done, in like circumstances it could always accomplish.

But an even-handed vindication would not have proceeded far enough in honour of a moral system, if here it paused. It may contain a depth of truth which shall send forth all but a series of new dispensations. These are emanations which constantly renew themselves from within, like the vegetative evolvings of the plant, or the tidal waves of the sea. It may embrace such an elasticity of principle, or rather such a faculty of adaptation, that it shall be capable of meeting the most exigent and unexpected circumstances. It is only proved hereby. It is drawn out, but it is not augmented. What is due to Christianity, then, adjudged according to this expansive and germinant principle? Six years had passed away before the controversy, respecting the incorporation of the Gentile with the Jew in the church of Christ, was agitated. Was there no provision? The oracle had not been consulted, nor had a spontaneous answer been caught. But it was truly unambiguous. It became vocal as soon as men went up to it. It was always ready with the instantaneous decision. From the first it had as really legislated as it appeared to determine the matter now. There was no fresh accession, no amended law. So, were the Missionary principle a debate of the most modern time, a true philosophy would ask, whether it adjusted itself to the temper of our religion, if it were included in its primæval enactment and purview, if it eliminated itself with genuineness and grace? Though the fruit be only seen now upon the tree, is the fruit after its kind and in its season? Is it an accommodation, or a fulfilment? Is it an extraneous influence, or the manifestation of an inherent energy? There are several other examples. The Temperance, which the evils of society so loudly impressed, was not always seen in its imperativeness. Very criminal approaches were made, where they might be least expected, to the opposite vice. Custom repressed the shame. But Christianity always published its rule. The declaration of that rule, by myriads of men who would stay the plague of excess, is virtually a new œconomy of religion.—Slavery did not always strike the friends of liberty as the enormous wickedness which now it appears to all; Christianity has lightened upon it all its indignation. Has that indignation in later ages grown up against it? It was always the same uncompromising condemnation of the wrong in principle, and the wrong in name. Yet is it now so understood in a way it was never understood before, that it has written a new epoch of freedom.—War has striven to find its defence in the gospel: in that examination, we read the inspired volume as though it was indited expressly, and beamed with a sudden evidence, against all this organised and mathematical slaughter.—The horrible multiplication of Capital punishments, at last, aroused general attention and disgust. Christian law, which had scarcely been allowed to touch the question in any previous age, was beheld in its remonstrating attitude and heard with its deprecatory exclamation against such vindictive retributions.—To demonstrate any thing unchristian is now to brand it. It was not formerly the process. Yet Christianity was always the same tribunal, and always dictated the same precepts. What an argument for its divinity is comprised in its depository and enshrinement of noble rudiments which expand through all time and apply to every emergence!

This method of ascertaining the great biasses and workings of human nature may lead us to demand: What might Christianity have hitherto done? What compass of dominion might it have already grasped? It has never been suffered a reasonable opportunity. It has invariably conflicted with a principle of resistance and antipathy. It is only partially believed by its friends, and is disdainfully rejected by its enemies. It has been "made to serve with our iniquities." But if it had been allowed all its inherent directness of purpose and aptitude of impression, what power could have restricted it and what confine could have circumscribed it? The

Philosophy of Missions may rightfully urge this spirit of expansion. We may affirm that, ere now, the Gospel might have filled the earth, and long since might have been the religion of all nations. If any necessarian theory of nature, or any presumed fatalism of religion, be opposed to this statement,—if, on these grounds, the objector should allege that the statement is unguarded,—we should appeal to language which cannot be impeached: "Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I *should* soon have subdued their enemies: the haters of the Lord *should* have submitted themselves unto him." Is not this warrant for any language which measures moral means by moral certainty and native tendency,—any, which proceeds on the reasonable probabilities of success?

When we reason upon any apparent defeat of a moral system, analogy is as safe a guide and as proper an auxiliary, as when we trace the affinities between the works of God and his dispensations. It is of such a dispensation that we do actually speak. Now the works of God, dispread in the system of nature, are subject to the charge of frequent failure. All does not, invariably, obey its law and complete its design. There is, frequently, a necessary compensation for loss and adjustment of disorder. The theory of many a science gives us an indefinite power, but experiment soon shows us that it cannot be maintained. Much physical energy runs to waste. The blossom is blighted. The fruit is sered. Disturbing causes are in operation. This occurs by the permission of Him who rules the seasons, who is God of the hills and of the valleys. Now He also reigns by a moral administration. Many of its measures may seem to be thwarted, or to find a very mixed success. But are not these sufferances of the same character, however they differ in the interest and seriousness of their subjects? Are they not so far correspondent as to indicate the same Will? The argument of analogy in the Christian evidence seeks but this use: to show that the impugner of Revelation should alike oppose the general course of things, and that, as this occurs at the earlier stage of observation, he should begin with it; that the mystery which covers it is not more reasonable, at least, than that which shrouds what might be expected to be, and confessedly is, far more profound. In those counteractions which so often impede and frustrate our Missions, we see a counterpart to many derangements and immaturities of nature, a resemblance to many failures and inefficiencies of physical and moral good in the divine government; and an impartial philosophy will readily allow for them, and weigh them in an even balance.

But were we not acquainted with that on which all Missionary exertions propose to act, we might bring down upon us an unsparing contempt. Human nature is various in its different tribes, or it is the same. As we possess but one healing and remedial scheme, its common virtue must depend upon the identity of the subject on which it terminates. Since there must be an exact correspondence between that scheme and that subject, it cannot be of universal efficacy except as the hearts of all are "fashioned alike," unless they have the same susceptibilities and wants. The true philosophy of the enterprise would, then, insist upon an agreed opinion, a foregone conclusion, as to what man really is. If we would not cramp the Gospel into an expedient of sections and climates, we must take the history and condition of man as every where he is found. We must impress it on him as he always was, and as he can only be. We must merge all his distinctions into one vast and unexceptionable generalization. Who ever reached it but by the guidance of Missions?

But now it is a demonstrated truth, that man does not vary essentially from man. As we might take a fragment from any mass,—and, subjecting it to some test, could establish that it was a specimen and counterpart of the whole,—so, individual man cannot be found unlike him of the same form. Mind must be every where impressed by the same manner of appeal. The same approaches open into every heart. What is the result? The tales of ancient and modern fable are overthrown. The Troglodytæ of Ethiopia, the wild beast-man of Nicobar, amuse as the chimæras of a silly credulity. And where man is found in his lowest degradation, he is beheld with all the specialties and powers of manhood. He is still a being that may be convinced and affected. He can be raised and improved. There cannot be shown any *moral variety*. In his radical qualities he is one and the same. It is not difficult to trace to circumstances of climate his diversities of lineament and tincture: it is far more easy, by external causes, to account for all his intellectual discrepancies. We owe to Christian zeal the solution of this problem.

It is a true character of moral greatness to live in advance of its contemporary generation. It reduces prejudice and confutes objection. It looks forward with a prophetic glance. It assists a remote result. With unselfish interest it labours for what it can never see and share. "Not unto themselves" do these foremost spirits "minister." But they know their cause. They predestinate their prize. They are aroused by difficulty. They quail not to the storm. Through the rifts of the mountain-barriers which they ascend, they see the realms for which they adventure. And may not this cheerful and fortifying philosophy be permitted to shed its steady light upon the Christian, in his confidence that his labours cannot be in vain? May he possess no rational presage? May not he boldly throw himself upon the mighty issue? May he not inform himself until conviction is shaped and augury is determined? Should he "bate jot of heart and hope?" Should he alone despair? Does not this earnest, assured, faith in his principles raise him to an elevation which the patriot and publicist can never reach?

A bond is recognised by Missions which, however familiar and just to our minds, needs all the light of Christianity to discover, and all its weight to establish. According to its teaching, and in our belief, the human race is but one family. It follows that every distinction of nation and consanguinity is of a later date,—not in fact, for we enter that general family by particular relationships,—but in every philosophical examination of the principle. The earlier ties may not be the strongest because they are not the most concentrated. We cannot reason, in these sympathies, from a common brotherhood to a more narrowed civism and kindred. It is here, as in all our informations, that we ascend from the particular to the general. Arrive at the conclusion as we may, the conclusion is great and exalted. No matter what may be the interests of classes and countries, there is a proper equality and an indefeasible oneness in the species. We ought,—it is fitting, it is agreeable to our best sensibility,—to love and help one another. But though this be so clear and natural, selfishness, individual and national, has greatly perverted it as a view, and well nigh stifled it as a practice. The religion of Christ makes it plain and imperative; embracing all conditions of men, though under the greatest political restriction, and even if our public or private enemies. We owe them every service of good which they can require, and which we can afford. But what has evolved this long latent germ? What has given the opportunity of proving ourselves lovers of the species? What, too, has furnished the occasion of testing ourselves as Christians? The answer must be, the Missionary Enterprise. It knew nothing of man but as man. This was its broad idea. No tie was more endeared in the one direction than in the other. There was no nearer nor more distant blood. Preference only moved towards the most disgusting. Calculation only proceeded on the most difficult. Courage only sought the most alienated. And what a stride in morals is this! Every man is our fellow, of right claiming our affection and assistance, though the demand of that duty is not in him but in the will of the Maker of us all. Surely the simplification of this principle, and its practical exhibition,—even were our theoretic doctrinal the most untenable,—lay philanthropy, civilization, and the humanising arts, under deeper obligations to Missions, than all the expedients which were ever contrived to knit together the rival and warring divisions of our globe. This is the true covenant of the nations!

Though the dreams of perfectibility and optimism be not chargeable on any substantive system of philosophy, yet, to thinking men, the destiny of the human race must often have suggested itself. How is man to be uplifted? How are the barbarous portions of the species to be redeemed? How is the cause of human melioration to be secured? No philanthropist can bear the idea of the world's present state as fixed and perpetual. What is to break up its depths and renovate it with intelligence and virtue? Must the savage be extirpated? Must he be subdued to order and improvement by force? May you, for these purposes, invade his soil? Is there a writer on the law of nations who would not justify his resistance? Then, if he be warranted to repel your invasion, it is a wrong. In what a dilemma is the mere agent of civilization left! Does not the Missionary project resolve the whole difficulty? It desires only the good of those it visits. It supplies its messengers with a disinterested motive. It rejects every supposition of encroachment and violence. It can protest that, as to all the subjects of its zeal, it seeks not theirs but them. And it is doing the work! It moves by a free consent and sympathy. Man, by its means, loves his deliverer. The possible is established touching the rescue of mankind. That possible rises into the probable. That probable rises into the actual. That actual rises into the easy. That easy rises into the unfailing. The true well-wisher to the human advancement now sees how it may be accomplished,—but he can only follow that career along the highway of Missions!

It is, therefore, observable that the unenlightened nations, which our Missionaries have visited, appreciated almost at once the motive of their visit. They always allowed that it was sufficient. If they for any period refused attention, it was from the doubt that the inducement was real. When convinced of this, they have instantly justified it. They have the rather wondered that it did not lead to a more early interposition. This was, at least, enough to account for every sacrifice and danger. They were always dissatisfied, incredulous, when the Parks, the Lichtensteins, the Burckhardts, the Landors, told their tale. To them it did not seem likely or reasonable that men should leave their country, home, kindred, comfort, ease, safety,—encountering seas, deserts, disease, want, rapine, death,—to track the course of a river or to measure the height of a mountain or to verify the existence of a tribe. This was a risk for which no worthy and adequate purpose was until now assigned. All else left suspense and suspicion. But the errand of Christianity found favour in their eyes. They felt that if it were what it professed, if it could do what it promised, the reason for bringing it to them was perfectly intelligible, that none could be more just, that not to have acted on it would have been cruelly inexplicable. Here, then, is self-convincing, generous, Wisdom, and it is justified of her children! They of themselves judge what is right!

In this new exercise of a complete disinterestedness, a true philosophy will mark the formation of a singular character. To compass sea and land, to brave the dangers of the pole and line, finds many dauntless spirits. For military distinction, for scientific fame, for mercantile hazard, for adventure's sake, thousands of young and buoyant hearts will lavish every sacrifice.

The cadets of our aristocracy, the chiefs of our commerce, the lights of our science, do this every day. The motive is intelligible. There is no perplexity in accounting for it. The heart beats in a transparent anatomy. The difference only is, that such devotement seems less sordid than some of the duller shapes of life. But what can repay the toils of this man of God? What support him? Nothing of recompense, save what only he can appreciate, lies in all the horizon of time and earth for him. For years he labours to acquire a language which no native can teach. Day by day he sits in the midst of lawless children, and would instruct them in the first principles of truth. All the objects of his care are immeasurably below him in their ideas and feelings. Yet he must not sink. He must watch his taste and percipience. In nothing must he decline from himself and his rank. It would be easier to conform to all the habits of the kraal than thus to struggle with the blinding approaches of a barbarous state. But each tendency is to be repelled. Thus must be preserved that refinement of sentiment, which is the certain cause of the most constant mortification. The nerve may not be stupified which all things jar or pierce. Who could be that man but he who "bears about the dying of the Lord Jesus?" The heat of blood, the fear of shame, the necessity of self-defence, may make us brave in the day of battle: but what, save motive such as Christianity inspires, could sustain this untiring labour, this throbless monotony, this momentarily renewed endurance? It is fire from heaven which quickens this life. But here is a form of character,—original, unparalleled,—which the inquisitive observer cannot but remark. He may endeavour otherwise to explain it. Still it does exist. It exists only with Missions. Their true philosophy cannot be understood without a notice of the fact, and an attempt at its investigation.

The appearance of great and distinguished men in the world, at different intervals, has been attended by manifold advantages. These are leading minds. They are the full-shining harbingers of a slowly rising day. They have often lifted up nations with them. They have rebuked the vice, and shamed the littleness, of their age. They have been set on high, and their glory has streamed on all. They have been the instructors, the examples, the deliverers, of the most ignorant, debased, and enslaved. A mighty influence did they project. They have left consecrated names. Their memories are for signs and epochs. They still heal the surrounding contagion and arrest the threatened degeneracy. The people whom they have raised to fame by their illustrious virtues and deeds can never suffer their monuments to perish; and must, while they repair those monuments, emulate the excellencies with which they are inscribed. How will this allotment of the sage, the historian, the defender, the poet, to their respective periods and scenes, appear in the view of the philosophic observer? Is it a fortuitous distribution? Did such glories, unbidden, cross the sphere? Did those benefactors rise up with no designation? Was not their existence as a mission to mankind? Were not their wisdom and benevolence so many credentials? Were not their goings divinely ordered? Why, then, may not a parallelism be run between them, and that great Christian scheme of effort which we enforce? In that parallelism why may we not place its vindication? Is it not agreeable to the universal plan,—which gives men their lawgivers, heroes, patriots, and models,—that now, in these last days, a system should operate to the general welfare, actuating its disciples to seek the universal good? that there should be an active mass of spirits, scorning sacrifice and danger, impelled by motives which earth could not baptize; and that "God should put this earnest care into their heart for" the salvation of the world? We demand of Philosophy an honest and solemn verdict which shall, at least, equally honour our holy Missioners, and give them no mean rank among these liberators, reformers, and boasted demigods!

The spirit of the present period is that of intensity. It is quick and impassioned. Impatient of restraint, it is scornful of inaction. As by a wasteful combustion the flame speedily expires. Men have become accustomed to think and feel strongly upon every matter. This is too general not to be heedless and indiscriminate. Questions are not graduated according to their importance. The public mind wants scarcely to be excited: this is almost its universal condition. But it becomes a serious enquiry: How shall its ardours be directed? May they not prey too searchingly upon the minds which kindle with them? May not such fires extend too widely and act too impetuously? Who shall make a way for this lightning? Assuredly many who have thus stirred up the public mind, are little fitted to control it. They have impelled a machinery which they can neither check nor wield. They have engendered a birth which they cannot disinherit nor train. A true philosophy is here loudly demanded to interpose. It should find employment for this popular zest and energy. That employment should be worthy and dignified. Probably, too, that employment should follow an outward course. We fearlessly ask: Can any cause be comparable in greatness, whether we regard their design or influence, with that of Missions? Can there be a safer method of diffusing what might be hazardously concentrated? A Christian philosophy will concede far more. It will perceive an adaptation in this vehemence for purposes high and noble, for the cause which is great, for whatever needs sacrifice and daring, and thus preeminently for Missions,—the sublime of lofty generosity, the chivalry of moral heroism! It will not deem it strange that "the Spirit should lift up and take away" the man who seeks the salvation of the world, directing "the heat of his spirit" to this mightiest task!

The progression of the human race,—slow and not seldom interrupted,—is a fact which the intellectual study confirms. Few encitements are so moving as those of religion. It is not, indeed, "the only cause of enthusiastic zeal and sectarian propagation. There is no doctrine whatever, on which man can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. The passions give zeal and vehemence. The understanding bestows design and system. The whole man moves under the discipline of his opinions. Religion is amongst the most powerful causes of enthusiasm. When any thing concerning it becomes an object of much meditation, it cannot be indifferent to the mind."* Now as this progression is but the development of the human soul, it is surely the province and the honour of a Christian philosophy to direct it. Missions are its natural instrument. They command a deep impression. They are centres of light and levers of strength. They lend a sacred instigation. Wherever they come they raise man from abasement, awake him from stupor, stir him from inactivity, and, throwing open his sublime career, impart to him the proper impulse.

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* Burke's Letters on the Proposal of Peace, &c., p. 160.

All, in short, is reasonable and intelligent in Missions. We can justify their motives and their aims. We dare expose their most secret affairs. They are matters of plain dealing. We shrink not from any opposition. "Ours are the plans of policy and peace." Our agents are men of prudence and observation, busied with all the details of life, "instructors of the foolish and teachers of babes." Their settlements are schools for every useful craft and civilising pupilage. Nothing is pursued but in subordination to their work. Yet natural history owes them much. Recondite philology is a memorial of their industry. And they have, at least, frequently sheltered with their hospitality, and assisted with their experience, the scientific traveller, who otherwise would never have perilled himself on those defenceless wastes.

Whatever reasons, therefore, may be offered to explain the origin of Christian Missions, none really derogatory can be proved. We may try the most foolish suggestions, but, after all, even on their showing, this cause stands in co-ordinate rank with the highest inventions and deeds of men.

Was it *Chance?* To this, as ordinarily understood, we may link the most glorious discoveries. A boy holds a tube to his eye: from this incident Galileo seizes the idea, and constructs the powers, of the telescope. A tree floats from the west along the sea: from this drift Columbus infers the existence, and realises the course, of America. An undigested experiment is made: Van Kleist is directed by it to form the Leyden jar. An apple falls off the bough: from this trivial occurrence Newton presses to the tendency of all bodies, and thrids the chain which binds the universe. In any of these exploits, can the chance do less than glorify the conclusion? Is not the discerner of such a clue, the greater because of its insignificance?

Was it *Enthusiasm?* We may have learned to smile at the imputation, and the rather, because when attached to any cause, except that of a consistent zeal in religion, it raises no idea of blame. Does enthusiasm blight the vision of the poet, does it fetter the experiment of the philosopher, does it chill the taste of the artist, does it wither the garland of the brave? Little are we in danger from this ardour: "if we be beside ourselves, it is to God." "If we should hold our peace, the stones would cry out." We hear the command, "Be zealous:" but we find no caution against a too inflammable excess.

Was it not *Inspiration?* A divine government must be supposed, in order to furnish History its key and solution. Impetus and illapse can alone explain countless thoughts and dictates of the human mind. Was it a purpose unworthy of the great Ruler to raise a simultaneous sympathy in so many with the miseries of this world? Was it a purpose unworthy of Him to consolidate a combination of benevolent energies, indissoluble in its bond, resistless in its advance, imperishable in its principle? Was it a purpose unworthy of Him to summon men who seem to have received an anointing for their office? Can any supposition be so just, so credible, so philosophical, as to attribute these effects to Him "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed?"*

We have scarcely entered upon the question. We have but supposed certain relations in which it may be placed. We have only pressed the manner in which, when most nakedly and unworthily regarded, its interests might be pleaded and its reproaches redeemed. It has been with a constraint of negation and neutrality that we have prepared our way. But even this reserve shuts us up to the important truth,—*Missions are the living idea, the true identification, of Christianity!*

A beneficence,—it may be further deduced,—is thus obtained, which shall do more to wind itself into the human heart, more to penetrate the seats of human wretchedness, than was ever, before its too recent manifestation, imagined. There are no extremes nor diversities of woe, but it prepares to meet and mitigate. It is such an expression of kindness, it is so unaccountable on any general law of sympathy, that it must, after the first doubt of its sincerity, open and melt every heart. Lovely and sacramental as heaven's wide rainbow, it finds access and bears hope to each: like as that arch of promise spans the most difficult steep, and dives into the profoundest chasm, connecting, embracing, and adorning, all.

And as it is becoming to refer any course of action to its spring, as a particular species of philosophy appropriates all moral agency and inducement, so we may justly examine the probable motives of Missionary zeal. These are reducible to some rationale and theory. Many cannot conceive them. A thought beyond a gross self-interest their minds cannot admit. But it is unworthy of moral science thus to adjudge. It is debasing to it when it can only allow to this work the meanest instigations of partizanship, covetousness, and bigotry. Cannot it suppose that we feel ourselves compelled to think that the Heathen are miserable? that they groan beneath the load of a monstrous error? that they are in a predicament of appalling danger? May it not grant that we are honest in our belief, that there is a means of escape and remedy for the Heathen? that a sense of duty may as much lead us to apply that means as the sentiment of commiseration? that otherwise a cry of universal horror would overwhelm us? May it not, at least, as some form of self-love is found within us all, give us credit that our share of it can take a generous character, seeking a delight and a renown and a reward in the deliverance of our fellow-creatures from an eternal undoing? Surely there is a portion of our most hidden principles intelligible to it, capable of falling within some of its rules and formulæ of judgment, demanding alike the approval of its taste and discrimination.

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* The Second Collect in the Evening Service of the Church of England.

Missions and kindred objects have, moreover, discovered a new element, which promises to them a perpetuity. Time was when the idea obtained almost universally, that whatever was great and good could alone be achieved by the power of governments and the machinery of laws. The union of private individuals was not proposed, perhaps had never been considered. Liberty was imperfectly understood. Opinion exerted but little ascendancy. Every popular movement was jealously disfavoured. Man knew not his strength. But now this amazing power becomes his right arm. He is invincible by it. In the philosophy of the theme we would discuss, it cannot be overlooked. What might it have wrought, had it been more early known? What can be ever wrought again without it? What can stay the power of Voluntary Association?

Had Wickliffe attracted the warm and mighty spirits then awakening around him, and could he have consorted with them, in plan and well-directed agency,—that morning star of the Reformation had not dwelt apart, but might have, like the lodestar, represented a universal influence, and shone the centre of a mighty constellation. Had Luther drawn to him all the believers of his doctrine hidden in cell and choir, in hall and cottage, an authority would have strengthened him beyond all that his princely protectors could bestow. They "did look far into the service of the time." But they could not command the means which did not exist. All concert of mind and action was the tyrant's dread. Until this hour it remains so still. Few are the countries where even now it finds toleration. Science dare scarcely convoke her sons or philanthropy her advocates. Religion is inexorably debarred convention and consultation. Where, however, exceptions may be found, they are magnificent! They vindicate themselves. In this social right is imperial strength. Nations are great only in it. We claim it for our theme. The Cause of Missions lives, though we speak but after the manner of men, in the combined many, in popular support and suffrage, in the "multitude of them that believe."

MISSIONS,

THE SPIRIT AND EXERCISE OF ALL REVEALED DISPENSATION.

SINCE the Religion of Innocence ceased by the fall of man, there has been constituted for him but one other, —the Religion of Salvation. The Almighty Ruler has never treated with us, from that moment, but on this simple ground. To impress our apostacy upon us, to make manifest its consequences, He has sometimes remitted us to the Original law, which, though unchangeable in its principles and obligations, is no more "ordained to life." It was Mercy, not mocking us, but bidding us to the proof of our "desperate wickedness," and constraining us to convince ourselves. It raised to demonstration the serious fact, that we were "without strength;" that there was no curative virtue in that moral system against which we had transgressed. There is much error here. The Holy Spirit cannot bear his witness to any method of recovering the sinner but that which was taught to our "first father who sinned." It is ancient as the earliest promise, and is co-existent with human need. "I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry." We must not confound the Dispensation with its essential lesson. The one is the form and vehicle, the other the possession and life. The primæval intimation of deliverance,—the covenant with Abraham,—the inauguration of Israel,—rite and prediction,—discover the same invariable rudiments of truth. These are, the necessity and provision of Mediation for the morally estranged, of Sacrifice for the guilty, of Regeneration for the depraved. This is the Religion exclusively proposed "to seek and to save that which is lost." That sun, which saw the "one man's disobedience by which the many are made sinners," had not gone down before the wrath was turned away from us, directed against the tempter, and made the occasion of our rescue. The mysterious Offspring only to be born of woman, *her* Seed alone,—a Sufferer, but to survive,—an Avenger, utterly to destroy,—these were the shaded outlines, the pregnant issues, of that virtual Promise but formal Menace. To the father and prototype of the faithful was "the gospel preached." Moses saw in "the reproach of Christ" the secret of his terrific legation. David "describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works." "Of this salvation the Prophets enquired and searched diligently,"—to its Author "they all give witness." The entire system depended on Atonement. The moral difference between men was, "he that sacrificeth and he that sacrificeth not." "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Christianity is only new in its shape, not in its import. It completes the parts into their whole. It is the perfect evolution of what was intricate, the clearing up of the obscure. Not distinctly did "the ancient men" conceive it. But at each period of its transmission, it was *availing*. Our "blessedness" consists in "seeing those things and in hearing those things" in their full light and proportion, which "prophets and kings" beheld in their dawn and dislocation. "It was for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after." If the priest knew not all the purport of his ministry, he could always "partake of the altar." If the seer might not always decypher the symbols of his vision, "the Spirit of Christ was in him." "Salvation was of the Jews." "They first trusted in Christ." The types and oracles of the former œconomy were "beggarly elements,"—yet in no sense of disparagement is the epithet employed, but to denote a mendicant importunity, a very clamour, to be fulfilled. All is now accomplished, and we can require no softening medium to explain it. We gaze upon the convergent beams of this supernal light "with open face." "We are no longer under a schoolmaster." The *Unity of Revealed Religion* is a postulate on which every argumentation, touching Missions, must depend. They are gratuitous levities but for this "Common Salvation!"

The contrasts in which "the two Covenants" are set, by the inspired writers, in no way disagree with these statements. They are opposed to each other only in their measure and degree. Principles are recognised as antecedent to either, and as permeating both. These are not of so low a date: they are "of the fathers." They have nothing in them accidental or mutable. They survive the dispensation which is their organ, not being "as things that are made, but as things which, because they cannot be shaken, must remain." The Divine purpose of Salvation was confirmed of God in Christ from everlasting. It was independent of any particular channels. When it took the aspect of "the blessing of Abraham," it looked forth benevolently upon "all the families of the earth." This promise "the Law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul." In Judaism there are political admixtures, laborious observances, severe exactions. It is instinct with a "spirit of bondage." To these Christianity is most advantageously opposed by its unearthly regimen, its spiritualism, its sweet enforcements, its liberty with which it makes us free. But here the antithesis concludes. There is no conflict in their views of the sinner's predicament, or in their tidings of deliverance for it.

Why, it is asked, was there so great delay in the final development of this Salvation? Why was not the grand result accelerated? Why was the eternally settled truth, "from the beginning of the world hid in God,"—so reservedly promulgated, so guardedly revealed? Why could not the force of its ideas, the full understanding of them, be made to burst upon the human mind at once?

The *Progressive* method has been peremptorily rested, by some, on simple Divine Volition. We allow that it consists with its sovereignty when Mercy acts in the most confined sphere, and to the narrowest extent. We have no right to challenge any manner of its exercise, or any limit of its repression. "What God is obliged to give to none, he may, without injustice, withhold from whom he will."* But the Dispensative Mercy has always formed itself into a *system of rule.* Man has been held accountable for its reception, whenever, as "a kingdom," it has "come nigh" unto him. It bears a solemn stamp of authority and obligation. It is "the

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* Macknight.—Rom. ix. 20.—*Note.*

reign of grace." Sovereignty, therefore, would not be cognate to a question of obedience, and to "the law of faith." We must, then, displace the controversy from a ground like this: assured that the propagation of "His saving health among all nations" was always most agreeable to the mind of God, that "He is not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance,"—that "He will have all men to be saved by coming to the knowledge of the truth."

It will prove more satisfactory, when we think on these problems, to reason out certain necessities of the case. We must recollect that all those conceptions, which answer to and reflect the Scheme of Redemption, are, in the most absolute sense, foreign to the human mind, and to those sources of impression by which it is governed. Their likeness could not be seized in the external world, nor could any powers of the most searching and most inventive rumination have detected them. Neither sensation nor reflection could generate these ideas. As little could we prove the existence, or define the order, of a star whose light had never reached our earth, as barely imagine them. In the Infinite Understanding only could the archetype be found. How was it, then, to be rendered intelligible? Ideas are pictures, the images, of truths. We can receive, consequently, none but relative ideas. In this dilemma, new mediums of instruction were preeminently wanted. What was Mediation? What was Sacrifice? What was Renovation? What was even Grace? These "thoughts were very deep." They were pure creations of the Eternal wisdom: they were in due time to be bodied forth in facts. But previously to their passing into this palpable subsistence, they only existed as ideas. There was, on this account, a strict necessity for an intermediate representation. The abstractions could have no moral influence until they were explained. To be explained, they must be shadowed by material correspondences. Signs were the earliest methods. Those signs impressed a spiritual meaning. They were its exponent and defence. It was not an arbitrary constitution. The death of the Crucified One was really *sacrificial.* It was this in itself. It was this exclusively. It borrowed not this character from pre-existing figures; it determined those figures. They were fashioned to prepare the human mind for entering into the notion. The most ignorant people now comprehend what is meant, as the countrymen of the Apostles caught the elucidations which were drawn from the offerings and other ordinances of the Legal Institute. Corrupt as are the symbols of Paganism, their originals were the instruments of universal instruction. Diverted from their proper use, they have not lost all their advantage. The Christian teacher would find not a little help or slender facility in explaining to idolaters, who practise expiatory and ablutive ceremonies, the Redemption and Regeneration of his creed. And though the evils of these superstitions cannot be exaggerated, there is the opposite difficulty of reaching and informing the mind in the few exceptions of their absence. But for the idea (we hold it to be strictly divine!) of priesthood, piacular oblations, and divers washings,—the Sacrifice of Christ, and the Renewing of the Holy Ghost, could never have commended themselves with just distinctness to our powers of comprehension. For it is plain that we must think through analogies,—analogies of the natural world, or of some positive, artificial, arrangement more lately superinduced. Now the idea of salvation by these stupendous means, could not be couched in physical spectacle, for that was ordered before the entrance of sin. It could only, then, be adumbrated by some new outward contrivance and device. This must stand up in vivid and impressive parallelism to the doctrine taught. Such was the system of the ancient sacrificature.*

These explanations involve with them another. It refers to a very singular mental phenomenon. The inferior animal is unadvanced through all its generations. Its perfection is its rigid limitation. It does at once what it never exceeds, and the first does it as accurately as the latest of the species. The bee builds no sharper hexagon for its cell, distils no sweeter essence for its store, than when it flew homeward in the twilight of the world's young days, laden with the honey of the world's young flowers. The eagle piles its eyrie just as did the ancestral mates. The nautilus rows its shell canoe, and hoists its membrane sail, only as that earliest one which the Fifth Day of the Creative Work saw careering on "the waters in the seas." But man is not thus blindly impelled, nor hopelessly circumscribed. He is capable of boundless improvement. There is not only an accumulating treasure of knowledge and thought in all civilised communities,—constantly arrested and made sure, as well as extended,—but there is a growth of the capacity which contributes it. This notes the progression of society in its healthy condition and just vigour. Such is the kindling love of freedom, the quickened onset of enquiry, the stream of legislation refining as it flows, the setting farther and farther back the landmarks of discovery and confines of virtue. Principles are proved and gained. They become a sort of public property, and are made over to the commonwealth. They are like national pandects or monuments: all consult them and glory in them. This is the increase of hereditary mind. The general soul has matured. It is the enlarged experience, the true antiquity, of our being. Yet we can scarcely, by any effort, present to our mind the confusion and inaptitude which clouded the power of thinking a few ages since. Its categories and modules were its swaddling-bands. But an independence of intellectual liberty is now achieved. The space is cleared for the freest movement. And this simplifies the purport of these remarks. Our nature had its mental childhood: Providence has gradually trained it along that period and probation. There has been a moral immaturity: Revelation, through all its tender faculty and easy misapprehension, has addressed it with cyphers, syllables, and axioms. *We* have now "learned Christ." The preliminary course was as essential as condescending. It was "line upon line." It was "revealed unto babes." It is more than doubtful whether there had been a moment before "the mystery, hidden from ages, was revealed," in which the tuition of our race could have varied from the form of inchoate principle and elementary discipline. That was "the fulness of times." Then might men "look steadfastly to the end of that which is abolished."

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* The writer recently conversed with a Missionary from Africa. From him he learnt with what difficulty the natives, who had there no sacrifice, were taught its meaning. The picture of altar, victim, binding, recumbence, had to be drawn, and from it the idea of expiation was to be created.

Had the crucifixion of our Lord taken place in the earlier ages of the world,—when history was written, with the one exception of Scripture, in a way the most careless and credulous,—when manners were rude,—when each generation seemed disjointed from another,—would it not now be treated as a fable? The Deluge has left its awful monuments, but its possibility is denied against the Word of Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand!" The Fall has deeply impressed itself in countless desolations, crowding upon every sense of every creature, but its truth is resisted against the Word of Him, who "hath concluded all under sin!" These remote events, living in present evidence, are scoffingly accounted the figments of a barbarous age and of a superstitious fancy. The effects of the Messiah's death could have been accompanied with no sensible manifestations. How, then, can we doubt that, if it had occurred in primæval times instead of "these last days" and in "the end of the world," men would have regarded it as a machine of early poetry, the Mythus of a vague and babbling antiquity? We should have been told of those mysterious mournings which were celebrated in many a land: the wanderings and the frantic griefs with which some lost one was pursued, or the mangled dead was lamented. It was due to an Event so great and dread that it should be wrought on an elevated platform, in the most inquisitive condition of the human mind, and where there might hang over it the largest cloud of witnesses. The sureties of the world were at thy base, O Calvary,—and Time pointed its past and onward ages, as standing in their midway, to the Victim on thy height!

In justifying the Divine dispensations toward mankind, it would be perfectly irrelevant to discuss the cavils with which they have been assailed. To ask, why the human mind has not sprung up more suddenly, and did not more early bear its fruits,—why the mechanical arts, necessary to the stability and spread of important truth, were of such tardy invention,—why the ages were so dark, and the agitations of society so recessive,—is to object, but not to reason. The objectors state a fact: but it is not more ours than theirs. For leaving to its merits the argument which has leaned on the unalterable necessity of the case,—it will suffice to affirm the state of things. We are constituted free. This is not an adjunct of volition, but of its nature. To that perfect volition is attached a high capability of seizing the convenient and useful. With what impressions of the beautiful is our spirit smitten, and what adaptations of the most tremendous can it direct! Most happy to believe that, however simple the implement and menial the task of the husbandman, "his God doth instruct him to discretion,"—because all forces and laws primarily exist in the Divine Will, and only can by its permission be unfolded beyond itself;—still, exigence pressing upon reason, reason discoursing upon properties and combinations, the result is the work and reward of human skill. This is yet more demonstrative in those sciences to which all the forethought and generalization of the true induction are applied. Man has the materials amply found him, but he must compose them into their system. He must strike out the lights which he requires, while in unsuspected embers there may long smoulder the latent flames. To these statements it may also be added, that, from Deism, the objection, which respects either the delay or the absence of intervention, falls with a perverse inconsistency. It wants no Revelation! It has always been the guardian and interpreter of Natural religion! What can it boast? And yet what scroll of History has it to dispread? What vision of Prophecy to disburthen? It has never been compelled to wait. It has never been denied a theatre. The ear had only to drink in its oracles. The eye had only to rest upon its ministrations. It can recite no trivial examples of its influence. Look at the countless deities of its Athenian shrine! Look at the bloody orgies of its Egyptian altar! Look at the savage monsters of its Roman capitol! Look at the cruel hecatombs of its Druidic pile! Look at the accursed pollutions of its Brahmin school! Look at the strumpet-furies of its Gallic riot! These be thy gods! Such are thy triumphs! What shall be thy jubilant acclaim, thy ripest garland, thy consummated benevolence, to fulfil the hopes thou hast awakened and the destinies thou hast bespoke? We can well endure the taunt of "a set time" and "an expected end,"—we can bear up against the ribald-sneer of the scoffers in our days,—What have *they* wrought with *their* religion? Long as the world has stood has been their opportunity; wide as its circuit has been their field. Is it graceful, is it decent, in them to betray this impatience and to complain of this delay?

Revelation being bestowed on all, mankind soon "perverted the right ways of the Lord." But it must never be supposed that He was indifferent to this defection. Epicurus depicted his deities as voluptuously careless, scorning the affairs of earth.[*] Our God is known by other qualities. He has "set his heart on man." "He is not far from any one of us." "He will in no wise clear the guilty." "His eyelids try the children of men." "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man." He may adjudge those, who put his fear and counsels away from them, to fatal ignorance and insensibility. This is the history of ancient Greece and Rome! How little does the classic traveller ween it, as he lingers amidst the ruins of the Parthenon and Pantheon, that all that wealth of art, that all that dream of poetry, was a casting off, a very doom! For when we read that "God in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways,"—that "the times of this ignorance He winked at,"—the language does not for a moment express inattention or unconcern. Less still must we understand connivance. The conventional interpretation of the latter expression is, that God inflicted no punishment and applied no remedy. Passages are quoted, such as these: "If the people of the land do any ways *hide their eyes* from the man, when he giveth of his seed unto Molech,"[*]—pass his offence over with impunity: "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and *hide* thyself from them,"[†]—decline any attempt to restore them. Thus it is supposed that "God winked at these times of ignorance." Surely all this is most unsatisfactory. Did He not punish? Did He not pour out his wrath upon the Heathen? Were not His people very frequently the instruments of his anger? Was not His Church the seat of an efficacious remedy? When it is said, "Remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles, that at *that time ye were without Christ,"*—is it not implied that Christ was *then* provided for them? That he was willing to receive them? The Divine government could not vary at different times. But when they had sinned so long and so obstinately, they were judicially renounced. Punishment fell. Remedy was withdrawn. This *averted eye* is only as when He has said: "I will go and return to my place:" "So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust." It was their pœnal abandonment. Not the misfortune is marked, but a horrible evil is resented. "They have not known nor understood: for he hath shut their eyes, that they cannot see; and their hearts, that they cannot understand."* They had voluntarily thrown off the worship of the "faithful Creator." They "did not like to retain Him in their knowledge." "They changed his truth into a lie." "Knowing his judgment," that they, who committed their inconceivable flagrancies, "were worthy of death, they not only did the same, but had pleasure in them who did them." Heathenism is an *apostacy!* The strongest presumptive reasoning favours the hypothesis that the Divine existence itself was the subject of primal revelation. Once possessing that knowledge, the works of creation were sufficient to prove it. They stood up as its noble memorial and glorious attestation. Taught to draw that deduction, its grounds were explicit as imperishable. We even allow, that the revelation, without those works, was incredible to the human mind, since it is constituted to gather its inferences. Indeed it is a case of fallacious supposition.* For man is a *work* himself. He must be somewhere when this revelation meets him: that building in space is a work also. May not this be the whole solution? The proof that the attributes of wisdom, power, and benignity inhered in the Divinity, as well as that the Divinity *was*,—consisted in the mighty structures, with all their arrangement and splendour, of heaven and of earth,—in whatever impinged upon our senses. In this we need not exclude the evidence of our corporeal fabric and conscious spirit. But then, Could man have *originated* this suggestion? Was he the parent of the idea which puts this argument to such an issue, and extracts from it such an attestation? Who ever taught himself the use of the prism, the orrery, the telescope, the map? Can these instruments do more than subserve their respective sciences? The inspired writer seems to embrace and enunciate both opinions,—that there must be evidence of this ostensible kind,—and that this employment of it must be independently intimated: "That which may be known of God is *manifest* to them: for God *hath showed it* unto them." Besides, we confidently enquire, Was the man, whom God first made, left without a knowledge of his Maker, Ruler, and Judge? Was he the Foundling wrecked on this earthly strand? Was he the sport of cruel suspense and hopeless surprise? He, who was made in the image of God, who at the divine bidding gave the nomenclature of all inferior tribes of land and air, who heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden as for accustomed fellowship amidst oft-frequented haunt,—was he, cast upon the chance of difficult and torturing inference? Here was a *revelation.* They who had rejected it,—and all Heathen nations are comprised,—"were therefore without excuse." And Paganism is but the debased remains of that earliest, true, and universal religion,—the religion, not of Nature but of Revelation,—not the religion of Revelation in its first bearing, but of the second in its infinite concern of grace for sinners,—once known wherever man inhabited, once established wherever migrated our race. In that residuum nothing salutary is preserved, all good is counteracted by antagonist evil, an effect is produced by the whole the most destructive, it is the direful catastrophe to which "the Judge of all the earth" has devoted the self-benighted nations!

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[*] Horat: Satyr: Lib. i. 5. Ad: Fin:

[†] Lev. xx. 4.

[‡] Deut. xxii. 1.

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* Isa. xliv. 18.

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* "Supponere quod non supponendum est."—Schol: Log:

How was it, then, that Judaism was interposed between the decline of this Revelation and the establishment of proper Christianity? Is it not purposely exclusive? Premising that we take a most different view of it,—that it was as catholic and comprehensive as a regard to the well-being of the human race could suffer it to be,—we are compelled to a brief consideration of the enquiry. Revelation had been hitherto unrestricted. Nor did it become suddenly extinct. It faded away. The antediluvian world could not, with all its crimes, have been tainted with idolatry. From the plains of Shinar and from the scaffolding of Babel, the turpitude arose. But at the first it was no more general than rapid. Now all that was done, at that time, of a special revelation, was to fix the people and the lineage of the Messiah. As of some nation he must be born, and from some ancestor descend, so the pre-ordination cannot be more exclusive and invidious than that birth and descent themselves. When the promise of this reached the Chaldean herdsman, it was only a predictive pledge of what must otherwise have been. "Pure religion" still obtained around him, and he, a converted idolater, was summoned to re-enforce it. Like Saul of Tarsus he was raised up to promote what was declining, to clear what was doubtful, to defend what was attacked. Nor was it pent within his direct genealogy. There it was secured, but it was not restrained to that limit. Ishmael, though not the child of promise,—Esau, though he sold his birthright,—would not abruptly sink into polytheism. The first united with Isaac in soothing the death-bed of Abraham, and in bearing his honoured corse to Machpelah: the second mourned with Jacob over Isaac's bier. The patriarchal altars were not extinguished beneath any immediate blast. The seats of worship may be traced through distant epochs and regions. Resembling oases in the desert, or sunlit isles of a turbid sea, we count the Egyptian On, the Canaanitish Salem, the Idumean Uz, the Mesopotamian Pethor. In Gerar there was the fear of God, in Padan-aram there was His oblation; and Rahab reported the sentiments of her fellow-subjects in a way which proves that they had not ceased to remember Him, who is "God in heaven above and in earth beneath." By the Nile, near the Jordan, along the Euphrates, there was, at least, a remnant. Jethro, Melchisedec, Job, are its noblest representatives. "God came from *Teman,* and the Holy One from mount *Paran.*" "The tents of Cushan, and the curtains of the land of Midian," seem to intimate those mysterious tabernacles of sacrificial worship which often trembled with the tokens of "the respect which the Lord had to their offering." Nor is it difficult to account for this: it is far more to prove the contrary. For only four lives are wanted to connect Adam with Moses. Methuselah is the link between the great progenitor and Noah, Shem between Noah and Abraham, Isaac between Abraham and Joseph, Amram between Joseph and the leader of the Jewish tribes. Now what was Judaism? Was it a new religion? It was only the elaborate conformation of patriarchal institutes. That, perhaps, was a shrine of mercy, which, at the east of Eden, pavilioned the cherubim and the glory-cloud, containing the models of sacrificial apparatus,—"keeping the way of the tree of life," the only life now reserved for the sinner; just as "before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should be afterwards revealed." At "the end of the days" there had always returned the sabbath. The cleanness or uncleanness of the animal was no strange novelty to the rescued family of the ark. Jacob understood the usage of holy libations, and poured upon the pillar he had erected "a drink-offering and oil." The Testimony was borne by Aaron ere his more sacred anointing, and the relic-manna was laid up in it "before the Lord," while as yet no pattern of it had been showed in the Mount.

Here, then, has been traced a oneness of religion from "the cool of that day" amid which was pronounced the promise of deliverance. It has been argued that, a new order of ideas being necessary, they must be *significantly* introduced. We have reasoned upon the indispensable necessity of a *progression* in that revelation which has from the first existed, and which was entrusted to the keeping of all. It clearly appears that its knowledge was wickedly disregarded and was wilfully lost. "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." The Most High is not responsible, nor must He be "charged foolishly," for the corruption of that which emanated from him in the perfection of beauty: He must not be condemned for the constantly diminishing circle of that light which was scattered by Him so profusely that all, until they sinned against it, were "children of the day." That light was, after a feeble struggle with encroaching darkness, drawn to a few far-separated points, and even there it but faintly quivered!

To what safeguards and auxiliaries, then, was Revelation to have recourse? It must not be destroyed: how might it be preserved? It seemed good to "the only Wise God," to appoint a nation as his "peculiar people," to constitute it the depository of His truth and the centre of His worship. There was to be impressed upon it a mystic sign of its consecration to Him, as also of its becoming purity, and of the "righteousness by faith." "Who were Israelites; to whom pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises: whose were the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." Their ceremonial, their polity, their migration,—their fortunes, their destinies,—stamp them with an originality. They are set forth to a dread notoriety by the prodigies which avenged them. "The Lord thundered in the heavens" against their enemies: "hailstones and coals of fire." Sun and moon stood still to complete their victory. "The channels of waters were seen" to secure their escape. God did not deal so with any nation! To uphold divine truth in the earth, the selection of this people appears the best of means. It was made the principle of their incorporation. Their national integrity rested upon it. "Instantly serving God," "a nation of priests," "a people nigh unto him," —whatever their errors and their crimes,—they were jealous registrars and faithful stewards. It was their honourable care to screen and feed the "lamp which was ordained for the Anointed." For ages it was their solemn trust and not undeserved pretension.

But preference was not wrong. It was an expedient to secure what otherwise must perish, but it was not a proscription. The surrounding countries were self-devoted to incredible vices. "Every abomination to the Lord, which he hateth, have they done unto their gods." "It was time for Him to work, for they had made void his law." By the sanctification of one people to Himself, no prejudice was done to others. Therefore He "appointed the ancient people."

Benevolent was the *actual* influence of that System, as well as its ulterior design. Its portal stood open to all the world. It was the asylum to the persecuted and the weary. It cherished the proselyte. How welcome had Hobab been to its "good!" How cordially was the poor bereaved Moabitess received to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings she came to trust!" "Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia: this man was born there!" "The sons of the stranger might join themselves to the Lord, and were made by him joyful in his house of prayer." When Haman was overthrown and Mordecai exalted, "many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them:" and "the Jews ordained, and took upon them, and upon their seed, and upon all such as *joined themselves unto them,* so as it should not fail for them to keep" the Purim.* There was none who could say: "The Lord hath utterly separated me from his people." Each might humbly remonstrate against the sternest repulse: "Yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Jerusalem was "set in the midst of the nations;" and "the bounds of their habitation" round about it were so determined, "that they should seek the Lord." "Moreover concerning the stranger, which is not of thy people Israel, but is come from a far country for thy great name's sake, and thy mighty hand, and thy stretched-out arm; if they come and pray in this house; then hear Thou from the heavens, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for; *that all people of the earth* may know thy name, and fear thee, as doth thy people Israel." Beneath that temple dome were gathered, keeping high festival, "devout men out of every nation under heaven." Fifteen different languages were heard from proselytes of as many distant countries, proclaiming the wonders of Pentecost,—challenging the Apostles' doctrine, imploring the Apostles' help,—while *they* answered in them all!

To show that even Gentile alliance was not repudiated when unconnected with idolatry,—to prepare for the breaking down of the middle wall of partition which was built to defend those within rather than to banish those without,—to augment the deep condescensions of Him who was "to come in the flesh,"—to announce the grace and extent of the Gospel,—the only recorded ancestresses of Christ, who was born in Bethlehem, are not of the holy line, nor, in two of the instances, are they even known for that purity which is woman's all. Tamar and Rahab are associated with Ruth, and thus the genealogy is preserved of Judah as a tribe out of which our Lord was to spring, and of David as a family from which He was to descend. Of the first no redeeming page is told, save that her sin proved her regard for the lawful succession and inheritance. The second "by *faith* received the spies in peace," and was "justified by works." The third, sweetly simple in her virtue, once had bowed to her people's gods. What illustrations are thus presented of the expansive charities of the covenant which many are accustomed to describe as exclusive of all but a chosen few! The blood of Adullam, of Jericho, of Moab, is suffered to mingle with the Abrahamic stream!

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* Esther viii. 17.; ix. 27.

The Mission of Jonah to preach repentance to Nineveh is one of the most singular events of sacred history. It was a direct mission. It was inspired by the most perfect interposition of Him who spake by the prophets; it was enforced on the reluctant messenger by the storms and monsters of the deep. It is the only recorded one from the Jewish Church to the nations: of that light, it is the only explicit emanation to "the dark places of the earth." Yet is its story told so unambitiously, that it would be no violent inference that it stood not alone. Announced in the quiet style of no uncommon transaction, it may have been borne out by precedent and counterpart. "I ordained thee," said God to Jeremiah, "a prophet unto the nations." Many may have "run to and fro." Many a swift messenger may have passed to "Tarshish, Pul, and Lud; to Tubal and Javan; to the isles afar off." Many an "ambassador" may have "been sent unto the heathen." To many of the Gentiles may "God have granted repentance unto life."

The opinion that this was not the only Mission of the Jewish Church to the Heathen, admits of some further probability. "The burden" is often announced by the prophets, of Damascus, of Tyre, of Moab, of Babylon. This foretels destruction; yet, like that against Nineveh, it is, in the first instance, but warning. It is only inevitable when they will not heed nor repent. At other times there is more general proclamation. "Hear, all ye people; hearken, O earth, and all that therein is." "Behold ye among the heathen, and regard, and wonder marvellously: for I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you." "Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people, from far." All these "scriptures of the prophets" suppose the existence of the nations around them, take interest in them, formally address them. There is appeal, rebuke, and, if followed by faith and obedience, mercy. It can scarcely be imagined that these announcements never reached them. There might be no inspired bearers of them: but these announcements were delivered in some missive or other. They were evidently intended to be conveyed. We speak not of the clear predictions of a future age, but of commination and admonition to actual people. We can only understand the moral use of such messages as they were known to those peoples, and were impressed upon them. Doubtless these were not wholly ineffectual. There was a voice carried frequently into the midst of superstitious and wicked empires. "Thus shall ye say unto the nations, The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." Providence was asserted. Idolatry was reprobated. A testimony was resounded for truth and righteousness. "The Lord was magnified from the border of Israel."

As Israel was the Church of God, so was it made an oracle of knowledge and a monitor of warning to the chief nations of the world. By it the Messiah was perpetually announced. First, His nation is indicated, then His tribe, and, last of all, His family. Were such discoveries to be buried in it? Were hopes so benign and so glorious to be concealed with a jealous caution and reserve? A Missionary character is stamped upon this people. Abraham and the patriarchs wander through different lands. Their posterity are settled in Egypt, then established in Canaan, and afterward carried into Babylon. Their religion was portable as their ark. "They went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people." Their most illustrious prophets were raised up during the captivity, Ezekiel and Daniel, Haggai and Zechariah. What must have been the influence of these migrations! It was during the last removal that the Jews were turned from their disposition to idolatry, into which they never fell again. And still more extended was their influence. It reached the Court of Candace, it sat with Poppæa on the Throne of Rome, the Latin satirist could jest concerning its Paschal Sabbath,* while the Alexandrine translation of its Scriptures into the Greek language, gave it a notoriety wide as that medium of all the ancient philosophy and poetry could carry it: it marched with the conquerors of the world.

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* Hor: Sat: Lib: i. 9.

It is difficult to prove, yet as impossible to doubt, the fact of that corrective and salutary influence which the Hebrew œconomy exercised upon the idolatry and learning of the nations which surrounded its holy seats. The Queen of Sheba was no incurious observer of the temple which Solomon had built, "a house exceeding magnifical, of fame and of glory throughout all countries:" the navy of Hiram could not but transport to his country much religious intelligence: the ambassadors of Babylon came to the court of Hezekiah "to enquire of the wonder that was done in the land,"* that recession of the sun which had assured his recovery, and which had been marked by the astronomers of Chaldea. It was the indifference he showed to their main errand, his failure of impressing it, that constituted his offence, while his ostentatious display of wealth was but its aggravation. The widow of Sarepta, a city of Sidon, received a sovereign and exclusive deliverance. Naaman learnt, and by him the Court of Syria was convinced, that there was a prophet in Israel. The triumph of Carmel over the priests of Baal, could not but be known throughout the ramifications of that idolatry. Asa drove the Ethiopian rout to their country, with the confession that the Lord and his host had prevailed against them. The report was all but universal, that "the Lord was among this people, that the Lord was seen face to face, that His cloud stood over them, that He went before them." The knowledge thus reflected was silent but certain. In the profoundest speculations, in the finest rhapsodies, of the Heathen writers, there is a gloaming of superior truth. It may be unconscious derivation. It is frequently most difficult to discern its particles in the fusion of the common mass. The sages, who travelled the earth in quest of knowledge, could not have overlooked the opinions and annals of such a region and such a people. "They saw, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away." It was not the reflection of the clear shining which had once filled the world, that now glimmered on the minds of men,—as the evening hue of sunset, or the twilight of a summer night. Nothing of that departed beam flushed the horizon. Another splendour was up in a distant sky. It struggled its way through "a horror of darkness." Little was its benefit acknowledged or traced,—the source being so remote and the medium so indirect. Like a lunar rainbow it shed a pale, chill, beam; bent into an outline of vague, undeveloped, beauty. Like that, it was a creature of the night, it was set for no covenant, it was ruled by an orb which could boast no embodied luminousness, and, though borrowing from that secondary reflection, owed really all its figure and feeble lustre to the Sun of another hemisphere.

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* 2 Chron. xxxii. 31.

The seers of the Jewish church foretold its extension and absorption into a universal one. They speak of its limitation with no selfish complacency. The patriot yields to the philanthropist. Nor do they thus betray their cause. Their harp, and shawm, and trumpet, celebrate its perfection. It simply thus obeys its tendency. It completes its purpose. It achieves its destiny. This is its just stature, its proper natural expansion. It is not its downfall, but its triumph. These predictions will come under our future review: the most cursory glance at them justifies the present statement. What must have been the glad result if Israel had understood the voices of the prophets! The "builders" would have chosen "the Stone" on which they might rear "a house of prayer for all nations." Ephod and Mantle would have been heaped upon the Ark,—the censer would have burnt its last ember to fume it,—the singers should have gone before, the players on instruments have followed after,—the palm of Judah and the cedar of Lebanon should have lent their choicest branches to strew its path and honour its passage,—all the anointed and the inspired should have swelled the train of its bearers,—the hills should have broken forth before it into singing, and the trees of the wood have clapped their hands,—while this chosen nation rose up and carried it into the possession of the Gentiles. That people would not then have lost "their fulness," and "the riches of the world" must have been aggrandised in an inconceivable proportion!

The liberal character of the present Dispensation, its scope of universality,—might be presumed from this determinativeness of all the arrangements which preceded it and prepared its way. That purpose *strove* for a manifestation in them,—here the inner life commands all the fitting mediums. It informs and moves the whole. Its candlestick cannot be put under the bushel or the bed. The angel is only seen in his true form and full-grown plume, when flying through the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Missions are but the simplest dictates of Christianity, and no more than decent tributes to it. They are not extraneous to it,—its redundant drapery, its superfluous ornament,—"not as though it wrote a new commandment,"—they are evolved from its principle. Having free course, only can it be glorified!

That which was suggested by particular views, or by supernatural visions, under the former Testament, is made the subject of the plainest precepts in this. Unlike the laws of Caligula, these hang not high. They are of simple exposition and of invariable obligation. "The preaching of Jesus Christ is according to the commandment of the everlasting God made known to all nations for the obedience of faith!" "Freely ye have received, freely give,"—is so positive a direction, that it cannot be evaded; is so beseeching an appeal, that it may not be withstood. The promiscuousness of another earnest encitement to this duty, the manner in which it is exhibited to all and each of the humblest station and meanest name, its impassioned tone of entreaty, the grandeur of its transcendent prize, mark the genius of our religion, and rouse its believers to their lofty powers of action and capabilities of realization: "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and *one* convert him; let *him* know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." The last command of the Lord Jesus, ere he had gone into heaven, precludes every demur as to the time through which it extends, and as to the parties whom it enjoins: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Go ye and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." It is evident that, unless the apostles had been immortal, they could not have enjoyed the continuance of this promised superintendence of their Master, nor have overtaken *every* creature, —not of *one*, but of *all* generations. It is, therefore, addressed to the whole church of which they then stood representatives,—in its succession,—until time be past. The dispute is not with us, What is the order of the ecclesiastical functionaries to be employed in this errand, —nor what is the transmission of this authority,—all to be proved is, that the community of true Christians, the one body, is empowered, delegated, and obliged, to execute this commission and discharge this trust. Christ left to it this strict mandate. It was His last concern. His latest look reflected the intentness of his mind upon it. His latest tones thrilled with its emphasis. While yet speaking it, the awful transformation of his ascending glory waxed in him, and the God-Man rose. Long as that Feature could be caught, this was still its expression. Long as that Voice could be distinguished, this was the accent of its behest. Oft as those apostles recalled the scene — did it not, rather, always live to them ?—that retiring look, that lessening voice, brought with it one memory and pleaded one responsibility. Their conduct is the truest index to its meaning and comment on its obligation. They dwelt upon this command to interpret it for their present case. It was expounded by them for their actual duty. They conferred not with flesh and blood. They counted the cost; but, as they summed it up, they "counted all things but loss, yea as dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord." They "fainted not:" they were "in nothing terrified by their adversaries:" they tore themselves from the embrace and dissuasions of too timid friends: they pursued their way straight forward to martyrdom!

It is no objection to the universality of any system that it is not already carried out to its principle. If it can be shown to possess an adaptation to all possible human character and circumstance,—moreover, if it can be proved that this is its self-meditated purpose,—then, such character essentially belongs to it. The slur of the infidel is, therefore, no more than the merest quibble. He requires a sign for universal conviction, which must be something foreign to the system itself. That were to render belief compulsive, and not moral. The reply is, however, easily extended.

Should it be urged that miracle, thus asserted to have accompanied the origin of Christianity, might also attend all its progress, it will serve every design of refutation to reply, that this would not be miracle. Frequently repeated, falling in an expected course, arising at an appointed time, growing into a regulated system, it would fail to excite surprise and fix attention. The question would soon become, which is the *law*, and which the *deviation* from it; which is the natural, and which the prodigious?

We can corroborate the fact of former miracles by the most genuine and authentic testimony. What could give it weight? If they who report them, were the actual eye-witnesses of them,—were most jealous of their occurrence and scrupulous of their evidence,—were compelled on allowing them, to bind themselves to a cause from which they shrunk, — were consistent and unwavering in their account and general narrative, — were calm as truth and unflinching as integrity, — if they bore all sacrifice of fame and fortune in maintaining the reality of what were only to them organic impressions, — if they shed their blood to give the fullest attestation, not to opinions, but what they avouched that they had seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and handled with their hands,—the credibility of the record must be pronounced complete.

To the averment that no testimony, the most unimpeachable, can verify miracle, we must venture to frame an answer from itself. For it supposes that an order of things has subsisted so long and irrefragably, that no contradictory event could be set up against it. But how do we know that this order of things has continued thus unbroken? We have only looked on it for a little period. Testimony is the mere evidence on which we can depend. From it we learn the uniformity of nature. We have no basis, save history, for any such experience of nature. If it be competent, then, to confirm this uniformity, it must be equally so to establish any interruptions of it.

The sturdy denial that this Experience has ever been opposed, is an *ignoratio elenchi.* We believe, upon that which alone proves Experience, that it has. And it is equally vain to expect that testimony would be assisted by the frequency of miracle. Were they, who now discredit its report, to witness the accomplishment of miracle, why should they be entitled to credence when the first disciples are refused to be heard? Yet would they not feel it hard, while they could not but speak the things they had seen and heard, to be disputed? Testimony is insufficient to convince any, if it be so to convince all.

Thus, then, stands the Deistical sophism: Nothing has universal claim until it has received universal consent. What does this involve? If each were to wait for this reception of any truth by all, all would be equally justified in waiting for its reception by each: that is, not a step could be taken towards conviction. Now, there are a few who seem honest in their hope that a simple Theism shall supersede Christianity. They should remember that the whole world is not in perfect agreement with them yet, nor does it altogether sympathise with their enthusiasm. Therefore, on their own reasoning, *they* must give *us* pause; and, from the narrow prevalence of their belief, they cannot but suffer us to delay *our* judgment and withhold *our* adherence.

It suffices for us to know that there is the most exact congruity between the wants of man and the resourses of Christianity. His every proper question it answers: his every moral craving it relieves. Its author must have known what is in man, and drawn it with an insight such as no man could command. It is evidently the contrivance of the Creator for the restoration of His work. For moral evil cannot be mechanically subdued. It must yield to a *principle* and an *influence* suited to the mind. Sin has there its seat. It has tainted its essence. Mind is only thus assailable. Whatever its corruptions, they must be intelligently resisted. Error must be undeceived. Depravity must be counterworked by opposite motive. Principle, to reach and command the soul, must be congenial, just as the orb of the eye revolves to the concave of the firmament. And the Influence, which applies the principle, must equally agree with the intellectual laws and sympathies. It must be "the Spirit of a sound mind."

We contentedly waive the question, Why has not Christianity spread more rapidly? It is a scheme of means. Means must remain dependent on human will and responsibility. Instrumental agency will frequently fluctuate. There is but one chain of secondary causes by which the final triumph of our religion can be secured. The method and nexus are strictly rational. To be saved, men must call on the name of the Lord,—thus to call, they must believe,—thus to believe, they must hear,—thus to hear, there must be a preacher,—thus to acquire the preacher, he must be sent.* In these ordinations there is no more than the foresight and course of common conduct. Every thing is devolved as so much duty on the Church. If all men have not the knowledge of God, let it be spoken only to *our* shame.

"Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."†

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* Rom. x. 13—15.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, Book ix.

MISSIONS

SUBJECT TO NO DEMURS AND DIFFICULTIES

BUT THOSE TO WHICH

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY WAS EXPOSED.

THE enterprise which aims and strives to spread the Gospel over all the earth, must find its *warrant* and its *rule* in that Gospel. Thence must be derived every shadow of its authority, and every line of its regulation. We are charged with a message which in no minutest point is to be modified, and the career set before us cannot suffer any latitude of diversion. "A *dispensation* of the gospel is committed unto us."

The right to interfere with the Ethnic idolatry, with all its train of frightful evils, may, perhaps, be established on earlier and independent grounds. Although we did not possess the perfect remedy which we can now substitute, and can scarcely suppose that, being thus destitute, we should feel even the disposition to make the attempt,—still might it be lawful to commit aggression upon it. Beneath theocratic ordinance, it was "an iniquity to be punished by the judges." It partook of treason as much as impiety. The irruption of the Israelites upon Canaan receives its strongest justification as the vengeance of the Supreme upon a people in open rebellion against Him. Christianity is armed with no carnal weapons: its most fearful array is its moral denouncements. Let the sword of the magistrate protect the missionary against the resentments of idolatry, but it may not enforce him. And the present hypothesis, which excludes Christianity, only can allow of intellectual obtrusion. But is not the monstrous superstition of the nations so fallacious that it should be refuted? Are not those nations so wretched under its bondage, that they ought to be disabused?

A brief allusion to the argument, as it then would stand, may not be uninteresting.

If man does not, having lost the first revelation, deduce the Divine existence and its unity, that deduction is, at least, far more easy and simple than polytheism. There is so much proportion, resemblance, conformity of design and operation,—so much of the same pervading intelligence and characteristic greatness,—that the conception of "gods many" is not only illogical, it is an insult to reason. The doctrine of the œons, of all subsidiary ministers and agents in the production and management of the universe, is the still more absurd apology for that which seemed to preclude any possible excess of absurdity. Is not this a fitting occasion to remonstrate? Would it not be a worthy scope for philanthropy, to assert the claims of Him in "whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways?" Who would not cry aloud to them that "serve graven images and boast themselves of idols:" "Fear God and give glory to him?" Could indignation find a theme so worthy of its most vehement rebuke: "Sirs, why do ye these things?"

Heathenism is irreconcileable with those principles which inhere in every notion of Natural Religion. The unity of the First Cause is not only the basis of any such idea, real or fancied,—but the general order of things must furnish the impressions of moral obligation. To discover what is convenient and useful in conduct and relationship, what works most beneficially, what best secures individual due and preserves social harmony,—the mind should deeply muse on all which history and observation lay before it. It must bring out that which is more than half concealed, and collect the scattered members of truth and rectitude. It must be always capable of appeal to principles, not abstract but palpable. Now, did idolatry, in any case, presume to suggest a coincidence between itself and the instructions of the outward world? Did it suppose that its mysticism agreed with the simplicity of Nature? its misrule with her order? its violence with her gentleness? its impatience with her quiet? its waste with her providence? its revelry with her peace? It is the satyr polluting the greenwood! It is the refusal of flowers to the fountain that it may be stained with gore! It is the disturbance of the sylvan beauty and repose by the Corybantian cymbal and the Dithyrambic yell! The majestic lessons, the softening influences, the sweet solicitings, the deep-striking sympathies, of which our Creator's works are full, must all be stifled wherever idolatry paramountly reigns. To this overlaying of all these sensibilities, must be added the glaring contrariety of its morals to all that reason, meditating on the arrangements of mundane œconomy, dictates. "Doth not even nature itself teach" us that polygamy contravenes its ratios, and that libidinousness is the destruction of its genial laws? Does it not inculcate the care of offspring, and the gratitude of children to parents? Is not modesty most true to it? Is not benevolence a source of delighted emotion? But are these the fruits of this baleful superstition? Does it not wither all as by an ice-blast? Does it not denaturalise man, and strike dumb the countless voices which address him from the constitutions that surround him? Therefore, even here, might the worshipper of the true God, who "triumphed in the works of His hands," find a field and warrant for his zeal. While vindicating the Supreme from the rabble of pretenders to His throne, the remonstrant might, at the same time, urge the designs and uses which those *works* promote and teach. He might show the wrong which is done to them by a base tradition overpowering all their native inferences, quenching all their finer yearnings, violating all their grandest laws. He might appeal to them as "elder Scriptures," the Original of every lesson taught to man.

But in speaking upon Natural religion, it is more necessary to look into the interior of human consciousness, "the hidden man of the heart." There are strong impulses, approved and directed by reason, which cannot, without the most crushing despotism, be repressed. Though a powerful objection exists to the conjecture of the proper law from the class and state of our feelings,—since we might frame one to sanction us in "walking after our own lusts,"—still, our feelings must not be overlooked. To understand them properly, we should form our induction, not upon the individuated entity, but upon the most enlarged survey we can take. We should call up man through all his generations. We should sound his spirit to its depths. And is idolatry a foster-parent to the human soul, melting it to a generous tenderness, rousing it to a noble energy, embueing it with a far-onward hope? Does it bear forth into light and use its latent riches, its elements and capabilities of greatness? Does it cherish "the longing of sweet thoughts that ever long?"* Immortality confounds it. It does not conceive it. It cannot direct it. All it loves is mean and unfeeling. All it embraces are things which perish in the using. Obscenity and cruelty are its invariable attendants. Destruction and misery are in its ways. No relentings will it endure. The mother must not call the babe her own. Parricide brings no shame. Wantonness is naked there. All reeks with blood. The votary becomes "past feeling." The "understanding is darkened." The "conscience is defiled and seared." Yet sensibility for a time would inly throb. Broken hearts were ill concealed. How many, like Iphigenia in Tauris,† may have abhorred the orgies over which cruel necessity compelled them to preside! Might not the friend of his species be borne out in branding institutions which warred on all kindly affections, on all kindred bonds? Would he not have succeeded in their overthrow had he but engaged the resistance, by disenthralling the sympathies, of the human heart?

Yet is but pleasant fable the thought of such an interference. As illusory would be every hope of its success. The motive is not to be found in "the carnal mind" and "natural man:" nor would the stronghold of idolatry yield to such attack. There is too strong an affinity between all the forms of ungodliness for any mutual collision. "If Satan be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand?" But can we seriously ask the boasted rationalism of the present day, What it has done? Yet, does it not affect to be revolted at the disgusting grossness, the ridiculous legend, the dæmon cruelty, of Pagan worship? Then, What tribes has it reclaimed? At what altar, "with this inscription, To the Unknown God,"—has it lingered to demonstrate the true One? Let it exhibit the trophies of that reformation which it has essayed upon "the people that walk in darkness and dwell in the land of the shadow of death!"

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* Chaucer.

† "Τα δ' αλλα σιγῶ, την θεον φοβουμενη."
Eurip: Iph: in Taur: lin. 37.

We must not imagine that Christian Enterprise can come into contact with the long-entrenched systems of superstition and not cause a shock. Their subversion can hardly be gentle. This is a common apprehension which we do not, altogether, attempt to lull: to believers in Jesus it is, however, no objection. To them it is only necessary for the evidence to be presented, that the circumstances of Christianity in these movements exactly correspond with those of its outset.

Christianity very greatly affected the political systems which it found upon earth.

If we look into human nature, we discover the social principle very strongly expressed. Men, living solitarily and even dispersedly, live unnaturally. Such a condition never was designed. We are formed for reciprocal dependence. We but follow the biasses and tendings of our existence as we bind ourselves in commonwealths. —If we look into the present fallen condition of human nature,—its irregular appetites and lawless desires, its fierce competitions and wild encounters,—we must perceive the necessity of some strong restraint, some controlling power; in short, the necessity of government.—If we look upon the different regions of the globe,—placed as they are far apart, torn wide asunder,—these physical demarcations will convince us that there cannot be a universal superintendence and coercion; in other words, that there must be a multiplicity of governments.—If we look at various peoples and various times,—the dispositions of the one, the exigencies of the other,—national character and genius, geographical climate and influence, historic event and epoch,—we shall allow that they may require as diversified forms of legislation,—a difference of shape in their respective governments.—If we look over the inspired page, we shall meet with no prescriptive rules or rigid ethics for this purpose,—but the obligation of some government is always assumed, and the duty of obedience to it correlatively enforced.

How, then, did our religion,—so meek and lowly,—loosen the foundations, or mould the elements, of civil society and polity? Kings were afraid: the kingdoms were moved.

It teaches that the first of all claims upon man is that of his Maker; that whatever He reveals of faith or prescribes of worship we are bound immediately to embrace; that "the things which belong" to Him are indefeasible; that to Him "all rule and all authority and power" must be postponed; that rather than heed any opinion, custom, and law of earth, to His denial or disobedience, we must let death be done on us. It teaches that injustice can admit of no defence; that oppression is more wicked in proportion to the power;

that there is a moral equality into which artificial distinctions shall hereafter be absorbed; that the highest but await the award of their dreader responsibility; that the poor and needy must not be trodden down; that death discrowns the proudest head; that from one stern level princes and slaves must look up to the last judgment. It teaches the temper and desirableness of freedom, personal and especially religious; the propriety of enquiry and the excellence of knowledge; the evil and crime of war; the equity of following where the largest interests lead; the rightful subordination of the few to the many; international peace and good will; the limit of patriotism and the boundlessness of philanthropy. It teaches the detestation in which it holds all thought of intercommunity with other religions; its resolve to sweep them from among the nations; its destiny of supremacy. Before these lessons and their parallel operations many of the governments, amidst which Christianity first arose, were made ashamed. A light broke in among them which dived to their darkest recesses. They were too proud to yield, perhaps too vitiated to be corrected. They stood up in scorning defiance, and raged against it. Though it "spoke not evil of dignities," it did not flatter them: though its strength was in its principles, it often pointed an application. Then was it that earth confederated its powers, and the banded nations drew on to the attack. Christianity, though reviled, reviled not again. It put forth the assemblage of all the softest graces. But "the God who always judgeth in the earth" had made it His "own cause." "Behold the nations are counted as the small dust of the balance." From the foundation of His Church, we see Him "reproving kings for its sake," "judging the nations to whom it was in bondage," "driving those out" who withheld its possessions, and, notwithstanding the fiercest resistance, "yet setting His King upon his holy hill of Zion." Even leaving out of our view a Retributive Providence,—persecution, and such persecution, was the greatest possible political mistake. It degraded the false opinions it endeavoured to uphold. It placed in every contrast of beauty and might the cause it sought to destroy. It precluded all sanative change. It doomed all that stood in alliance and sympathy with it. In the blow it struck, itself reeled and fell. The encounter was not necessary. Christianity has no quarrel with any general outline of rule. Here, as in all things else, it is corrective and meliorating. It would always increase the happiness, the order, the well-being, of states. Why has any kingdom declined? Why is any overthrown? It has "worn out the saints of the Most High." It has "made war with the Lamb." To this hour there are examples of the fact. The strongest fabrics of power have spent themselves in these struggles. Read their history! How deep the engraving, how bright the renown, how imperishable the record! Take now the map, and trace their site! The boundary wavers in uncertainty, and the very name is lost. There sounds another speech, and there dwells another race. "Those nations are utterly wasted." Scarcely can a vestige of them be discerned; what is left is but a ruin,—the shadows of pristine glory, the wrecks of original strength,—gloomy, blasted, powerless, as extinguished volcanoes!

Little can we expect a noiseless course of Missions. Mistaking their motive and bearing, a spirit of uneasiness shall fill the nations of the earth. Monarchs shall see in them the seeds of revolt and the elements of disunion. Their "thoughts shall trouble them." They shall promulgate their decrees against them. Statesmen shall aid these counsels, and warriors enforce these resolves. But was not this the predicament of Christianity in its first condition? Did it not, in the retribution and the recoil of its wrongs, "shake all nations?" What present objection can be raised to its progress which will not more extensively inculpate its origin?

Christianity produced all the inconvenience and disturbance of the profoundest innovations.

The philosophy of that period was at its proudest elevation. It was still taught by sages little inferior to its founders. Universal education was under its command. It tyrannically decided how only man must think. It threw its chains around the mind. The human spirit cringed to its thraldom. There was superadded a genius of beauty to its most rigorous oppression. That beauty was evolved in visions of intellectual power and spiritual loveliness. Often, when the schoolman spoke, it might have been a bard who sung. It was a flowing out of poetry with science. It seemed to divine the future, and caught prophetic strain.

The mythology of that æra was deeper radicated than its philosophy. It was a universal transfusion. It held the chisel, and the pencil, and the mallet: each conception of grace, each work of wonder, was its own. Its was the plastic touch which wrought, as without a labour, forms which still appear to be but more sober, fixed, dreams. Not contented with countless shrines, each country was its temple. River and grove teemed with its associations. It interwove itself with every custom. It held its sway over sport and game. It was emblazoned in the stars of heaven, it was enamelled on the flowers of earth. It was storied in every image and to every sense.

Attached to the philosophy and mythology was all that prepossesses man. Eloquence, poetry, arts,—legislation, judicature, arms, — were perfectly tributary to them. Innumerable were the interests which had grown up under their protection. Their subversion involved, consequently, no small sacrifice. Thought must renew its exercise and recast itself. Nature must undergo a process like a disenchantment. The sculpture was to be torn from the niche and pedestal of the heathen fane, and henceforth to be admired only as a copy of material truth and proportion. Thousands suffered, in this vicissitude, the loss of all things. A distraction came over general affairs. "There was no small stir about that way."

Christianity cannot implant itself in any part of the modern world without an infringement upon much precedent and settled practice. It must break up fondly cherished interests. It must act, for a time and in some directions, as a disturbing force. Property may be dilapidated, and the revolutions of society be jarred. But was not "the Faith when at first delivered to the saints" liable to the same censure? Did it raise no commotion? Are our traders, in the dread that Missions may mar their gains, without an example in the craftsmen of Ephesus? May not our railers against all violation of immemorial usage, plead the pattern of the Jewish Libertines, whose accusation and foreboding were that there should be "a change of the customs delivered unto them?"

Christianity, from the contest into which it enters with every evil, has excited many social dissensions.

We debate not now the romance of the world in peace until our religion reaches it. We detain not now the flattering delineations of Pelew and Loo Choo, the Hesperides which fancy paints. "*We* ourselves were sometimes living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another." We also know that the Gospel brings "peace on earth and good will among men:" that it "turns the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." What a charm it diffuses over home! What a glow it imparts to friendship! What a lenitive it proves to the asperities and discords of life! But by its formation of a new and holy character, by its exhibition of a humbling and purifying doctrine, by its maintenance of a disinterested and unearthly cause, it provokes the enmity of that current opinion, that selfish mass, that prevailing majority, which Scripture calls "the world." To that *world* every human heart belongs until thus reclaimed. Its loss is ever resented. It was so of old time. "Brother delivered up brother to death, and the father the child." Why did Christ, in effect, "send a sword?" It was the necessary price of that "regeneration through which His disciples followed" him. Yet are they the sons of peace. It is the "world which hateth them." They have offered no ground of just offence. Each might appeal, from the men "who fighting daily oppress them," to a more righteous tribunal: "Not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O Lord!" This scene is renewed in the progress of our

Missions. There is the rupture of national caste! There is the dissolution of social tie! Yet is he blamed who is abandoned of family and kindred, and thrust out from native land! He is charged as the brand who would compose and heal such strife! He is assailed as the author of the hostility, when he is only the victim! What of this? Has "any strange thing happened" unto us? "But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, *even so it is now.*"

Persecution, expressing a more general and determinate hostility than the degree of the injustice which we have hitherto considered, is coeval with Christianity.

The ancient world was parcelled out beneath the tutelage of local deities. Mutual tolerance was the common bond. Christianity brooked no such compact. It claimed universal homage. Its admission necessitated the downfall of every religion, save that of Judaism, as a vile pretence, an utter abomination. It abolished that, likewise, in its distinctive form, its purpose being now fulfilled. The doctrine and moral which it taught were as little inviting to our depraved nature as its exclusive absoluteness. It loaded man with the accusation of guilt, before it would dispense the pardon which was wholly free. It demanded purity of heart, and, for this end, that we should be "born again." It struck down at a blow the occupations and rewards which depended upon the Pagan superstition. It aroused the selfish fears and immitigable revenge of the inly-jeering augur, the courtezan priestess, the hypocrite hierophant. The elements of exasperation drew together, enflamed each other,—and then burst the heavy, charged, cloud! And now, to speak of the cruelties inflicted on the first Christians, were to recite a tragedy of horrors such as it is most difficult to conceive. The Historian shudders while he describes them, and the Satirist burns with indignation.* Could such things be? What a strange and appalling spectacle of malignity did the religion of the Cross elicit and draw against itself! What an atrocious persecution,—deep-shaded with all flagitious crime,—had, but for it, remained unawakened! We know its clear defence. Will not modern Missions call up similar principles of hate? May not our Missionaries be delivered unto death? May not the Monster again ravin in blood? Still, out of this there arises no objection which does not as much militate against the system "which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord." *It* had to carry the mangled Stephen to his burial: *it* had to mourn over the slain Antipas.

Christianity has always incidentally placed in a strong light, and even stimulated into fearful activity, the depravity of the human heart.

The character of its "Author and Finisher" was unfolded in "meekness and gentleness." "He went about doing good." Many, indeed, "beheld His glory." Many, awe-struck, enquired, "What manner of man is this?" But these intimations of greatness, these emitted rays of a hidden splendour, injured not the congruity and consistency of his most retired walk and his most tender relation. It was omnipotence giving emphasis to charity. He poured the day upon the sightless eye-ball; caused ears, that had never heard, to thrill with their proper sense, for the first time, to the music of his accents; gave to the widow her own and only son pale and trembling from the gates of death,—the bier turned from his prepared grave, and becoming a chariot which, in tender triumph, conducted him to his homestead, where a mother had outsped it to give him her welcoming embrace even on the threshold which the funeral of her all but so lately passed. Rose there a sigh and he did not regard it? Stole there a tear and he did not dry it? Approached there the lazar, and he did not heal him? What abject did he cast out? When did he hear the moan of misery, and he "stood not still?" Never did human guilt appear so dark, and prove so inveterate, as in not receiving Him, in "hating Him without a cause," in seeking to destroy Him. It is inexplicable but on the conviction that our nature is not only estranged from goodness, but that it is "enmity against God." When we peruse the history, we cannot conceive how a lip could scorn Him, how a hand could smite him, how a tongue could condemn him! It was as if depravity had never found its full expression, had never spoken with all its articulateness, until it vociferated, "Crucify him, Crucify him." The sun would not look on that scene. The earth trembled and shook. The rocks could not contain themselves. Jordan was driven back. Horror and stupefaction seized the universe.

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* "Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contecti, laniatu canum interirent; aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi: atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur."—Tac: Annal: Lib. xv.

"Pone Tigellinum, tæda lucebis in illa,
Qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum media sulcum deducis arena."
Juv: Sat: i. 140.

The atrocity is repeated whenever Christ is rejected of men. He is crucified afresh. A Heathen, to whom he is for the first time preached, and by whom he is set at nought, sins as he could not before. It is the most fatal symptom which his moral disease can possibly assume. The virus could not have been so collected and excited in any other circumstances. The irritation of the evil is produced by the presence of this living light and love. It is "a sign which is spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." This fact will again and again be remarked in the Missions of our day. We protect ourselves under the example of Christ and his religion. So affrighting was the crime of crucifying the Lord Jesus, that He, not only from pity to its perpetrators, but in sensibility of its unparalleled magnitude,—as a deed so insufferable that it must be immediately and consumingly avenged,—cried, "Father, forgive them;" conscious as they are of all despite and rage, still they cannot comprehend the import and the bearing of such a deed,—"they know not what they do!" The Jews, in their subsequent opposition to the gospel, "forbidding it to be spoken to the Gentiles that they might be saved,"—exceeded all imaginable guilt,—"to fill up their sins alway."

Christianity was soon perverted to ends, and corrupted by admixtures, most averse from its character and abhorrent to its influence.

Let us suppose that our Missions commanded a range and foundation something similar to those of the apostles during the fiftieth year of their labours. We should be tempted to keep the jubilee. But what an anguish of disappointment would strike to our heart if from those distant fields we learnt that a "mystery of iniquity already worked;" that some of the converts "concerning the truth had erred, saying that the resurrection was past already;" that there was "fornication among them, and such as is not so much as named among the nations;" that the Christian feast was profaned to the extent that its nature was destroyed, that it was "not to eat the Lord's Supper!" And if we could foresee that, after a few centuries, there should arise from those scenes of foreign culture such gigantic heresies, that no common appellatives could describe them; that the most rigid truth, that the divine judgment, could only denounce them as That Wicked, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition; that symbols, the most composite of all distortions, alone could represent them; that their time was long, and their power all but universal, ere they should "go into perdition;" might we not be tempted to break up every Missionary establishment? to destroy the cockatrice in the shell? to forego any hope of good rather than incur the responsibility of those evils? The world would jeer our enterprise, and we should be sore afraid. *We* have heard of irregularities, defections, alienations. Original simplicity has lost, in some instances, its bloom. Superstition threatens to graft itself on the credulousness of those who cannot suspect that the Christian name may conceal the grossest idolatry; or that it can veil "the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." The Papal domination is corrupted Christianity. The Arabian Impostor wrought with his scheme in the name of Jesus, moulding the religion of the Islam and the style of the Koran in some deference to his faith. Still, the apostles,—though "the Spirit" in them "spake expressly that in the latter times some should give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils,"—persevered. They were "debtors to the Greeks and to the Barbarians," though the doctrine they delivered was quickly entangled with the subtleties of the one, and deformed by the low traditions of the other. They dauntlessly preached the truth, though they "stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw the beast rise up out of the sea having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy." They built up churches throughout the earth, though that of Corinth was torn by division and shamed by confusion; though those of Galatia were soon removed to another gospel, and were seen falling from the profession of its grace; though the new communities of Crete were filled with "unruly and vain talkers and deceivers;" though six of the seven golden candlesticks, lately placed in Asia, ere the eyes of the last surviving disciple shut in death, were beginning to wane and hastening to expire.

Christianity greatly augmented the responsibility of all whom it addressed, and possibly tended to their greater condemnation.

It can never be conceded that the increase of the creature's accountableness is an evil. There must be, in that increase, a proportionate addition of intelligence, true power, and moral dignity. The highest angel sees favour rising in equal gradation with requirement. His obligations distinctly measure his endowments. He soars in his duty! The same rule must apply to man. It must be "given," to be "required."

Nor can we suppose that favour could be granted without this consequence. The clearness of the natural evidence to the being of a Creator darkens the atheist's guilt. Talents, of every description, are trusts. The dispensation of the Gospel implies this condition. How should it not? "For judgment have I come into this world." "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sin." "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" This is no more than we acknowledge in the laws and expectations of earth;—"To whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

It never was concealed by the Saviour that to the individual the Gospel may prove eventually the occasion and minister of the most aggravated punishment. His threatenings were most awful. How many of those who heard Him and his Disciples were, by consequences, fearfully endangered and thrust back in their moral condition; suffered immeasurable disadvantage; and would curse the day in which salvation was first addressed to them, as well as themselves for rejecting it! The first Missionaries denounced that their returning Lord should "take vengeance on them who obey not the gospel." He lifted the veil of final retribution higher than it was ever raised before. He described, in terms hitherto unknown, that portion of "unbelievers." Three times, in one discourse, like successive thunder peals, he dreadly reiterates: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." This is followed by the most terrific image of Scripture: "Every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt." The victim shall prove in his immortality the measure and the enduring power of his woe!

Were we now called to reason upon these sanctions of Christianity, we should endeavour to show that all, whose state may become *worse* by their rejection of it, are at present undone without it. This would, however, anticipate future argumentation. The passing remark, notwithstanding, proves that a remedy is not to be kept back, because the already dying refuse it, and because they henceforth make that death voluntary which had otherwise been sure.

It is no uncommon animadversion on our Missionary efforts that they may prejudice and depress the moral circumstances of the Heathen. They presume the possibility of being frustrated by the obstinacy of the human heart. The result must be that of "the greater sin," and of a so "much sorer punishment." What is the guilt of Madagascar in its present resistance to the religion of Christ? What is the enormous crime of the edict which, like that of Decius, forbids a native of that island to change his gods? How extenuated had the blameworthiness of such a country been, had the Gospel never reached it with a promulgation of new behests and requirements! But this is no more than the dilemma of the system. The Son of God could not descend from heaven without redoubling the responsibility of man; and "the grace which has appeared to all men" cannot be rejected without the most aggravated criminality. We need not be intimidated by this consequence as though it were a sudden anomaly of the case. It meets us not for the first time: it hampers us not with any unconsidered difficulty. We cannot be deterred from our course, so long as Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum are set forth on this very account to be more wicked than Tyre and Sidon, more liable than Sodom and Gomorrah!

Two difficulties, incident to Christianity, may here be treated; because they cannot but attend any great or extended success of our Missions.

It is no uncommon objection to the spirit of Christianity that it supposes occasions when *human life* ought to be postponed to its claims. It is argued, that the love of life being the earliest instinct of nature, its preservation must be a paramount duty: that thus the voice of our Creator forbids its voluntary surrender on any contingency. In reply, we say nothing of the sacredness which this religion throws around "our life in the flesh," as the opportunity of salvation and the prologue of immortality. We say nothing of the interest which it attaches to it, as a mysteriously costly boon and trust. The objection demurs to the pretended claim of any cause when it demands life for its tribute and attestation. This last proof of conviction must be reserved. But whither would this lead us? If it have any force, we must discard all morality. We must abrogate *truth* and *probity*, love of family and of the race. To save our life, when these virtues are incompatible with its continuance, we are placed under the obligation to lie and to defraud: we cannot at every hazard protect our offspring or assist our kind. Yet, may not the impugner of the Gospel conceive of something for which he would brave even death? Feels he no patriotism which might demand the sacrifice? Knows he not of that spotless honour in comparison with the loss of which a death of violence falls light? If he mock at such enquiries and turn them into derision, what must be the influence of his miserable scepticism! What a world would that scepticism leave! But the objection does not only in this way confute itself. It may be doubted if the love of life be our strongest and primary instinct. There are trials before which it would give way. Parental and filial love,—chastity,—courage,—would imagine no alternative. And what is the requirement which is condemned as a violation of our most intimate being? To lay down our life rather than violate our sense of right, or forswear our conviction of truth! To endure this severest loss of all but one, that of our self-respect! To forego every thing sooner than the peace of our conscience, and this in order to increase it! To the upright mind martyrdom brings no such suffering as any shock to our principles would inflict. We would not, for the sake of living, abandon all the ends of life.* It is, likewise, the discovery of Christianity that this very resignation of our earthly sentient existence is richly compensated, that every purpose designed by it is only the more gloriously consummated, that it is not abstracted from the great system of being or its final causes, that in "losing" it we "find" it and "keep it unto life eternal."

Nor should another objection to Christianity, and, by parity, to its extension by Missions, be passed over. It founds a *new rule of friendship*. It teaches us to love some persons better than others. While it commands a universal benevolence, it restricts the quality of its complacency. Every man is our neighbour, whom we should assist; the Christian is the brother, whom only we may esteem. We would do good to all that are without; we can only delight in "ours."* This is condemned as an invidious and repulsive principle. But we now enquire, Is it not something independent of Christian authority, though it receives the sanction of Christian approbation? Is it not founded in an absolute law of the human mind? Is it not inevitable? Can we take pleasure alike in all moral characteristics? Equally in excellence and vice, in piety and profaneness? Can friendship spurn every distinction of the congenial and the uncongenial? Has it no sympathies and bonds? What more is Christian complacency? Is it not a necessity of kindred sentiment and feeling? The image of the Saviour attracts us wherever it may shine. The household of faith, especially, is the object of our preference. We ask the caviller, how otherwise this could be? Does he not own a companionship with the opponent of the gospel which he cannot reciprocate with ourselves? But then be it remarked,—let it be remembered,—that this division is only contemplated as subsisting for a time, that it is nothing more than a contingent circumstance, that we would not that it should endure for another moment, that the Church is hoping and endeavouring to absorb the world, that the love of benevolence is even now sublimating into the expansion of the love of esteem; and that "the new commandment," the present ground of complaint, will soon embrace, with its divine partialities of affection, the whole family of man.

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* "Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."
Juvenal, Satir: viii. Lin: 81.

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* Titus iii. 14.

We are prepared to defend ourselves, and our Missions, from every attack which is raised against them on the ground of embarrassments like these. We shrink not from the charge of such possible evils. They are contingencies and implications from which no holy cause ever could be free. To have certainly excluded them, the liberty of man, as a moral agent, must have been taken from him. It would have been as reasonable to insist on the extinction of light and the abscission of reason, because by human wickedness the one had often been abused and the other perverted.

If general collision must arise between Christianity and the affairs of mankind; if suffering must be incurred by those who propagate it, even to the frequent sacrifice of life; how did our Master avow, while he contemplated, these extremities! "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? But I have a baptism to be baptised with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." Fearlessly He flung the Torch on earth and saw the first bursting forth of the frightful blaze. The awful Sacrifice, to which He was, as by a holy ablution, consecrated, hastened its preparations beneath his eye. These consequences He not only foresaw and allowed: he hailed and invited them! He *would* that the Fire might spread! He was *straitened* for that Anointed Suffering! The fiercest flame that we can raise is nothing compared with that Conflagration; nor can we think of any endurances of confessors and martyrs, of "any pains of death," while we bend over that dread and infinitely-exacting Devotement!

MISSIONS,

CONSIDERED

IN THEIR ESTIMATE OF THE MORAL STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE HEATHEN.

The Christian sees in the polytheism of the nations an unutterable impiety. To him it presents itself only as the wickedness which is the greatest on the earth. An idol is "nothing:" "by nature" it can be "no god." He, who adores it, "walks in the vanity of his mind." But this is the most lenient view that can be taken. All beyond this is progressively alarming. It is an offence and wrong against "the Majesty on high." No fine imagination is wanting to detect, in its ingredients, atrocious insult upon the divine character and rebellion against the divine government. The moral perfections of the Deity are formally denied. It is His dethronement from the judgment-seat of the universe. It is a putting on that judgment-seat of every vile usurper. The most treacherous, mean, vindictive, and licentious, passions of our nature,—the most lawless conceptions of possible, of imaginable, iniquity,—are embodied as the intruders. These are the cruel, the impure, the lying, substitutes for Infinite Benignity, Holiness, and Truth. The Supremacy of God is disowned. He is thrust, in the earliest instance, from the inner sanctuary of each heart; then, from the mighty temple of the vast creation; he is exiled from the world within us, and the world without. We regard not idolatry as a misfortune, but as a horrid crime. "The idols which your own hands have made unto you for a sin!"

Wherein, then, consists the *sin* of idolatry?

That it is an *apostacy,* we have seen,—these preliminary remarks must also sufficiently attest the immensity of the evil *itself.* It cannot exist without exciting a flagrant amount of evil *disposition.* We can only think of it as human thought and feeling rendered palpable. It is mind and emotion in its fixed form and constant exercise. The votary gives it all its reality and life. Every idolater, therefore, works it out. He not only represents, but constitutes, it. He is not only a portion of it, but its spring and instigation. The fillet is an idle wreath, but for the throbbing brow it entwines: the altar is a harmless pile, but for the attendants on its service. There is a two-fold assimilation. The fabled power is a copy of fallen nature: fallen nature is urged to copy that fabled power. At first, man "thinks it altogether such a one as himself:" afterward, he that "trusteth in it is like unto it." The guilt of the system, consequently, rests upon those who create and minister it. It can only distribute itself upon individuals. If it "provoke to jealousy," every individual shares in the cause of provocation: if it expose to punishment, every individual is amenable. It is scorned,—who is to feel the sarcasm? It is upbraided,—who is to suffer the rebuke? It is threatened,—who is to endure the doom? The rational, accountable, creature alone can be affected by any of these appeals. How unmeaning is the strongest accusation, the most tremendous retribution, against shrine, and censer, and statue! How indispensable is the alternative that it be directed where there is a capacity of understanding and infliction!

As there is, then, personal guilt in all this,—we must further enquire what constitutes it?

Now every view we can derive from inspired Scripture leads us to regard idolatry as a *perversion of reason.* The native mind of man would never have deduced the inference. That mind, in every other department of enquiry, forms its judgments most differently. Its general reflections, its habits of binding premise and conclusion, its whole cast of ruminations, make such an inference most vicious, most absurd. "All of it is the work of the craftsmen." "The workman made it; therefore it is not God."* How readily can we enter into the conception of "a despised broken idol!" Can object be found or fancied worthy of like contempt? Therefore does God call to "the mountains and the strong foundations of the earth" against such a misconstruction of their dictates. Therefore does He declare that "he thought not of it, neither came it into his mind."

In idolatry not only is there no "rational service,"† but its history is a recital of the most *flagitious crimes.* It would not seem necessary that this "sin against Heaven" should be the source of all possible immoralities. But such it may be proved. "The law" which the Heathen are "to themselves,"—whether we interpret it more broadly or restrictively,—is hourly broken. The Scripture invariably connects the speculative superstition with its foul accompaniments. That worship which might seem most alluring and yet most pure, the worship of the sun,—was more polluted than any other: that orb might have turned back from Daphne's execrable groves! Instead of any reserve in condemning it,—after discovering to the Prophet the celebration of the most abject and the most obscene idolatries in the Temple, Jehovah brands this as the greatest abomination of all.* The wrath denounced "upon every soul of man that doeth evil," must smite the idolater. He, in this character, must do all unrighteousness. Be his orgies more or less depraved, their element and nurse is depravity. His worship is an inlet of all ideas most debasing to the mind, and these acquire a greater force from their religious consecration. How hideous is the thought, that Satan is his god, and sin his service! "We are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them that commit such things."

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* Hosea viii. 6.

† "Lογικην λατρειαν."—Rom. xii. 1.

In our attempts to eradicate idolatry, we must not fail to observe the *misery* it involves. It cannot make happy: it frets the understanding by its unsatisfactory conclusions, it lacerates the heart with its restless inquietudes. It knows not peace. The whole Pagan world sweeps into one valley of mourning,—wide, dismal, interminable,—filled with weeping. "Their sorrows are multiplied that hasten after another god." "They sacrifice unto gods which smite them." "They provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces."

Much of this misery arises from the ignorance which is the ordinary accompaniment of idolatry. "There were they in great fear, where no fear was." Every thing to their view becomes an omen and a minister of vengeance. "They are afraid at Thy tokens." The wretchedness which awakens our pity toward the Heathen is not incidental to the want of civilization and freedom, to bad government and antisocial policy,—though these evils almost invariably follow in the train of idolatry,—it springs really and directly from the system. Every impression of a divine power brings with it terror and disgust. Every stage of future being opens to them like a track of fire. Human life is held in the meanest depreciation. Love knows no purity and friendship no esteem. It were a derision to speak of morals. The names of the most common virtues are unknown. Their ideas are unattempted. The present existence is an unresolved ænigma. That which may succeed is an appalling problem. Enquiry finds no directory, affection clasps no hold. Whole classes are hopelessly cut off from improvement and sympathy: woman is unpityingly trampled on by her brutal lord: the widow and the orphan are a spectacle for insult: sickness and old age are the scenes for which cruelty specially prepares itself, displaying the heartlessness of mockery and the fierceness of murder: death strews its ghastly spoils without disgust: and, amidst all this wreck of intellectual and physical happiness,—of prostrate mind and crushed affection and withered hope,—neither Disappointment complains nor Compassion weeps! "They that observe lying vanites forsake their own mercy."

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* Ezek. viii. 16.

We should be something more or less than man, were we to approach the discussion, which now becomes inevitable, without a dread stealing over our hearts. Here is lodged a problem on which a large expenditure of most painful thought has been bestowed. Here, too, has infidelity taken its most imposing station. The discussion pertains to the *possible salvation of the Heathen.* Who, with an unshrinking eye, can watch,—who, with an untrembling hand, can poise,—this balance? Million-millions of souls seem to hang in suspense, and shiveringly to await the decision. But if we have received in Scripture the proper information, and derive from the same source the proper rules for reasoning upon it, then have we no right to exclude the subject from us because of its extreme painfulness, nor can it be a true charity to hide its consequences from others or from ourselves. It is, primarily, a question of *fact,* not of *feeling.* It is a barren, an unjust, relief that arises from determinate evasion. Poor is the comfort, and most unworthy, which is sought by those who will not think. The knot is neither to be severed nor to be left in its intricated folds. If the cloud overhang the Heathen world, let us not fly from its skirts, but enter into it: let us ascertain what is the element of its composition, what the extent of its volume, what the intensity of its shade. If the sentence have gone forth against these guilty nations, let us endeavour to understand what is its widest comprehension and necessary execution. A benevolence, worthy of our Religion, meets the difficulty, however formidable, and examines the case, however profound;—deals not in exclamations and attitudes of grief and dismay;—practises not, and can afford nothing of, a pompous sorrow. It has its sacrifice and consumption. It fully knows what would be an easier course. It observes that many are disposed to excuse themselves from all enquiry by some sentimental artifice and theatrical seeming. It feels assured that this is insincere. It asks for the most searching light, because, whatever is the state of these parties, it possesses a remedy equal to their possible danger. That state is only desperate when men will not consider it, nor employ the means of its counteraction.

A few cautions may be proper in this place. We speak not of the inability of our minds to take a free view in what so deeply affects us; for it is one class of criminals drawing conclusions as to another. Nor do we dilate upon the narrowness of our data, and the dispersion of our facts, which, if not sufficiently explained and concentrated to gratify curiosity, have never received the full justice of thought and attention to which they are entitled. Rather do we desire to bring all the more tender sensibilities of our nature to a proper test. That test is the character of the Ruler over all the earth. Let us not suppose that our feelings are more amiable and merciful than whatever corresponds to them in God,—"for God is love." Let us not imagine that the willing of the death of the sinner is less estranged from His mind than from our own. Let us not dream that we could be more long-suffering and gracious. The unuttered blasphemy is little mitigated in its guilt, which covertly raises its reply against God by officiously attempting a vindication of Him, insinuating very apology, and ill concealing regret that the infinite compassion is not more closely assimilated to the standard of human sympathy. How frightful is it to hear men speak of any hypothesis as false, because otherwise "they could not love Him." Amazing debt their love would impose! Amazing injury its refusal would inflict! Proud worm, is thy love a bribe, or thy hatred a threat, to the Omnipotent? Who, that "knows God," but will exclaim:

"Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man?" "Who is a God like unto him that pardoneth iniquity? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." The most benevolent of his saints not only cannot pretend comparison with that mercy, but, when seen in contrast with it, appear hatefully vindictive and selfish. "Wot ye not what the Scripture saith of Elias, how he maketh intercession to God *against* Israel?" The son of Amittai palliates his unrelenting cruelty by a recrimination, little short of a taunt, on the exquisite tenderness of this Attribute: "I knew that Thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." Isaiah exclaims: "Their land is full of idols: they worship the work of their own hands; *therefore forgive them not!*" That greatest of Beings alone can comprehend himself. Does He allow the inferiority of his pity and commiseration to that of his creatures? Hear the word of His mouth! "I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger: for *I am God*, and *not man.*" "I am the *Lord*, I change not; *therefore* ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

This solemn question must be considered, when arguing its justice, only in the light of *law*. That law can only be equitable in its enactments and sanctions. This we must be permitted to assume. "If we judge the law, then are we not a doer of the law but a judge." Yet may we hypothetically allege the unrighteousness of certain claims. Such would be the demand of apprehension to what had never been revealed, of belief in what had never been authenticated, of gratitude for what had never been bestowed. This would, indeed, be "reaping that which had not been sown, and gathering that which had not been strawed." As inconsistent would it be to suppose that the Heathen are treated for any rejection of the GOSPEL, if we shall find them in a state of condemnation. This cannot be. It were a despotic arbitrariness, a confusion of all right and government. The Gentiles were never left without a witness, nor without a law. They reasoned most ingeniously upon moral distinctions. Their "thoughts accused or excused them." They cherished lofty musings on the fitting and the fair. Conscience, the religious capacity and bias of our nature, was not extinguished in them.

Now arises the question: Might the man be accepted who kept that Law which he was to himself? Indubitably. It was his only rule. But idolatry formed no part of it; nor must it be confounded with it. No vice was a constituent of it. If the code of that law could be written, it would be a loud protest against all such evils. Still it is certain that, if any man did the things of that law, he should live by them. "Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man." It would not be *salvation* in his case, but it would be "reckoned of debt," it is the reward of obedience. "The doers of it shall be justified." A general coincidence between the Sinaic law and the law of Gentilism, is taken for granted: for the Scripture assures us that the Heathen "show the work of *the* law written in their hearts."

But, in these admissions, what is gained? Because a man, who has fulfilled the law, must of right be accepted, does it follow that such a man was ever found? Is not this as true of the Jew as of the Gentile, and where is that Jew recorded? The Bible *supposes* both cases; but only to disprove that they are, or can be, real.

The fact is, that every such man, every true and actual man, is a fallen creature, that "his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," that he is "altogether an unclean thing," that the "imaginations of his thoughts are only evil continually," that his "righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

And why are the reasonings of Revelation directed to this two-fold jurisdiction, beneath either of which the *faultless* man may claim the Divine favour? To insist that all alike are sinners; to "prove that both Jews and Gentiles are all under sin;" that "*every* mouth might be stopped, and *all* the world become guilty before God." The whole is a terrible anathema. "As many as have sinned without the law, shall also *perish without the law.*" The summary is this: Both sections of mankind have sinned against their respective *laws:* and therefore, by the deeds of the one or the other, can "*no flesh* be justified."

But the Heathen claimant to this righteousness stands in a still more perilous condition. He is an *idolater.* Were his virtues rare and rich as they have been poetically arrayed, this crime would taint them all. The god of Dan is "the sin of Samaria:" and such is the decisively evil influence of idolatry, that, whatever was its form in Beersheba, it was "the manner of" that region. This is, of all crimes, the most detestable in the catalogue of crimes. It is never palliated. It is never spared. Wrath hotly and indignantly pursues it. That wrath fulminates, like lightning on some black cloud, from heaven against it. Denouncement cannot be more distinct and unrelaxing: "No idolaters shall inherit the kingdom of God."

It is unjust to ask, "What must be the fate of the Heathen, *if Christianity be true?*" Christianity can have nothing to do with it. It addresses every man, of whatever race, as *guilty* and *condemned*. It *finds* him this. This is his condition, though it had never been promulged. It would be strange to impute to the remedy, the disease; or to the deliverance, the bondage. But the conclusion is resistless, that the *Heathen do perish* under their appropriate law, and on account of its constant infraction.

To this estimate of Heathen guilt and condemnation, there are not wanting many popular objections.

Justice and *mercy* are argued equally against it. In regard to the first, it is the source and guardian of the law concerning which the preceding remarks have been introduced. We dare not arraign the Lawgiver in cavils at his law. As to the second, it is of its own nature independent. Justice must be dispensed: Mercy only may be exercised. The one has no choice: the other has no necessity. If the result be not right, no acts of grace can render it so: the judicial course can owe nothing to that which may or may not be superadded. Still the statements are in conflict. Why enforce on justice, at the same time you ask of mercy? Why plead with mercy, at the same time you appeal to justice? An unjust procedure cannot be merciful; but simple withholdment of mercy cannot be unjust.

Great use is made, by some replicants, of the *worship* which obtains in countries unfavoured by Revelation. Their theory is this: whatever the worship, however directed, it is virtually paid to the Almighty Power, and is by that Power appropriated and received. It exacts no little patience to bear a strain like this. Is the Holy One adored by the grossest crimes? Is His seat reached by the cries of lust and cruelty ascending to their deified guardians? Does He bend his ear when the parricide and the adulterer of Olympus is loudly invoked? Is Molech His representative or Baal his vicegerent? Does every steam of blood, every cloud of incense, every peal of music,—presented to the impersonations of all evil,—"to devils and not to God,"—change into a pure devotion and take a heaven-ward direction? If this be the worship of Jehovah, then does it consist in keeping before his presence "images of jealousy," and in compelling his "pure eyes to look upon iniquity." It is giving a shape and voice to all that ever defiled the heart. It is setting up the "abomination of desolation in the holy place." And is it in this ritual that the hope of the Heathen is to be placed?

We have not to learn that men have endeavoured to "moralise their song" by painting idolatry in glowing colours, and by teaching a universal theism. To these poets it is indifferent who is the object of worship. "No God" is more or less "strange" to them. Impiously they speak of the Being, on whom they pretend all orgies however unholy terminate, as "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." Nor is Scripture unperverted to the same disregard of all moral distinctions. Because Paul said to the idolaters of Athens, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you,"—it is inferred that he considered them to have "worshipped" him all this time, with whatever disadvantage of "ignorance." But it must be recollected that there was no *worship* paid to that unknown deity: it was only a votive dedication. It might be the God of the Jews of whom this people had heard, though him they *knew not*. It was a simple, though a most humbling, confession of their moral darkness. It is of their *ignorance*, and not of their *worship*, that his whole argument proves him to speak.*

There cannot be a view more false than that which represents every religious feeling as an amiable virtue. There is no misdirected instinct of our nature which has not an equal claim. Man is, "religiosum animal." He will always form for himself some general notions of duty and worship. It is as essential to his being as any of the appetites. He is made thus to think and feel. He is "religious in his error."† Its perversion, as it can only exist independently of Revelation, is his principal wickedness. It is the fruitful source of impurity and mental debasement. The sincerity, with which men are thus religious, redeems nothing of the evil. The practice would cease altogether if they were not generally sincere. The earnestness is not sought to be denied. What then? It is as blind as the principle which it asserts. It entrenches the superstition. Against the system and this very disposition which upholds it, "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven." It is not abated because of the substitutes it proposes for the only

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* The construction makes this certain: "*ον αγνοουντες ευσεβειτε.*" The pronoun is governed by the participle and not by the verb, that not being transitive. The proper rendering is: Of whom being ignorant ye are devout,—more freely and elegantly, Whom ye know not amidst all your rites. He allows their "over-righteousness," but that it is ineffectual as to any true worship.

† Shakspeare.

Jehovah,—the crime is two-fold: "*both* because they have forsaken their God, and *also* served Baalim." Does it serve as ground of mitigation that they are sincere? It only shows that "they are *mad upon their idols*."

The salvation of infants being secured in a way occult and unconscious to them, it has been surmised that, in some analogous manner, the Heathen may be saved. But the example fails. The adult (and we believe that the Heathen babe is safe) is a moral agent, which the infant cannot be. When is it said of the unchristianised nations that it is not "the will of their heavenly Father that any of *them* should perish,"—that, "except we be converted and become like *them*, we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven,"—that *they* are "the poor innocents,"—that "of *such* is the kingdom of God?" Here are specific grounds of hope for the new-born of our race: but as they support no parallelism of fact, they can authorise no equality of inference.

The noble *specimens* of *highest virtue* among these unenlightened peoples are urged, in advocacy of Heathen salvation. Some of these presumed selections are broad mistakes. Cornelius was a Gentile conformist to Judaism. Probably he was the centurion whose servant Christ had healed. All bearing of the case upon the question in hand is exploded by the fact that he "was one who feared God:" and that he was "of good report among all the nation of the Jews." "His prayers" were not breathed to the false divinities of the surrounding nations, but "came up for a memorial before God." And still with a faith so pure and a rite so authorised, he was no longer in a *state of salvation*. The Messiah had come in the flesh,—He must be believed and confessed. How was angel and apostle put in requisition to bring about this moral revolution! "Words whereby thou and all thy house shall be *saved!*" Such were the men who were most likely, because "doing the will of God," to "know of the doctrine." Such were the men to whom the testimony is borne: "In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." Therefore Paul addressed himself to this particular class at Antioch: "Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and *whosoever among you feareth God*, to you is the word of this *salvation* sent." Instances of this kind have no relation to the dispute. *That* is of the possible salvation of Pagans: *these* pertain to proselytes who were initiated into the Israelitish Church. No argument could be stronger. For if these proselytes could not be saved but by the belief of Jesus, how much more,—*a fortiori*,—must the idolater, blinded by every superstition, debased by every vice, stand in need of it?

That at distant intervals great and master spirits arose,—full of the *mens divinior*,—we admit. Their intellectual sway was majestic. The cramp of ages having past away, the fetters broken, the thinking man struck out his long-imprisoned limbs into attitudes of freedom, power, and command. He stood erect, and his figure was nobly imposing. To this his celebration we willingly accord. Yet what were these luminaries of knowledge, these ornaments of literature, considered as reasoners on morals? From the Schools of their philosophy, from the Academia and the Lyceum, there often come forth noble sentiments,—a scorn of voluptuousness, a loyalty to truth, an expatiation in the visions of moral beauty. But they can reduce morals to no principles, and fix them on no grounds. They can lay no restraint on appetite and propension. They become ridiculous in their dictation to the multitude. It is chiding the storm. It is declaiming to the seas. And what was their example? Socrates is always summoned as the peerless representative of Heathen virtue. There is often inconvenience in dealing with individuals: "Tolle e causâ nomen Catonis."* His private character is not beyond the reach of doubt. It is impossible to ascribe, to one who could discourse as he did with Theodota,† —who could maintain in such society a vein of jocular raillery,—all related by his panegyrist,—a delicate tone of mind. But most may he be condemned for his duplicity. "He held the truth in unrighteousness." He attended the rites of a superstition which exceeded every other in the crowd of its idols. He denied, on his trial, any disbelief of his country's gods. His dying oblation to Æsculapius confirmed the charge of his dissimulation, or his relapse into polytheism. And yet is this a name which has been brought into comparison with Him "who was separate from sinners," in Whose "mouth there was no guile!" Nor is it altogether undeserving of notice, that Socrates represents a class of persons who have generally expressed the most deadly hatred to "the gospel of the grace of God." "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools." They "go about to establish a righteousness of their own." They are "spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit." They are "the whole that have no need of the physician." They neither feel their guilt nor danger. Their attainments and civil virtues, blind them to their need of mercy. "They justify themselves before men: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." Therefore, "publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before them." Nor can we share in the confidence of some, that the son of Sophroniscus, had he lived in the age of Paul, would have welcomed him on the Agora, defended him in the Areopagus, or have meekly bowed to the authority of that Saviour whom he preached in vain to the philosophers of the Garden and the Porch!*—Did we doubt the general principle, another example of inconsistency might be offered. Seneca, perhaps the most distinguished of all the moral writers among the Heathen, *was* contemporary with Paul. He lived in Rome while the Apostle resided there. He often passed, it is very likely, the Christian confessor's hired house, and in after years his prison. He knew well the absurdity of the Latian Mythology. Did he embrace the Gospel? His lot, more favourably cast than that of Socrates, as living later and as commanding opportunity of instruction in Christianity,—drinking like him the cicuta and surrounded by philosophic friends,—what were his latest words? Sprinkling the nearest of his servants with the water of the bath in which he died, he exclaimed: "That he poured out that libation to Jupiter the Deliverer."* No vindication is admissible nor can be successful. No one had more contemptuous ideas of his native deities. Augustine has quoted from his writings, and, proving his inconsistency, has most justly scourged his hypocrisy. "All that ignoble rabble of gods, which an ancient superstition has for ages been accumulating, we only so far adore that we keep up their worship more from custom than any intrinsic right." The venerable Father can no longer suppress his indignation: "So, then, he, whom philosophy had left unprejudiced, simply because he happened to be an illustrious senator of Rome, worshipped what he had censured, practised what he had disapproved, and fell down before that which he had spurned."† Ah, where was even the redeeming integrity of the Greek and of the Roman sage? They played a deceitful part: solemn mimes in life and death!

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* Cicero pro Murena.

† Xenoph: Mem: Lib. iii.

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* It has been suggested to the Author, that he has dealt with harshness, and even with injustice, towards this great Philosopher. Scholiasts have suggested apologies, on his behalf, before. His dying speech to Crito,—"Τῳ Ασκληπῳ οφειλομεν αλεκτρυονα," is considered by them a sublime allusion to the immortal life and health he was immediately to enjoy. The cock was sacred to the god of medicine. But whatever was the motive or the meaning of the act, it was an accommodation to the religion of the country. It was to be reported to the multitude, who could not detect his recondite use of customs known to them only in their grossest sense. This version of the story seems wholly gratuitous, a strained comment, an ingenious after-thought. The act, we think, must have been either hypocritical burlesque or returning superstition.

In examining the supposition of their final happiness, it will be necessary to demand, What are the *means* which the Heathen possess for *acquiring* it? Is their religion an element of those means? Then it can only operate to that end in one or other of the following ways.

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* "Libare se liquorem illum Jovi Liberatori."—Tacitus. Annal: Lib: xv.

† "'Omnem istam ignobilem deorum turbam, quam longo ævo longa superstitio congessit, sic,' inquit, 'adorabimus ut meminerimus cultum ejus magis ad morem, quam ad rem pertinere.'……Sed iste, quem philosophia quasi liberum fecerat, tamen quia illustris populi Romani senator erat, colebat quod reprehendebat, agebat quod arguebat, quod culpabat adorabat."—De Civ: Dei: Lib: vi. Cap: 10.

"It shall be *well-pleasing* to the True God." This few will admit. It is rather spoken of as needing much apology, a thing to be forgiven. From the Divine complacency in it the votary cannot, therefore, expect acceptance. It is a sin of sins. "It is a *disciplinary preparation* for the heavenly state." Was ever idolater known fit companion for "the saints in light?" How much does Christianity insist on a formative process for the character of the glorified! How does it urge that we be "wrought for this self-same thing!" Can idolatry do this? Does it wean the spirit from its earthly bias? Does it bid it soar to a purer sphere? Does it make it like the angels? Does it "create it after God?" That soul is necessarily unprepared: as necessarily discordant. Therefore "without are idolaters!" Heathenism can but be excluded in its adherents, *if* "there shall *in no wise enter* into it any thing that *defileth,* neither whatsoever *worketh abomination,* or *maketh a lie!*"

From these dread conclusions many, who cannot deny their perfect logic but decline avowing them because of an insuppressible dislike, contrive to escape. They take refuge in certain generalities. "They will resign," say they, "the case of the Heathen to God. He will do right. He will do what seemeth to him good. It is wholly in His hands. He will be clear when he judges. They can cheerfully leave it to His decision. They themselves must be excused from determining it." All this might be worthy reserve, were there no grounds for coming to a decision. But it begs the question. That question is, Has not God *already* adjudicated upon the matter? Have we not His distinct Revelation? To throw the issue upon an unknown and uncertain settlement, when all is now declared, is an unworthy evasion. It is to "contradict" the Divine word: it is to "blaspheme" the Divine benevolence. Our ideas are not to roam at large when there is a formula to regulate them. We must not appeal from a God who has revealed himself, to a God who is only imagined. "His wrath is *revealed*" against those whom He has described: "They did not *like* to *retain* Him in their knowledge." It is to be believed. It is to be pondered. It is to be felt. Here is the field for a true and quenchless charity. No hardihood is displayed save that of purpose. No insensibility is evinced but that to self. Yet they who take these sterner views are left alone. The more *tender-hearted* press through the cries and tears of the wretched Heathen,—spread no light and afford no consolation—believing that there may be, in a future world, a favourable compromise of all the difficulties which distract us now and perplex us here!

And there arises, even to more enlightened minds, a practical misjudgment. These allow the necessary consequence of a certain doom in respect of the idolater. They find the admission extorted from them. But then, they argue that circumstances will be found so excusatory and mitigating, that such a sentence will but lightly fall. Oh! strange, profane, extenuation! Is it little to endure "the few stripes?" Is it scarcely to be deprecated that they shall only be banished from the Divine presence, shut out of heaven, and disqualified eternally for the ends of their existence? Though but one chain, is it, therefore, easy? Can the mildest flame be endured? How dark must be the nearest line of the outer darkness! Christianity asks not such an apology. Infidelity is not to be placated by such a sophism. The fearful problem cannot be relieved by such a gloss.

Will Missions ever rise to their just importance, or be conducted on their proper scale, until this is our sense of the undone state of "the nations that forget God?" To assimilate their condition more nearly to our own, to suppress their social evils, to strengthen light already sufficient for salvation, to give a little greater confidence to a trembling but safe-going footstep, to set a door, which is now open, somewhat wider,—are not motives which will powerfully move the heart. But when the idea is seized: "The redemption of their soul is precious,"—the mention of the possible flight of the only season for that redemption is as the sounding of a knell: "And it ceaseth for ever!" Then stands there out a duty so defined, then an incentive so earnest burns within us, that "the business requireth haste." Time must not be lost by preparation, nor action be suspended in counsel. The relief must be as immediate as the danger is imminent. The blood of souls is capable of uttering a piercing cry, reproving us as it passes for our accusation to heaven. "It shall be required at our hand." It is now, with these impressions cleaving to us, that all the force of Divine warning and urgency comes home to the heart: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

We are aware that conclusions like these will ever stir up, against all who hold them, sneer and perhaps execration. A great zeal for the Divine character is affected. Indignant terms are devised. It is supposed to be incredible, that any can be found to abet such ruthless principles. We shall be contemned as the remnant of some dark, fierce, age. Not loving scorn better than our fellows, we may feel disposed to enquire, What are the efforts to reform the evils of the Heathen world which these kindlier sentiments and softer bosoms dictate? Those evils are gross and cruel. Supposing them to leave no entail to a future life, they loudly seek a present redress. Tolerant as may be the creed, gentle as may be the candour, of those who see in idolatry no disqualification for the beatific vision of heaven, who cannot see any reason why the Infinite Purity should be displeased with it,—still we would ask, Whether their attempts to control and assuage it as a calamity, as a check to intellectual growth and useful knowledge, as a vicious taste,—be not somewhat too abridged? Is not their calm almost too undisturbed? Might not their tranquil mood allow a little movement, and yet not be unduly ruffled? Is not their self-restraint, in discouraging too gloomy views of Heathen destiny, rather too severe? Not to be confounded with bigots and fanatics, may they not be too enamoured of singularity? Was there a necessity for the perfect contrast? Still, in sooth, they have taken the greatest pains to be consistent. "*Their place is not known where they are!*"* Or, may not this want of co-operation have proceeded from a more refined sensibility? Abhorring our estimate,—resolute to show that they will lend it no countenance,—they have escaped many a shock of feeling. It would have been too much to bear. No martyred missionary of theirs moulders in a foreign grave. No widows and orphans of distant missionary families return to oppress their emotions. They never mourn the apostacy of a missionary convert. Scenes of fell murder sear not their eye. They are not perplexed with cries for help from those who bitterly complain,—"No man careth for my soul." They have never known the embarrassment whither to turn their labours, or how to extend them. Suppliants have never broken their slumbers nor haunted their visions. Their hearts have not smarted with a pang, while many were breaking around them. They, too, have been spared the agony of insulting the unevangelised nations with such a stern description of their state and warning of their danger! They pretend not to be seers who can pierce and read a future so profound and tremendous!

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* Nahum iii. 17.

Yet as these religionists often prefer a claim on our pity, pleading, for whatever they hold of error, an excessive jealousy of evidence and a perhaps morbid difficulty of belief; representing themselves as victims of argumentative cautiousness, and as involuntary subjects of conviction; will they not extend to us the same indulgence? If they cannot prevent their present state of mind, may not ours be as irresistible? Should it not be granted to us, that we may have our intellectual misfortunes too? And might it not be fairly allowed, that only an impression of insuperable proof could conduct us to a conclusion so solemn in itself, and so compellent of every sacrifice and exertion?

"Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are *at ease!*"

MISSIONS,

THEIR ANTAGONIST EVILS.

THE purpose to extend Christianity commensurately with the whole earth, pledges all, who make it their own, to contend with every thing of system and prejudice which can obstruct the course, or delay the progress, of that religion. One section of effort may define to itself a particular province; another may combat a different class of hinderances. But we must not conceal from ourselves the extent, any more than the nature, of that which is to be encountered. We contemplate the conversion of mankind. It is folly to slight the forces, and underrate the numbers, of an enemy.

Every element of this hostility is grave and formidable. It is a vast combination of evils. It is impossible to exaggerate it. Scrutiny can only serve to bring it more to light. It is a "great mountain." "We are pressed out of measure, above strength."

The resistance which we must observe the *first,* and that because it is chiefly germane to our more direct operations, is IDOLATRY.

Though this has already been frequently considered by us, it is to its strength as our most constant and resolute foe,—as often appearing in other forms besides its own,—as the root and nourisher of all error and superstition,—that we must now confine our attention.

And there are two views which specially demand our notice and awaken our alarm.

The former one represents idolatry to be an expression and epitome of *human depravity.* Here speaks and acts "the carnal mind." We are too inclined and accustomed to regard it as some strange excrescence, superinduced on the usages of mankind, with which they have been tempted slowly to concur. We have reasoned as if they had grown to the likeness. It is to be feared, also, that the several points which it presents for our contempt have reduced our sense of its crime. "The customs of the people are vain: for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, they deck it with silver and with gold: they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They must needs be borne because they cannot go!" But let us look into the human heart. In its ungodliness is the pattern of all. The suggesting, procreant, principle is there. False conceptions of the Deity, a restless desire to materialise the spiritual and to corrupt the holy, impatience of an omniscient presence, the usurpation by the imaginative over the real, a complacency even to "rejoicing in iniquity," the self-security felt in mighty numbers and extended institutions, the dread of punishment with an impenitence of guilt, pride in its own reason, effort towards its own atonement,—these are the encitements and nuclei of all polytheism. The veil is not thrown upon the heart, but is woven from its own fibres. The hardening process was not induced by foreign incrustations, but has petrified from within. "Idolatry is a manifest work of the flesh." When the idiotic folly of the system is exposed by Scripture, the most caustic derision is heaped upon it. Well may Elijah transfix it with his sarcasms! Well may the insulted Lord of heaven and earth, in all the irony which can mark its exceeding vanity, reprobate it: "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth; their idols were upon the beasts, and upon the cattle: the carriages were heavy laden; they are a burden to the weary beast. They stoop, they bow down together; they could not deliver the burden, but themselves are gone into captivity!" But it is not for its characteristic vanity only that it is taunted. When it is laid open in its wickedness,—in its form of foul dishonour to the Divine Character and supremacy,—a "delectable thing" to vile depravity alone,—then a more solemn tone is heard. The heavens turn pale and are "horribly afraid." "The spirit" of all the pious and devout is "stirred in" them. Religion denounces it for a "pollution." The voice is heard from above: "Ye shall bear the sins of your idols, and ye shall know that I am the Lord God."

The *latter* view of idolatry relates to the influence of the *fallen angels* upon it, and their agency by its intervention. This is a fact not to be treated lightly. Of them there is a Chief, and he is over legions. He is Satan, standing in a never-reposing attitude of hostility. He is Apollyon, the proclaimed destroyer. He is Belial, working all evil and ruin by concupiscence. He is the Prince of this world, holding state and levying tribute! He is the God of this world, boasting his temples, and altars, and worshippers! He spake the first lie, he is the man-slayer from the beginning, he deceiveth the whole world,—he is the "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour,"—he is the "old serpent." While his power is thus shown to be fearfully great, idolatry is proved to be his most potential instrument. "We wrestle," exclaim the Apostles, "not against flesh and blood" (the determinate indications of human nature) "but against principalites, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against *spiritual* wickedness in high places." The war is waged with invisible foes. And thus the name of the arch-fiend is either given to idols, or their titles are transferred to him. Beelzebub was the God of Ekron: Beelzebub is the prince of devils. The Dragon is the prophetic symbol of idolatry: and the Dragon is "called the Devil and Satan." In this manner he fought of old, and in this character still he fights, "and his angels." And what can be more heart-appalling than this thought! We enter the Pagan temple. Here is no power residing in the forms which from every recess meet the eye. It is wood, stone, brass. But what is behind those hideous visages? Are there no listening, gazing, mocking, spirits of the primal fall? Oh, these quaff the offered blood, to them the song is wafted, to them is the incense burnt![*] We ascend, as it were, a high mountain, and behold all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,—they rise as pictures, they play as meteors, at an accursed bidding. Who shows them to us? Blessed Jesus! We can now enter into Thy temptation! We continue with Thee in thy temptation! Since Thy spirit felt the horrid insult, eighteen ages have rolled away, and still the Tempter assails us with the same reproach: "It is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will give it!" Though the power of Satan" is clearly reduced since the death of our Lord,—though he is "cast out," "spoiled," "made a show of openly," "fallen like lightning from heaven,"—yet is its surviving strength a most proper occasion of solicitude and alarm. "He *now* worketh in the children of disobedience." Among numberless strong-holds "he trusteth in his armour, and keepeth his goods in peace." Alas, he is no more indifferent than powerless! What is the implication of the *present* subjection of "the kingdoms of this world," when the *seventh* trumpet only can announce, that they "are *become* the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ?" Does not "the whole world," with the exceptions of a few rescued portions, "lie in the Wicked One?" Every idolatrous country, at least, shows "where Satan's seat is, and where he dwelleth." Who can tell his "wiles" or fathom his "depths?" The anarch of heaven has obtained among us absolute deification. The vassal-nations cower and adore. He has passed like Night around our globe, leaving a darkness ever deepening from itself, impervious to a single star, with every pestilence walking in it. Like a withering Mildew he has overspread our creation, and blighted all into sterility, save where a few edges of verdure and enclosures of fruitfulness skirt the waste. As for some Kingly hunt the nets cover every access and guard every avenue, so he spreads his snares on every side, gradually contracts the intermediate spaces, and stands secure to strike his prey.

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[*] Tertullian says "that they lurk in the statues of deceased mortals; practising illusions upon weak minds, and seducing them to believe in the divinity of an idol."—De Spectaculis.

There is one form of antagonist power which we must not overlook in treating upon idolatry: one which it specially fosters, though it is, by no means, found in constant alliance. The savage state is not, most obviously, to be always supposed in such a condition of the public mind. But we know not of its existence in any other connection. It cannot continue where Christianity has its operation. Civilization is the earliest index that this has exercised a sway. In some of the Polynesian groups, missionaries found an intercommunity of goods which, at first, they were fearful to disturb. They were jealous of what might follow on a change. They saw in their prospect the "vile affections" of envy, pride, and rapine. But soon they corrected the mistake. No progress could be made in the habits of industry,—none in the mechanic arts,—no emulative tastes could be inspired,—none of the household virtues,—without a division and recognition of property. Then there was a stimulus to labour. Mental activity was elicited. Every talent found its use, and every opportunity its reward. Indolence alone suffered, with its attendant vices. Man passed the margin line which separates the brutal from the rational state. He was no longer content with the animal existence. New wants and aims pressed upon him. The Gospel, the mean while, approved and guided all. It is abhorrent from sloth and stupor. Nor can it long maintain its hold without a social framework. It superintends this world, while it unfolds the sublimities of the next. He ceases to be the barbarian who begins to seek something more than is required for the relief of his present actual appetite. Instead of obeying a blind impulse, he has become a being of forethought and provident scope. Then he prepares to labour beyond the positive necessity of instinctive want. Then he aspires to station and influence. Then he cares for his posterity. Then he feels the indispensableness of legal order and protection. Then he ponders the idea and utility of government. Then he calls to him the inventions which embellish and refine. The first step from the hunter to the herdsman, from the chase to the exchange of barter, is a most important one in the career of man. And does our religion leave detail, much less principle, arbitrary here? The wandering tribe never receives the boon, but it speedily renounces its predatory and migrating habits. Intellect awakens. The social condition advances. The contrivances and institutions of more polished neighbours are sought. Habitations, neat and cleanly, smile on the landscape. The swamp is drained. The forest is felled. These are "the pastures of the wilderness." In the progress of his history and course of his improvement, man has found what interests are most precious to him. Civil legislation creates new safeguards. Because, as these higher advantages are set before the eyes of men, and enter into their impressions of all that is great and enviable, it is the more incumbent so to defend the individual pursuit and possession of them, that unrighteous trespass may be resisted and undue avidity be restrained.

The state of the *savage* has been often flattered. His form has been described as proudly erect and perfectly developed. His mind is extolled for the quickness and nobility of its conceptions. The highest qualities of generosity and unsuspecting confidence are attributed to his character. You are welcome to his freest hospitalities. Safety is ensured beneath his tent. His quiet and impassioned eloquence is alike above the classic model. All that belongs to him is thrown into picturesque. But it is a baseless vision. Where would you find such bodily distortion, such mental coarseness, such unblushing selfishness, such practised treachery, such vacant babble? The poor barbarian represents not the state of nature, but contradicts it. He obeys no impulse of spontaneous liberty, but is bound hand and foot by tyrannic use and law. There can be no expansion where all from without compresses and enchains. Our nature beneath these restrictions is shut up. It is crushed to the earth. It is not itself. The vessel is marred. Oh look not here for the true independence, the proper dignity, of man,—though left to himself! though constantly addressed by the tuitions of mountain, cataract, and glen! though ever listening to the spirit of the forest and the wild! Let us not cheat ourselves with the fond expectation!

Though *Savageism* does not express the state of all idolatrous countries, yet the *highest civilization* is just as inapposite to describe the others. In none of them does this prevail. A dull, unexciting, level obtains. There may be ingenuity of manufacture, and even a physical science. The loom may rival that of Ormus, and the dye exceed that of Tyre. But *caste* overpowers all. Masses of population lie in hopeless inferiority. No mountain-breeze stirs the stagnant surface. Liberty sings not where all is a prison. Like the worm whose silk they work into such magic tissues, they perish in unrenowned labour. Like their elephant, they may surpass the general herd,—may be tutored into acts of sagacious imitation,—may be staid and majestic,—but the only superiority to themselves is some feat of violence, just as that towered monster breaks the ranks of war. India and China are civilised to a very limited degree; and are inexpressibly below the standard of many nations of inferior wealth and art, but which are progressive from their knowledge, enquiry, and freedom. In comparison with these, "barbaric is their pearl and gold." Their effort is but self-preservative,—and that merely seeks the restoration of the ancient monuments, the feeding of the sepulchral lamp!

And it may be permitted us to glory that Christianity has not encountered this great barrier in vain. This vast, rude, outwork of Heathenism is yielding. Would that objectors could see the peaceful demonstration, that the wildest manners and the most lawless passions have bowed themselves to its influence! If they wish to behold what they profess to desire, they might witness in our missionary locations tokens of property and trophies of civilization. There they should behold the waving harvests amidst a circuit of arid wastes. There should they behold the smiling villages spotting the grim fastness and defile. There should they behold the rewards of the husbandman conquering to himself the most sterile, stubborn, soils. There they should behold the artisan with all his countless fabrications. There they should behold the distaff, the saw-mill, the forge. There they should behold all the signs of diligence and occupation. There, too, they should behold the school, the infirmary, the asylum for helplessness and bereavement. No manly employment, no Christian charity, is wanting there! And where desolation spread,—where the pent atmosphere of the jungle, and the noxious exhalation of the marsh, hung heavy and poisonous,—where the beast found its den and the serpent left its trail,—there now resounds the stir of busy life, swells the hymn of enlightened freedom, breaks forth the extension of Christian people, ascends the strain of Christian praise! Who has spread this change? The Discoverer, the Naturalist, the Coloniser, the Geographer, the Student of the stars? They have approached these shores to find some acquisition, useful and generous as it might be. When did they profess the desire to confer a boon? What trace of a useful art did they leave behind? What memorial of a single benefit has marked their visit or survived their departure? The despised Missionary is the only philanthropist who has ever entered those countries to reform them and whoever spoke kindness to those tribes. While the Lord "turneth wise men backward and maketh their knowledge foolish"—He "performeth the counsel of his messengers." Behold the result in the secular advantages, the meanest result after all which we would boast. Oh! if the sages and illuminati, with whose fame the world has rung, had wrought the hundredth part of this civil melioration,—had they reclaimed one desert, or planted the seeds of social existence on the loneliest rocky islet of the uttermost parts of the sea,—how would infidelity have exulted, what would have been the apotheosis of reason, with what processions would the temple of nature have been approached, amidst what songs and incense-wreaths would the Pan of human self-sufficiency have been celebrated!

There are other impediments besides that which is our most declared enemy, and on which we meditate our most direct attack. Christianity has been, from a very early period of its establishment, admixed with principles, and perverted to ends, most irreconcileable with its genius. When men could not extirpate it, they did their all to debase it. The yet unexplained irruption of nation after nation upon the western world belongs to the question, how it was adulterated. And strange are the systems which have been derived from it! Often can their affinity to it be as little traced as an arbitrary character to its picture analogue. The Scripture style, in describing them, is that of incongruous animal forms interchanging with each other. These are terrific images. They have left the imprint of their feet, like those of the ante-mundane mastodon and mammoth, upon many a vein which we still open and many a track which we still pursue!

The *Papal* system claims our first attention. The particular qualities which distinguish its exterior, little prepare us for its real characteristics. The former greatly consist in a series of descriptive services. It is the drama of the evangelic history. Yet is it not the drama of poetic delineation and appealing moral,—it is the *masque*. It is a symbolic depiction. But even this, its least disparagement, shows its Pagan origin. The mythologic worship was composed of similar representations. The mass-priest at the altar with his two boy-acolytes gives back the ministering Laocoon and his attendant sons: the consecrated wafer reminds us of "the cakes baked to the Queen of heaven;" and of the *liba* with which Horace supposes the fugitive servant of a priest would be sated.* Nor is even its lust of universal domination its darkest crime. It flatteringly sophisticates this ambition by allusions to a maternal charity thus large and comprehensive. But its *Idolatry* is its brand. Heathenism corrupted Christianity into itself. Of this there is demonstrative proof. But none is more truly interesting than the following fact. In Lamaism and Bhoudism

* Horat: Epist: Lib: i. 10.

the Romish missionaries discovered, when they first entered Thibet and China, numerous rites corresponding to their own. The ornaments of the altars, the tapers, the vestures, the attitudes, the thuribles, the chants, the orders, the sodalities, the vows, the banners, the processions, the invocation of tutelaries, the services for the dead,—presented a verisimilitude, which filled them with dismay. Their first inclination was to account for it by the stratagem of the evil spirit.* Their next, was to assert that it sprung from the remains of some earlier Christian enterprise. But the truth could not be resisted. Such were merely the characters of the olden idolatries which the hordes of nations bore with them, when they burst from the depths of Asia, and like a resistless torrent inundated Europe. These forced before them the multitudes which had swarmed on the steppes of Tartary and the ridges of Caucasus. Christianity, as then subsisting, was well nigh overwhelmed. But it adopted the ceremonies of the intruders, and the variance between it and the Pagan ceased. Like a Volcanic crust that indents a country, yet takes its configuration, that idolatrous irruption lay on nations which named Christ, changing them and changed. We would not judge the Papal system harshly. It is the birth of circumstances, as well as of depraved passions. The pernicious debasement was thrust upon the already crippled Church.

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* Frederick Schlegel calls it "a diabolic mimicry of Christianity." The very same shuffle is resorted to by Antonio de Solis in his History of the Conquest of Mexico. He found among the people of the Western Hemisphere many rites similar to the Papal: and most deliberately speaks of the "close study and perseverance" it must have "cost" Satan to produce the resemblance.

Even that has witnessed some good confessions. Its noble defence against the Arian heresy is never to be forgotten. But the fatal truce was struck. The transformation was rapid. "The *Beast* arose out of the *sea*," this sudden, ungovernable, confluence of peoples. "The Dragon," the idolatrous power, ceded to him its ancient possessions, "giving to him its *power*, and its *seat*, and its *great authority*." It is curious to observe the assimilation. Romanism as distinctly marks out the antichristian persecutor now as when that which "let it was in the way." Cruel as its predecessor,—fell as its relentlessness,—grasping as its empire,—every where it meets the simple truths and means of salvation with scorn and violence. It has collected into itself the virus of every persecuting principle and tendency: but how is its Heathen parentage stamped upon its front! How has it stooped to adapt itself to forms and coalitions repugnant alike to reason and edification! With what of grossest error and fiction has it not entered into a covenant and acquired a sympathy! To this hour it symbolises with idolatry the most depraved and baseless,—wearing each false disguise,—bartering each venal stipulation,—to the abandoned compromise of every sound claim and honest bearing!

What shall be the precise encounter between Christianity and this sacrilege, whether Missions shall constitute any portion of the means which shall overthrow it, we are not able to predict. But in the interval, let not its proud vauntings disconcert us. It is its policy to silence doubt and stifle fear. Its every boast is the confession of its guilt and the harbinger of its destruction. Is it that it is most *numerous* and *comprehensive?*

"The whore sitteth on many waters," and "the waters are peoples, and multitudes, and nations and tongues." Is it that it is most *powerful?* "The great city reigneth over the kings of the earth." Is it that it is most *royally allied?* "The kings of the earth have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her." Is it that it receives *unquestioning obedience?* "The kingdom of the beast was full of darkness." Is it that it imposes *strong denials* on the importunities of sense? "Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Is it that it claims the entire deference of *reason* and *conscience?* "He as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." There stands the system with its hoar of ages and its consolidation of events! It combines in itself every term of reprobation and presage of doom. It changes from place to person, from sex to sex, from man to hydra. It is Babylon. It is the false Prophet. It is the Man of sin. It is the Harlot. It is the Beast. What blood of prophets and of saints is in it! Earth groans beneath its gulit! Heaven is filled with the cries of the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, earnestly pleading under,—that is, at the foot of,—the altar! But its plagues shall sweep down on it! It shall come in remembrance before God! The blood of His servants shall be avenged at its hands! It shall be found no more at all! It shall be utterly burned with fire!

From some of these just invectives the *Greek Division* may be spared. But though the Byzantine Council formally protested against the worship of images, yet there is an idolatry, scarcely less palpable, which this great branch preserves. The student of prophecy will hesitate to draw any very strong line between the two. Its paintings, set round with candles, answer the grossest purpose of diverting the mind from the only Spiritual Object of adoration. Its temper is exclusive and persecuting. Its hierarchy is, in almost all things, despotic. Its insistence on marriage, and then its monogamy, are often more cruel than the celibate restriction. It admits not of the noble legend and sentiment which the parent system breathes. It is the more doting, besotting, and superstitious. The one is a temple,—dim, cloistered, fantastic; the other is a crypt,—dark, cold, sepulchral. Save for the eloquent and holy Fathers whom it unjustly claims, it can boast no orators and confessors, no martyrs and saints. Intellect lends no life: passion inspires no glow. It is a slave to the worst oppression, the menial of Calmuck insolence, the familiar of Tartar cruelty, the captive dragged at the Scythian car. If there ever was the hope that Holy Scripture would be encouraged and circulated in it, that hope has died. It banishes the light, it evades the test, of truth. *Mystery* is engraven on its forehead. Of the Mother of harlots, this is the first-born, if not the sister-twin.

It is of little consequence what may be the name of a system, so long as we can determine its real nature. A system has long been growing up among us, though its maturity is sudden, which we could not call Protestant, and which we need not, since that is an epithet which its disciples abjure. We *must* call it Papal. Its doctrine and its genius alike require the designation. It is sufficiently loose to gratify every taste of man.

Its ceremoniousness flatters the formalist: its mysticism elates the romantic and sentimental. There is enough facility to reconcile the gay: there is sufficient restraint to satisfy the ascetic. Meek is it to sycophancy: fierce to persecution. Its vagueness of Symbol might excuse every speculative variety. Its only care is an ecclesiastical framework and jurisdiction. Provided that is reared, the faith may be any or none. The blindest idolater within it, is preferred to the truest worshipper who is without. Let but tradition or appointment or ethos descend from the foulest source of impurity and blood, it is to be revered, it is to be hailed, if it be but found in this charmed limit. It is the revival of all that has, at any time, most corrupted the Gospel. The beast is only couchant where once it ramped. But it is the same. "It was," by ascendancy and enforcement: "it is not," by discouragement and disavowal: "and yet is," by spirit and tendency. An invisible church is its jest. A spiritual experience is its scorn. It strips the Saviour of every mediatorial office. His crucifixion is but the lesson of our self-denial. Ritual grace is the only regeneration. Atonement, and the renewal of the mind, are scarcely allowed a shadowy existence. The work of the Son of God is annulled. Prescription is the only *prophet;* Sacramentarianism is the only *priest;* Catholicity, falsely so called, is the only *king.* This medley of startling claim and wily humility, of arrogant pretension and blind credulousness, of boastful piety and infidel insinuation, cannot but be an obstacle to Missionary career. It is mischievous, in drawing to its lying fables our unsuspecting youth: it is still more destructive, as our vast colonial arteries may transmit the poison, and carry the immediate contagion into our most interesting spheres of labour.*

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* To show that this fear is not groundless, a quotation may be given from an Episcopalian Charge. The Prelate who speaks is no indifferentist to that form of Church government, and certainly does not underrate his functions. But he sees that this pestiferous heresy and schism is making fearful havoc in India, corrupting its new-born Christianity and thwarting its purest hopes. His words, on the supposition that these opinions should succeed, are most apposite and stringent: "All real advances in the conversion of the Heathen will stop. Our converts will quickly dwindle away to a nominal profession. Our native catechists and missionaries will be bewildered. The spirituality of our Missions will be gone."—*Ordination Sermon by the Bishop of Calcutta.*—This is the impious sect which laughs at spiritual religion, all gracious experience, and any real Church apart from its pale. With it Protestantism is a thing for apology and a name of shame. Ask its abettors what are the distinctions between the Protestant and the Papal systems, and they rejoin, the difference of a face before and after being washed! This is a stale conceit, but it is uttered as if a stroke novel as happy. What must be the state of that mind which can thus regard the greatest extremes which were ever opposed to each other! The contour, every feature, each line, in the two countenances, are exactly the same: it is forsooth but one, a little more soiled or a little more cleansed! Let not the latter operation visit the face too rudely! The corner of the napkin, and rose water, may complete the ablution! Far other views are we inclined to take. We would reform the Reformation, and protest against Protestantism. It was arrested, nay it was thrown back. The doctrine of *Justification by faith* was fully vindicated. But *Regeneration* by the power of the Holy Ghost was confused with sacramental efficacy. In the general formularies of that period would that it had been clearly defined, beyond the art of distortion or the possibility of misapprehension! The August Deliverance from Romanism wants little more than this to make it complete. This is the flaw which causes the present renewal of the controversy, and which, to all human appearance, leaves the controversy which Latimer, Hooper, Rough, and Taylor, thought was settled by their martyrdom, to be fought over again! God defend the right! REGENERATION is the moot-point, with all its cognate questions, which we must resolutely champion!

Judaism is now a hostile shape in Missionary career. That peculiar scorn and hate which "His generation" manifested against the Holy Jesus, seems to dart from the eye and boil from the tongue of this wandering nation still. His blood is upon them and their children! They are scattered through the world, and every where they are heard reviling the doctrine of the Cross. What must be the "veil upon their heart in the reading of the Old Testament," when they see no fulfilment of it in the "Messiah who was cut off, and who caused the sacrifice and the oblation to cease!" Though they be witnesses to the truth of certain scriptures, and monuments of the exactness of certain prophecies, yet is their voluntary testimony most injurious. They prejudge our cause. They raise the prejudice of the Heathen into clamour against us. They wield against us our most assured pretensions. They turn our auxiliaries into foes. Moses is made to denounce us from his seat. David counts us his enemies. Isaiah strikes his harp, and "whole Palestina" rejoices against us. The rod of the judge, the mantle of the prophet, the instruments of ten strings, the shields of mighty men, are conjoined to put us to shame. The evil is extensive as the Dispersion; and is the more formidable because partial and distorted truth is its most active element. That "heart," that nation's heart, "shall turn unto the Lord." We cannot define the means,—whether they shall be missionary or not. But until their conversion be accomplished, here lies a fortressed strength in many lands, rising haughtily and impregnably amidst all our conquests. There is not a more painful fact than this! Israel fighteth against us! The people of the God of Abraham are numbered among our adversaries! "Beloved for the fathers' sakes," now they "are contrary to all men!" "Of them we must tell, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ!"

With only an inferior emotion do we dwell upon *Mohammedan* delusion. This is a strange amalgam of Christian monachism and Heathen sensuality. There is a wild grandeur in some of its conceptions, and its history is a romance. But it is essentially cruel and libidinous. That twin association which the closest observers of human nature have remarked between these affections, was never more bodied out than in this system. Like the Arabian desert, it is vacant, with all the mirage's mockery of refreshment and all the siroc's whirl-blast of death. Like the locust-cloud, it darkens the heaven, corrupts the atmosphere, and devours the earth. Its rapid spread is easily explained; the excitements were military pillage,—the harem here, and the bower hereafter. That any should have pleaded for it as a direct means of truth, as a blessing and a good, may well raise our astonishment. That it has been a fearful scourge, a just resentment,—we will assuredly allow. Attila and Mohammed may occupy the equal title of destroyers. Nothing can be plausibly alleged, save that it might be an honour to Esau: but how is he regarded by the God of Jacob? "Esau have I hated." "Esau is Edom." We mark these terrific incursions as reflected from the mirror of prophecy. The Saracenic cavalry, the Turcomaun artillery, are plainly described.* The first have "on their heads crowns like gold,"—gem-studded turbans: "their faces are like men,"—unshorn: "their hair is like that of women,"—dishevelled and flowing: "their teeth like those of iron,"—rapacity and strength: "their tails were like scorpions,"—darting their poisonous doctrines, and leaving them behind. The second are said to cast out of "their mouths fire and smoke and brimstone,"—the use of ordnance, which at last they brought to bear, from fourteen batteries, on the city of the Constantines. Little evidence could we find, in the true condition of those countries which this imposture overspreads, that its greater extension would confer any benefit and improvement on mankind. With this our Missions must contend. "Another has come in his own name, and him" infatuated nations "receive." Some of the finest provinces of our earth are occupied by his sway. The cheat of this superstition is formidable in the comparative purity of certain sentiments and habits. Its doctrine of the divine unity, its inculcation of providence, its abhorrence of sacrifice, its adoption of so much of inspired story and moral, present no facilities for the introduction of the Christian truth. The replies of its learned men to the missionaries who have opposed it, startle us by their close approximation to the language and theology of our faith: still more they shock us by the insidious and profane employment of both against all that belongs to it. How do the dark frontiers of this power meet us at many of the noblest points of our advance, crossing tortuously the ground we otherwise might have completely won, and strangely lifting themselves, not only in sight, but in contact, of the Christian platform! There have they stood for nearly four hundred years, as if hemming in the western world, and forbidding the egress of its religion! A horde of barbarians have thus long kept possession of the most magnificent gates which ever continent could command! —And there is one view of this system which must not be overlooked: its debasing influence on the human mind. Whatever may have been told us, in gorgeous tale and chivalrous adventure, of the splendours of Irak and the wonders of Granada,—the luxury of Bagdad and the freedom of the Alpuxarras,—the magnanimity of Alraschid, and the renown of Boabdil,—we can mark the real and permanent effects of this fatalistic and voluptuous Fanaticism. The terror of the Caliphate struck down every manly feeling of independence and every noble power of thought. It was concentrated in a bloody hatred of Christianity. With this it waged its ruthless war. Every country which it overrun and kept, lost in that usurpation its intellectual existence. The seeds of improvement were hopelessly dug up and destroyed. Torpor and monotony rased all into one sluggish level. Al-Maimon sought to redeem the barbarism which threatened every trace of knowledge, by inviting the learned to his court, and by obtaining the translation of foreign authors into his language. He did good service to letters, and even to science as then known. But what was revived there, could not be retained. It soon deserted the unpropitious atmosphere for the countries and schools of Europe. That wisdom now is but a name. That which is left is inexpressive as the Arabesque adornments, or deceptive as the Minaretted piles.

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* Rev. ix.

There is another obstacle to Missionary success,—another subject for missionary conversion,—we mean, *Infidelity*. There are not nations wholly abandoned to it, but it is a leaven widely diffused among many. Its votaries manifest a strong partiality for all the Pagan superstitions. Might but the world revert to its former light! The theogony has nothing to revolt their understanding: the worship, every thing to gratify their taste. Would that they could sit beneath the classic portico and bend in the classic fane! For we must not think of infidelity as a negation, as a simple withholdment of assent, as a pause in the process of conviction. It is a theory of assumed facts. It is a system of asserted principles. It has pretensions of its own! It is not satisfied to dethrone Christianity, but it would ascend the vacant seat. It is a rival, not alone the foe. It rejects our "sure word of prophecy," but clear are its foretellings. It revels in its visions. It has prophets of its own,—"filthy dreamers." It arrogates to be a religion, the only religion,—the religion which, having invalidated every other, shall give to man his proper perfectibility, and bless the world with its long-awaited renovation! But aught of certitude can it never impart to the human mind. It may loosen and unsettle; there is nothing which it confirms. Like the palsied hand, it catches at every object, keeps hold of none, but communicates a tremulousness to all. Some modern symptoms increase our disgust. It is a bald Atheism now. When Deism built her outer court, we might have always suspected that this was the secret shrine. But there was a reserve, a show of decency. It is in these latter days that scoffers have come, denying an *intelligent* First Cause. They grant not even a first moving spring. It suffices for them,—when midnight burns with its constellations,—when this fair planet unveils its thousand charms,—to refer the whole to the chymistry of nature, the spontaneity of generation, and the eternity of matter. And this feature is followed by its repulsive and antisocial influence. It strikes at all the private affections. It corrupts all the fountains of domestic confidence and love. Marriage,—on which depend the weal of communities and the strength of nations,—the parental and filial inwoven ties,—the hearth, the home,—all are turned into banter and put to shame by lawless passion and brutal intercourse! The care of offspring is a weakness! The love of country is a prejudice! Universal civism and fraternization shall supersede kindred, patriotism, government, internationality, public law, and private influence!

Nor can we hesitate to arrange under the category of Infidelity—though cheerfully conceding to many of its adherents excellences which ordinary scepticism disclaims and subverts,—the scheme of *Psilanthropism*, the *God-denying apostacy.** This formal impiety against the majesty, "the Divine Power," of the Lord Jesus Christ, this war upon all the offices by which he secures redemption,—is so strange and gratuitously wanton, that we are at a loss to account for its rise, or for any motive to its extension. It dwells apart like an omen-shooting star, shedding one baleful influence. It is a determined foe to Missions. It so flatters the state of the Heathen, that they do not need the Gospel: it so reduces the Gospel, that it contains little which is worthy of their acceptance. Its sciolism,—its pedantry,—its cynicism,—its pseudo-liberality,—its brag,—its blasphemy,—place it as the colophon of all that the sceptic spirit, still retain-ing any decency or relic of theology, can attempt. We know the worst. More we cannot fear. It is error in its last exhaustion.

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* "Αρνησιθεου αποστασιας. ...... Ψιλον ανθρωπον τον Χριστον."
Euseb: Lib: v. Cap: 28.

The *Neological* profanation of Sacred Writ cannot be passed by with indifference. It is a plague of paralysis. Entrenching itself in the great seats of learning, it commits such inroads on the canons of sound criticism and the principles of true interpretation, that youth is corrupted in its prime and religion at its well-head. These hermeneutics leave Christianity nothing that can interest the idolater, or that could move its disciples for his conversion.

All *Despotisms*, specially those which shackle conscience, must be ranked among the inimical powers to the scheme of Missions. The iron hand when laid on human spirit is indeed shortened. But it has frequently alarmed enquiry and debarred conviction. How many colossal dominations, aye and republics too, may now be found proscribing the Bible, interdicting the Gospel, making war with the Lamb! There pines many an imprisoned saint! There many have been forbid to speak in "this name!" There many a convert waits the certainty of martyrdom!

The *Commercial view* which looks on man only in the light, if not of direct barter yet of mere subserviency, has been most detrimental to the reputation and success of our enterprise. There are sentiments, regarding our population at home, sufficiently revolting. Who does not feel a high indignation when our compatriots are spoken of as scarcely a living machinery, are rated only as so much useful material, are valued but at their producing power? Is this the estimate in which any

Christian effort to raise and deliver man can agree? But Missions will have to combat opinions still more vilely oppressive. Avarice has assigned foreign tribes and nations to a yet more degraded rank. A common humanity is denied. They are dismembered from the common family. And where they are not bought and sold as the inferior animal, still are they but a prey. They are robbed of every right and depressed to every humiliation. The history of our conduct towards the aborigines of countries, which we have taken to ourselves, is frightful in its gross injustice and wanton cruelty. The evil beast has found more kindness at our hands. They have been pursued to extermination. They have been blotted out. Their country is their grave. The colonization before which they have been compelled to bow, the traffic for which they are drudged to minister, have only thought of them as the means of strength and gain. Their good of body and of soul has been despised. Every plan to elevate them has been disclaimed. Their availableness to the ends of profit required them to be held down in perpetual ignorance and bondage. What amends are due! How much have Missions to accomplish ere they can teach the tyrant to pity his victim, and the victim to respect himself!

These evils our Missions must oppose more directly or implicitly: sooner or later they must overthrow them. Christianity but speaks by the mouth of Philanthropy when she says, Rase them, rase them, even to the foundation thereof! "Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies."

MISSIONS,

THE MEANS THEY CONTEMPLATE AND EMPLOY.

To know our resources and equipments is essential to any success. Wisdom demands that there be a proportion and an aptitude between our advantages, and the ends we propose to accomplish by them. This is most obviously true when we seek ends wholly moral. We must reach the heart of the world's people by approaches tender and persuasive: by sentiments which that heart can feel. It is a delicate treatment which the human spirit only can allow of its sensibility: noiseless should be our soundings of its depth.

It was the custom of the Pagan conquerors to enforce their own idolatry on the captive nations. The crowd of deities was deemed to be vanquished with the peoples whom they could no more defend. They were displaced for more powerful substitutes.* But Christianity disavows all such imposition. It persuades, and not dragoons. It asks of no earthly power aught that the sword can effectuate of conquest. Its weapons are not carnal. Strong in the possession of moral strength, secure in its hold of divine assistance, it not only disdains civil inflictions for its enforcement, but always deprecates the rash ardour of its pretended champions when they, by such a course, would sully its purity and shade its brightness. —Warriors may make way for the Gospel, but they are not its accredited instruments nor appropriated agents. It prompts not nor approves. It consecrates no banner, it baptises no sword. "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. *Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.*"

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* "Inferretque Deos Latio."—Æneid: Lib: i. 10.

"The Truth as it is in Jesus" constitutes the only direct means of Christian conversion. It "converteth the soul." We are "begotten by it." The entire system may be supposed, or certain selected portions of it. These constitute its condensed substance,—the gist of its argument and the emphasis of its appeal. We call it more distinctively, *the Gospel.*

This Truth is conveyed in a double form,—written and parole: it is to be registered in a fixed text, it is to be enounced by the living voice. The first is to be the standard of the second, the second is to be the call to the first. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." "The *word* of reconciliation" is the test and judge of "the *ministry* of reconciliation." In the conduct of our Lord and of His apostles, we constantly find a reverent recurrence to an established authority, a *written word.* No prerogative is suffered to make light of it, no miracle is wrought to supersede it. By it all claims are tried. None may disrespect or evade this ordeal. In the presence of the awful oracle, the Messiah bears not witness to himself. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me." "Search the Scriptures: they are they which testify of Me." The first disciples followed His example. Their

Divine Master had "opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." Their earliest errand was to the synagogue, if any such were to be found; and their recourse was instantly to that which was "written in the Scriptures of truth." They "showed by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ." They threw themselves upon "the law and the testimony." This was the circuit of the whole debate. To the Gentile they could not offer the common ground on which they met the Jew. But *they themselves* were the channels of that very inspiration which is our dogmatic rule. They spoke the evangelic narrative beneath an afflatus which gave sanction and infallibility. The perspicuity and fulness of that narrative were secured by immediate promise. "The Spirit of truth" was their constant guide. He was to "abide with them for ever." He was to "*teach them* all things, to bring all things to their *remembrance,* to guide them *into all* truth." That inspiration was full, and, we believe, organic. Unpopular as may be the avowal, we think that the verbalist can alone prove his consistency of belief. In vain will superficial criticism offer contrary opinion from the style of the Epistles. The disclaimer and the suspense, which some have imagined that they have detected in the writings of Paul, seem rather to support his most plenary intuitions.* He has "no command of the Lord," no record of any that He had orally delivered. What does he do? He erects himself into co-ordinate consideration: "to the rest *speak I,* not the Lord."† He gives "his judgment," or paramount legal sentence. The "permission," of which he speaks in contradistinction to "commandment," refers to the question of marriage, the *permission* to enter it, and not the *commandment,*—without implying that his divine suggestions were restrained. The whole is nobly closed by that figure which rhetoricians call meiosis,—a gentle, yet reproving and satiric, style of putting an undeniable fact: "I judge also that I have the Spirit of God!" Therefore are his writings placed by Peter in the one order of divine writings; "all his epistles as the *other scriptures.*" The epistles were publicly extant from the moment of being penned, and were widely copied. The "gospels" were composed soon after. The Apostles being survivors, their books were not wanted; for their "ways which were in Christ, they taught in every church:" when called to their reward, the histories and letters, which they had dictated, supplied their place.

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* 1 Cor. vii., passim.

† A similar distinction may be observed in 1 Thess. iv. 1, 9.

This is the precedent which we pursue. We regard it as incumbent on all Missionaries to establish, at the earliest possible period, such tribunal. The Bible must be given to the people. But because interval must elapse, the duties of instruction are not to be postponed. There is no doubt in our mind whither the *stress* of labour should be directed. Divine Revelation should be produced. Since, however, the acquisition of the language will not so greatly differ for purposes of rendering and of speech, the two employments may greatly be coëtaneous. Concerning this hypothetical case, and it is little more, it is not in our power to abate any thing,—the Rule for missionary agency, the Standard of missionary teaching, is the grand preliminary. The want of this has led to the failure of several Missions in past times. The Nestorians, the most enterprising of the Christian propagandists in the early ages of the Church, with this auxiliary might have won all the nations of the East. Eliot, by incredible exertion, completed his American Indian version, but it never gained any general circulation among those tribes: while their constant ejectment from the inheritance of their native provinces, from one reservation to another, precluded every hope of civilization and of a transmitted Christianity. Brainerd seemed to place less reliance, than did his apostolic predecessor, upon this advantage: the consequences are, that his extraordinary success fleeted with his too fleeting life. By the banks of the Susquehanah, among the forks of the Delaware, results might, otherwise, have ripened and endured that could vie with the best examples of present success. Nor do the ancient translations offer exceptions to the rule. The Imperial grant of the Apostolic writings,—that noble gift of Constantine to the churches, only amounted to fifty copies. The Coptic, the Ethiopic, the Arabic, the Mœso-Gothic, and others, were the possessions of the learned, were chained to the cloister, and never were greatly multiplied or widely dispersed. The Peshito might have saved the Syrian churches from their decline and superstition, but now they hardly know its name. Would we have permanent communities of true believers in Heathen lands, would we have Christian churches of successive generations, only can they be found to flourish and abide when they are thus framed on the basis of the vernacular and disseminated Word of the Lord. This is "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone." "Noble" shall that people be,—"they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign upon" their "land,"—they shall be the joy and glory of their Missionary,—who "search the Scriptures daily whether the things" he speaks "be so." "It shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign not to be cut off."

The Preaching of the Gospel is of an importance only secondary to this fundamental rule. "It has pleased God by" its alleged "foolishness to save them that believe." This ordinance implies instruction and appeal by means of the human speech; direct address and communication. But its more particular shape,—whether it shall be formal as the sermon, didactic as the dissertation, excursive as the oration, or popular as the catechism,—is left to the decision of circumstances. It must be intelligible, and to be intelligible all methods must be tried. The secret appears to be, considering this ordinance simply in its rationale, that the preacher's soul is so infused into his argument and entreaty that the auditor, from the earnestness of the delivered message, is induced to attend to the message itself. Another human spirit acts, through its most noble organs, upon his. Speech,—"the awaking up of our glory,"—bursting from the hidden chambers of the mind,—bears with it impressions tender, devout, profound, and unknown before. "We believe, and therefore speak." A view is also, thus imparted more digested than the common reader of the Scripture could take,—withal a view better directed and more solemnly applied. It is the *truth* which is the causal element and pledge of the instrumentality: but its accidents and concomitants are not indifferent to it. And that we may perceive how it is restricted to human agency, not a few histories are furnished to us. "Saviours shall come up on Mount Zion." How would the angel burn to declare to Cornelius the solution of all his doubts and the satisfaction of all his wants,—to direct him to the Saviour,—but he is only a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to him who shall be an heir of salvation,—an internuncio,—silence seals his lips,—he but informs him of Peter,—leaves to the apostle "the work of the evangelist,"—and, having fulfilled this subordinate task, is seen no more. And still is there higher proof. The persecutor Saul is struck to the ground by the glories of the ascended Redeemer. The cry of penitence is heard from the prostrate and *contrite one.* Yet is there spoken by that Redeemer no utterance of mercy, no intimation of relief. He imposes, as it were, a restraint upon His readiness to forgive. He will not preach Himself. Ananias shall receive the high appointment and commission of announcing, to the "astonished and trembling" "chief of sinners," the grace of the gospel and the fellowship of its profession. Man but hears of salvation from his fellow-man. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!" In our Missions we therefore recognise the divine institution of this means. The men we send forth "save them that hear them." They make cry and proclamation. They strike the chords of the human heart. They have themes to awe and appeals to soften. Beneath the palm,—or the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,—they have attracted the little congregation. They have invited curiosity, awakened attention, and then preached Christ to them. The dull eye has caught a fire. The vacant countenance has reflected new expressions. Tears have flowed thickly down the cheek. The savage of the woods, the burrowed sloth of the desert, the glutton-cannibal, have been drawn to the scene and chained to the spot. They grew into men as they listened, and "Christ was revealed in them." The fact is placed beyond a doubt. This simple expedient has ever availed. Among the wildest hordes, throughout the most scattered tribes, it is still owned of Heaven as its choicest vehicle of mercy. "The Lord hath made known his salvation; His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the Heathen."

The preaching of Christ crucified is the grand substance of missionary instructions and importunities. There is a fitness in this subject to impress the heart. None other can so fully premise the evil of sin. Nothing can so sweetly pourtray divine grace. It is a concentration of all truth, presented with an aspect most winning. So intimately blended is the enforcement of justice with the exercise of mercy, that we know not at what point to dismiss our fear and commence our hope,—we know not whether mercy avenges or justice forgives. Mercy becomes awful as justice: justice becomes tender as mercy. It is this which melts us. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will *draw* all men unto me." It is an infinite attraction. Far be from us to intimate that the doctrine can be too frequently repeated, or too strongly impressed. But there are representations, which are imposed upon it, which we cannot allow. It is stated that this doctrine should be preached not only distinctly but even nakedly; that this alone can touch the sensibilities of human nature, and tend to its regeneration. To this we do somewhat object. The beautiful tale of Hajarnak, in the record of the Brethren's Mission, fails to convince us. The preacher had long insisted upon the general topics of Christian theology without the excitement of any apparent impression. But after a long interval, having dwelt at length on the sufferings of Jesus, the assembly of Greenlanders seemed for the first time moved. "How was that? say it again! for I too would be saved!" Two remarks are exacted here. First, there was no reason, could be no justification, for the postponement of the doctrine. Secondly, all that which had been previously taught touching the Deity, his character, government, and providence, was by no means useless, nor without a share in this precise effect. Had the people known nothing of His justice, truth, purity,—nothing of his moral perfections,—Gethsemane had gathered no tenderness to itself, and Calvary been invested with no penetrating associations. It may be that the result should have been earlier sought: it is quite conceivable that it might have been sooner attained: but if nothing had been inculcated, save the actual history of the Messiah's passion and death, it would only be a crude, disjointed, fact. It was imperative to prove the existence of the Creator from his works. It was requisite to show that relationship in which he stands to all intelligent and accountable agents. We do not think that those great, good, men misspent a labour or lost a day. We are sure that they knew nothing of the Doctrina Arcani. They saw an effect suddenly unfold. They attributed it to its immediate foregoing. But it would have been as reasonable to refer a sudden burst of vegetation to the excitement of the vernal shower and sun, which really was due to far earlier culture and far more rigorous season. "Christ crucified is the *power* of God and the *wisdom* of God:" but we must have some knowledge of His attributes before we can appreciate the exemplification.

In measuring the means of the Missionary enterprise, we may be reminded that Protestants are so much in minority to other classes of at least nominal Christians,—that of Protestant communities so few are sufficiently zealous to propagate their faith, or pure enough to be entrusted to do it,—that we devolve the responsibility upon a section small indeed. Not only will this paucity appear to some discouraging, but its *right* will be questioned by others to interpose thus aggressively. If it had been the Church of Christ, would it not have been ascendant? To say nothing that, by such supineness, the true Church could never rise and show itself; we deny most emphatically, we may refute irrefragably, that this is a note of the true Church. Catholicity, in this sense, we abjure. If to be visible and œcumenical is its proper sign, there has been, not infrequently, no church at all. The seven thousand who bowed not the knee to Baal, then, did not, because hidden, give perpetuity to the Jewish Church. That of the Christian dispensation, then, also ceased when "she fled from the dragon into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God." There is no such marked criterion of the apostate church as its extension: none of the faithful church as its circumscription. "Power is given to the Beast over *all* kindreds, and tongues, and nations. All that dwell upon the earth shall worship him." "The *remnant* of the Woman's seed keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." It is the wisdom and duty of all Christian denominations, whatever the charge may be against them of schism, to prove their fellowship with Christ and his people by this high vocation. Let them not wait for the settlement of minor points, let them not be irritated by mortifying scorn of their presumed irregularities,—but "be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they know that their labour is not in vain in the Lord." None need vaunt of their numbers: none need be held back by their numerical insignificance. The Missionary department of the Moravian Fraternity is, at least, fourfold to its European apparatus and strength.

The *character* of our agents must not be overlooked. It is formed so admirably, so seasonably, that we find nothing, in the whole of our undertaking, which can equally delight and astonish us. It is a moral force upon which we may reckon, in discussing our Missionary means. It is regularly training up around us, and demands this direction. It is multiplying upon us. We dare not condemn those who follow not the stricter rules which, it may be, we adopt. The only argument we offer is *protective*. We would defend the Missionary of every model and designation. It is not, perhaps, our due order. But we love the latitude of that charity, the strength of that equity, which honours him, which "esteems him very highly for his work's sake." We can command a succinct authority upon the most erratic case. "All the church at Jerusalem were scattered abroad,"* after the death of Stephen, "except the apostles." We learn their subsequent progress and procedure.* "They travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word." Here was a whole church employed in declaring the Gospel. It is evident that the divine approbation was upon them: "the hand of the Lord was with them." That they had received no formal appointment to this office is plain, for Barnabas is sent, by them who remained or who returned, to ascertain the fact, and to relieve a painful suspense concerning the innovation. It has excited surprise and even uneasiness. It is justified by the result. Not a censure is cast upon it. Can we ask higher, ampler, sanction? Yet such exists! When the disciples forbade the man to cast out devils who followed not with them, this was their Lord's rebuke: "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us." If, therefore, men, holy and zealous, devote themselves to this work, let us not condemn them, nor haughtily withdraw from them, because they refuse to receive their appointment through our channel, or their investiture from our hand. The bigot is little to be envied,—though nothing even of his conscientious principles do we seek to offend,—who would wish to disparage the missionary labours of New Zealand and Sierra Leone, because the Episcopalian there writes his name; or of Trichinopoly and Tinnivally, because Schwartz and Rhenius were Lutheran Presbyters; or of Tahiti and Raiatea, because only Independent ordination separated, for that marvellous conquest of the Pacific, Williams and Nott. Are not all these a "sweet savour of Christ?" Would they not have been "of note among the Apostles?"

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* Acts viii. 1.

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* Acts xi. 19.

A more unhappy instance of prejudice may not be found in Ecclesiastical History than the present attempt to invalidate the Ministry of Missionaries, should they not adhere to one rigid order. Those who doubt the scriptural exactness of that order would have as just a reason to exclude, from a full authority, all who follow it. But the recrimination is seldom resorted to,—although most fixed opinions are entertained that the prescribed order is, either a pure assumption or an unrequired restriction. Why "look we so earnestly on" Apostles? Their holy dignity we respect. But what grace can they transmit? What successors did they leave? It is worthy of being observed that, among the instructions delivered to them by our Lord, there is not a shadow of power to ordain. Vacancies occurred. Before the Spirit was given, Matthias was elected. Is there not an implicit annulment of his appointment in the apostolate of Paul, and in the inscription of but twelve Apostles of the Lamb on the foundations of the New Jerusalem? When James the son of Zebedee was slain, we find no step taken to ordain a new apostle, but James the son of Alpheus, a member of the original college, is only set in his place. The Evangelist of that period was an extraordinary officer, a kind of representative of apostolic power and minister of apostolic direction, but ceasing with the Apostles themselves. Why argue we the case? Not with a view to settle the question of church-government, (it is intentionally and gladly waived!) but to meet the unrighteous charge which would destroy the *mission* of any devoted pastor and teacher at home and abroad, not appointed by a particular designation. What condition does *this* arrogant rule demand? Civil establishment? It holds as void the churches of Scotland and Germany. Episcopal order? It shuns the communion and denies the legitimacy of the Moravian Church with its long lineage of bishops; of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; and of the Lutheran Church, the only branch which recognises prelates, in Denmark and Sweden. What is it then it seeks? A descent from Rome: perhaps that of Antioch might satisfy. But what is there exclusive in even the episcopacy of the latter? When Barnabas and Saul were separated to go from that city to the Gentiles, *not an apostle was present at the ordination.* But the former derivation is commonly preferred. Strange anxiety of alliance! The modern Sectarians, they who better deserve the name than any others, say, "Our choice is confined either to the Church established among us, or to the Roman Catholic communion." The premisses assert an exclusive order. Suppose that this was the apostolic line (how soon will "Apostles rejoice over" its destruction!) there were Seventy disciples who had as good right to preach and leave successors, as the Chosen witnesses to the resurrection of Christ. Are not their descendants of a holy heraldry? Oh it is delightful to turn from these haughty and exclusive claims to men who, though favourable to that polity, indignantly renounce them! It is most grateful to find the ready acknowledgment of usefulness by those whose station or prepossession might have obscured it! It cheers and animates that there are those, whose partialities cannot be questioned, most solicitous to hail each Reformed Confession and to commune with every Reformed Church! "Far from me," says Archbishop Wake, "be the *iron-heart* that, for the defect of episcopacy in a certain succession, (let me call it so without offence,) I should think any one of them to be cut off from our communion; or, with certain *raving writers* among us, think them to possess no valid sacraments, and to pronounce them scarcely Christian. I would at any price obtain a closer union amongst all the Reformed."* Let, also, the diminutive sect learn from the bigotry of some vast community, to grow ashamed of its own intolerance. If hateful in the giant, it is contemptible in the dwarf. Are there not some, whose name perhaps is scarcely known, that say: "I am, and none else beside me?" It is an odious vaunt, whether it proceed from small or great: "The temple of the Lord are we!" We feel that we are one with "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Approval of our distinctions, of course, implies dislike of theirs. But can the external vitiate any claim which love to Christ confers? One was the vineyard, though different the portions they cultivated and the gates they entered, which Lollard and Waldo, Huss and Jerome, Rogers and Bradford, Wishart and Wallace, Thacker and Penry, dressed by their labours and watered with their blood. Why may not their followers, in their variety of allotment and difference of distribution, still acknowledge the identity of their cause?

Indeed the Inspired records of Apostolic practice will lead us to believe that an agency the most multifarious was established in the first instance. Churches were missionary associations. From Thessalonica "sounded out the word of the Lord in Macedonia and Achaia." It is remarkable in what manner Paul recounts the services of his laic assistants. "Priscilla and Aquila are his helpers in Christ Jesus." "Persis laboured much in the Lord." Women might prophesy and pray in public, if modest customs were but observed. All "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God" are hailed. "Marcus, Aristarchus, Demas, Lucas, his fellow-labourers," are conjoined in his most fervid greetings. We seem to trace departure after departure of Missionary to distant scenes, and to hear the tread of their receding footsteps: "Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia." John reports, with equal liberality, the charity of such as brought forth the brethren and strangers "on their journey after a godly sort;" because, they "ought to be received, and they, who received them, were fellow-helpers to the truth." Whatever was the centre,—and there can be little doubt that the whole directory was in the company of the Apostles,—the circle seems to have embraced every available endowment, and to have distinctly revolved upon that centre as its pivot. Yet even this regimen was not dictatorial. The independence of the agents was honourably allowed. Prepossession was not harshly refused. Objection was not peremptorily overruled. "As touching our brother Apollos, *I greatly desired him* to come unto you with the brethren: but *his will* was not at all to come at this time." Of the same person it is recorded that he "was *disposed* to pass into Achaia." "Notwithstanding" the contrary wishes of the brethren in Antioch, "it *pleased* Silas to abide there still." Had a spirit of unanswerable authority or implicit obedience prevailed at that time, this would have been an impracticable state of things. Why should any grasp now at an authority which apostles did not wield? Why should any crouch with a deference to which prophets and evangelists did not stoop?

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* Archbishop Wake to M. Le Clerc.

The validity of our commission, the reasonableness of our attempt, has been disputed because, among our means, we cannot number *direct credentials, immediate proofs,* that God has sent us. To the fact we readily confess. We are here at the same disadvantage with all who are unarmed with miracle. Men may speak of an exclusive Church, but this, though it may give them the authority, does really nothing to enforce it. The plea has to be explained. Let them boast its marks of divinity. Those marks remain to be established, and again wait to be applied. Or, men may cover themselves with the vesture of Apostolicity. Theirs may be an irrefutable genealogy from the holy Twelve. But that pedigree, *hitherto,* only emboldens their own minds. It makes no way for them among the Heathen. It is left for proof. In either case there is no instantaneous process. It is ratiocinative. And much delay must be required to give the Heathen mind any adequate impression of the Christian Evidence. The *external* refers to a thousand dates and histories of which the Pagan has no knowledge. The *internal* relates to nice coincidences, moral analyses, celestial signatures, of which he can have no conception. How is he to "know of the doctrine?" The embarrassment is greatly relieved, if not altogether quelled, by the *experimental* argument. He finds a sympathy with it. He feels himself the creature it describes. He rests upon the death of Christ as his hope, and "receives the atonement." He acquires "joy and peace in believing." A new life springs up in his soul. A power "worketh in him mightily." Like as from an inverting mirror, he sees, in the pardon and sanctification of the Gospel, his guilt and pollution. Then, as in a mother's picture, he beholds in it one smile of benevolence, and that smile, whatever the position of observation and the angle of vision, every where. We think that nothing can be more intelligent and conclusive. "The witness is in himself." He can pronounce on the remedy from its success. "He went and washed and received sight." "He knows whom he has believed." The sinner is detected in his entire life: "Come see a man who hath told me all things that ever I did." Even his consciousness is laid open! The might of Truth comes home to him who "believed not, who was unlearned, and the secrets of his heart are made manifest." Regeneration is not preached in vain: "he is a new creature." He possesses "the first-fruits of the Spirit." He is "a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." His is "marvellous light." This is the self-evidencing power of the Gospel. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." This intuitive sense, this distinct consciousness, of what it is and of what it has done, closes with its claims. There is the "declared epistle of Christ." It is the "engrafted word." How many a converted idolater can give this "reason of the hope that is in him!" How many have experienced the efficacy of prayer! To how many have "the bread and the cup of benediction proved the communion of the body and the blood of Christ!" Such an "entrance among them has not been in vain." They have "made their calling and election sure." Missionaries may appeal to proofs, like these, to stamp and authenticate their labours. Beneath their discipline, what changes have passed upon the once untutored mind! What beauty of character has fully germinated! What homestead virtues have been trained! With what lovely simplicity has the Christian native paddled his skiff to the neighbouring isle to preach Jesus among its wild inhabitants! With what ardour and magnificent constancy has the martyr gone forth to his death! And if, in the first age, Christianity demonstrated itself by its "word and deed,"—these later triumphs are still more glorious that they are consummated not by "deed," that is, miracle,—but by "word" alone!

Though the want of success would in no wise disprove the rightfulness or duty of our Missions, the converse is not equally true. Success is a credential,—not of personal excellence,—but of a proper cause. Paul might have proclaimed, in every peremptory manner, his apostolate,—by glorious marvel, by heavenly vision: he more frequently argues it from his usefulness. "Ye are our epistle." "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you: for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord." To practical test, to the proofs of their conversion, he has his recourse. He gave them occasion to glory on his behalf. We may find sanction in such an example, and triumph in such an appeal. Effects have been wrought by our Missions not to be denied. We can meet the most incredulous with moral demonstrations. What will convince them? Christian virtues? The conquest of death? Martyrdom, the grandeur and gentleness of which never were surpassed? We have not "run in vain, neither laboured in vain."

If the men of inspiration,—sent by the Son as He was by the Father,—did not disdain the protection of this reasoning and reference, why should we be ashamed to let our labours speak for us, or why conceal how "God hath caused us to triumph in Christ?" We can point to a Christianity in our distant settlements the most lofty, pure, and generous: and to forms of character there, which might well urge an emulative reaction among ourselves. Better confirmations of our title thus to interfere we cannot ask: and "such trust have we through Christ to God-ward."

It is strange that every jot and tittle of external authority is always to be sifted in spiritual benevolence, when secular philanthropy may take an unquestioned range! No one demands the right of the tender-hearted to clothe the naked and feed the hungry: the power to do this, combined with the necessity of the occasion, satisfies the most sceptical. And on punctilio and form are souls to be abandoned to destruction? Because there is no distinct commission, must the private Christian hold his peace even from good? Is not rather a commission given to all? Is it not each Christian's warrant, aye and duty? Is he not blood-guilty in its neglect? Let none excuse themselves. If we turn men from the power of Satan unto God, it is the first of duties, it is the most palpable of calls, it is "the mighty proof of Christ speaking in us!" "If we, by the finger of God, cast out devils, the kingdom of God" must accompany us!

Though some individuals have taken upon themselves the missionary character, and have proceeded of their own accord in that capacity,—nothing seems more clearly established, by "the decency and order" of Scripture, than that they should receive an ecclesiastical designation. Paul and Barnabas,—so high in office, so rich in furniture,—were, by the commandment of the Holy Spirit, solemnly separated for the work. Indisposed to judge any conscientious man,—rejoicing in all the good he does,—we cannot approve of innovation. "We have no such custom, neither the churches of God." We should "strive lawfully." And, therefore, in the enumeration of our means, it will be proper to show how far the modern expedient of Societies for this object is justifiable. Were they suffered to interfere for a moment with the Church's right and jurisdiction, we should be able to offer for them no defence. They would be anomalies which should receive no toleration. But if they be regarded as intercommunities and catenæ of churches, if only the secular business of selecting stations and equipping agents be devolved on their executive, if their integrity be susceptible of easy reduction to the original components, then may they be considered as arising out of the necessity of the case. They impress a unity of action. They stimulate powerful talents and movements. Every member of them becomes potential for good. By them he reaches the ends of the earth. To him is "given power over the nations." He derives from them a ubiquity. He is multiplied. If we may so adapt the language of the Parable, they form the "Bank," into whose coffers we may give our Lord's "money," and from which He may receive "his own with usury." The primitive Churches deputed their most honoured members on errands of an eleemosynary kind. "Their messengers were the glory of Christ." They did not disdain these transactions. The fear of indelicacy, in urging the supply of the Missionary treasury, is not learnt from the annals which Apostles write. They descant on pecuniary arrangements to detail. But well may its advocates assure any complainants, that importunity shall cease, when they will give without importunity!—In the primitive age certain brotherhoods or sodalities were permitted to exist with which the general government of the Church did not interfere. Such was the community of goods. None were required to join it. Property of every kind was claimable by the individual until he made it over to this corporation. "While it remained, it was his own; and after it was sold, it was in his own power." When signal vengeance fell on the treachery of Ananias and Sapphira towards these mutual contributors, "of the rest durst no man join himself to them," that is, to the members of this particular institution,—though, at the time, and in *consequence* of that judgment, "believers were the more *added to the Lord*." There were more partial efforts, also, originating in spontaneous bounty, and, in some sense, like our modern Societies, extra-ecclesiastical. These prototypes may be sufficiently close to our plans to furnish our general justification. Were they abolished, and each Community to act by itself, would not many a present truce be broken, and the Christianity propagated be made unhappily denominational? Moreover, would not a very prevalent idea, were these made Church-institutions, confine their management to the *functionaries* of the church, rather than to the fellowship of its members, the people from whom those functionaries must spring? It would be an evil day in the History of Missions which saw their charge exclusively committed to any parties, be their office or jurisdiction what they may, in contradistinction from the Body of the faithful, "the royal priesthood," the integral church of Christ. These Societies have done great service. It is difficult to see how they could be supplanted. They take from Christian churches much inconvenient and perplexing business. They draw off from them the spirit of the world. Yet the Church of Christ must watch them narrowly. It must suffer no equivocal men at their boards. It must breathe into them its own temper. It must only leave to them adjustments and technicalities such as it is better for it to transfer. It shall be the "covering cherub," stretching out its wing over the whole earth: these are "the man's hand," a portion truly of the Celestial Nature,—yet only a more humble member,—but a more human resemblance,—and contrived very obviously for an inferior function.

And here objection has been taken to all pecuniary support of the Missionary. It has been argued,—from the terms of the Rule under which the Apostles, and afterwards the seventy Disciples, were sent forth by Christ; "provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves,"—that in this unsuccoured manner all his servants should still be sent. But there are strong testimonies against the inexorableness of the model and the accuracy of the inference. For, *first,* they were not only not to pass the boundary of their own country, but to avoid "the way of the Gentiles, and not to enter into any city of the Samaritans." The model, therefore, fails on its first trial. But, *secondly,* they were endued with extraordinary powers: "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." These acts would leave no bodily necessities unsupplied on the part of those who witnessed and experienced them. The mission was not *foreign*, and *miracle* marshalled every where their way. Justice wrung from their countrymen, the subjects of these extraordinary benefits, the pittance of their "meat." But it may be shown that, when distant embassies of the Gospel were meditated, they were supported from funds collected at home. There was to be no semblance of "making a gain." "For His name's sake they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles." When these Gentiles became Christians, then this scruple was no more allowed. "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." And while Missionaries cultivated remote and unfenced fields, help was always claimed. They were "brought on their way with wives and children." They "were enlarged," by their own believing countrymen or converts, according to "their rule abundantly, to preach the gospel in the regions beyond." So we practise. "In the beginning of the gospel" among any Heathen people, our Missionary depends upon us: he having gained converts among them, they tender him a cheerful support. What affectation of paradox, or grudge of avarice, could ever raise hypothesis so pitiful and unjust?

It is a greater difficulty in our way that we seem to possess, among all our means, no adequate power to cope with those great *political systems* which are adverse to Christianity. Japan and China, Rome and Mexico, Muscovy and the Ottoman states, have frowned defiance upon us. The undisguised Missionary,—unflinching in his avowals,—would there have been the certain victim. The difficulty would be greater if there were no countries open to us. But there are many, and as unrestricted to us as any tract of our native land. They are numerous enough to overmatch all our resources and energies. Providence has set before us "great doors and effectual." Resistances, as palpable as these, have, within our recollection, yielded. Barbarians, who lately would have received their visitors with spears and tomahawks, are foremost now to welcome them. Of the most formidable determinations to reject our message we have no ultimate fear. Already, too, these confederate powers of hostility have been diminished. The mightiest of them all has laid down its weapons. There is no more to dread. This career is open from Iscander to Corea, from Yuman to Eluts. What was more improbable than the concession of China? the throwing open of its inlands and islands, its seas and rivers? Rome is now smitten in Germany, in its own favoured land, where it found its apology in philosophy, its strength in feudalism, its array in chivalry, and its pomp in antiquity. South American bigotry has long since lost its primæval zeal. The superstition of Russia attempts not to defend or diffuse itself. The Ottoman power owes its momentary respite from partition as the weakling looks to the quarrel of the vultures for its safety. The strongest foundations of Idolatrous and Antichristian malignity rend with commotion or moulder with decay. And we derive from all these a solemn illustration. We are accustomed to speak of the Sovereignty which, at earlier and more gracious periods, unlocked the heart of kingdoms to divine truth. We call it not in question. But we find an immediate cause. What opportunities have been successively presented, at least, to the greater number of them! "They knew not the time of their visitation." Until they alone are left, the difficulty is rather speculative than practical. But let it not be evaded. Is it our duty to dare a conflict with them? to storm their strong-holds? We must answer, by endeavouring to ascertain the spirit of our religion in this dilemma. Our Lord supposes, and orders accordingly: "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." In the first general persecution, His disciples acted upon this direction, and no censure of cowardice is insinuated against them. To this agrees the narrative of Paul,* which is rather unintelligibly introduced, but as this principle furnishes the solution. He has recounted his sufferings, his perils, shipwreck; a very buffeting for a day and a night, perhaps on some broken plank, with the waves; cruel hostility from every side. The thought suddenly passes through his mind that it will be rejoined: 'this was brought recklessly down upon you by your rashness,—you have sought disaster, you have courted death.' It is his reply to such a charge: 'I have never rushed into danger but where duty compelled,—I have always shunned it where duty permitted.' "In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me: and *through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands.*" Peter provoked not his crucifixion, but "another carried him whither he *would not.*" Their conduct was an exact copy of His whom they preached and served: "When Jesus knew" that "the Pharisees held a council against him, how they might destroy him, he *withdrew himself from thence*." If the law of self-preservation be the first of nature, it is not the last of religion. Who need doubt that Providence, which has always outsped the zeal of the Church and advanced at its head, will "make straight a highway for our God;" and also, that the hearts of men shall be moved "as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind." We have not "gone over" half the cities and countries of the world: and they which at present are most haughty in their scorn and phrenzied in their hate, may be reserved to give to Christianity, in her latest victory, her brightest triumph! It may be further remarked, that the spirit of steady perseverance has frequently softened the burly tone and enmity, and has won its passage through redoubts and barricades.

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* 2 Cor. xi. 32, 33.

There may be a dislike, in not a few minds, to the *necessary caution* involved in the nature of the means we set in operation among some nations. There is practised a kind of stealth. It would be madness for the preacher to cry aloud in the streets and in the chief places of concourse. The Bible has to elude the vigilance of the police. Tracts have to pierce through each well-guarded chink. Is this to be justified? We think that the Missionary *himself* should be always avowed. We tremble lest any dissimulation should compromise him. The Papal emissaries resorted to subterfuge, and, as a cowl of expediency, it was a bitter failure. Let "ours learn to maintain" a perfect uprightness. Success is dearly bought at the expense of good faith and the clearest probity. But as to their *printed works*, another line may be followed. There is no prevarication in them. They may, without meanness, wind their way. Like air and light, they are not unjust intrusions. The practice of nations in their politics may be quoted in defence. Their manifestoes are poured into hostile shores and camps. They would expose the grounds of quarrel, and claim the right. We press our suit. We ask of men to judge our cause. We are not ashamed of the guile which entraps their attention. And believing that God commands us to make known his truth, no laws of civil intercourse, no fastidious rules, must bind us in such instance. His will must be paramount. "The earth hath he given to the children of men." To assert that this was not the method of the first Christians, is to repeat, what is well known, that they did not possess our art of multiplying books. The stylus had to wander slowly over the scroll: Printing had not then been invented with its huge powers of facility and circulation. But it is on record that there was many an attempt, in the early ages, to reach the eye of philosophers and monarchs. That this was not more frequently made, may be explained by the fact that successive edicts were promulgated to destroy all Christian writings. The Scriptures only found safety in the catacomb and cell. We may appeal also, in order to justify our conduct, to the great event of the Reformation. The principal working of it depended upon the use of printing. Biblical versions and theological tractates were its chief instruments. What sterling works survive of that æra! They were like vessels overflowing with the waters of life! Their raciness still is fresh as ever! What grappling arguments, what trenchant ironies, what ripened thoughts, what azure images, what touching persuasion, what sweet music, do they contain! The dominant superstition loudly complained that the writings of "the Gospellers" grew upon it the more it opposed them: that its ban upon them was impotent. These breviates of truth lighted upon all countries, and while the sneer was often expressed: "What will this babbler," this seed-gatherer,* "say?" the seed of a wide vegetation and of an immortal fruit were wafted by them to the ends of the world.

We are bound to remember that our use of means must not be marked by incaution, nor pursued with carelessness, because we are assured of the Divine sanction. Means may be two-fold: those which are more rigidly prescribed, and those which are more largely discretionary. If they be of the first denomination, still they should be managed with our best address. When thus appointed, they cannot but be completely adapted to their end. Their simplicity is the proof of their divinity. Man would have never thought of the pitcher with its lamp, and of the trumpet, as the means of victory. Yet the sudden glare and clangor, amidst the darkness of night, and from three hundred different points, were really most apt and likely contrivances to confuse and rout a bivouac. Sometimes we are thrown more upon ourselves. Wisdom and prudence are then most resolutely required. We are assured of the event, but the instrumentality is not defined. The certainty of the success must then only call forth the greater calculations and resources. It was but at the third consultation of the Oracle that Israel was promised triumph over Benjamin. Hitherto,—though the tribual force was drafted, and the actual enterprise was directed, according to its reponses,—they were discomfited. Gibeah, stained with enormous wickedness, had baffled its just executioners. At last they were assured that they should prevail. Before, their warfare was careless and presumptuous: now, when failure was impossible, their military dispositions might certify an invincibleness. All is care and foresight. Does the pledge of their success render them rash and leave them exposed? There are more daring prowess, better concerted combinations, more skilful strategy, juster points of attack. The host but treads more firmly and moves more watchfully because it cannot be overthrown.* And so will it be with them who, confident in the everlasting Word, know not the hazard of defeat: they will but the more feasibly lay their plans and the more strenuously advance their efforts. "The Lord of hosts is with us." "The God of heaven, he will prosper us." "Therefore let us not sleep as do others."

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* Σπεϱμολογος.

Were even a humble impost laid by us on our *wealth*, our means of completing the scale of universal Missions would be little short of proportionate. But the Church has now to learn a hard lesson. How drowsy is it still, albeit not fast asleep, while its head is scarce lifted from the lap of the world! How has it dreamed of the pride of life, and the vision haunts it yet! It has forgotten that it is steward and not proprietor,—almoner and not owner! The prophecies assure us that all the stores of earth shall be tributary to the furtherance of this design. The abundance of the seas, the forces of the Gentiles, the flocks of Kedar, the ships of Tarshish, the glory of

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* Judges xx.

Lebanon, the gold of Sheba,—all shall minister to it. Men shall "consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." It is worthy of recollection, that the most impressive virtue of the Church, in its very birth, was that of a munificent distribution. "By liberal things it stood." "Neither said any that aught which he possessed was his own." While "they continued in the Apostles' doctrine," they also continued in the "*fellowship*," or pecuniary collection.* How lightly was every species of property held by them, when its confiscation was the test of their profession and the signal of their constancy! "They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." How was their generosity marked as the greatest favour that could be conferred on them, as if leaving them rather the beneficiaries than the donors! "We do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed *on* the churches of Macedonia."

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* Acts ii. 42.—It is the legerdemain of some exclusive Ecclesiastics to couple "the doctrine" and "the fellowship," in this passage, with "the Apostles," under the hope of establishing a particular communion. To the idea of a certain apostolic succession no one can object, who thinks that he believes and practises according to apostolic rule. But successors can only take a vacant place. Is the place of the Apostles vacant? We believe that the New Testament is a code of their institutes. It is their perpetual jurisdiction and tribunal. Beyond that code, the founders would be useless. Were they living, they could only point to it and act upon it. But "fellowship," κοινωνια, is the general term for contribution. "It hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution." Rom. xv. 26. "For your liberal distribution unto them and unto all men." 2 Cor. ix. 13.; Heb. xiii. 16. The Greek syntax shows that Αποστολων cannot be governed by κοινωνιᾳ. The article, τῃ, would not then have admitted of repetition. Had it been the doctrine and communion of the Apostles it would not have read, τῃ διδαχῃ των Αποστολων και τῃ κοινωνιᾳ,—but τῃ των Αποστολων διδαχῃ και κοινωνιᾳ.

With what delicate consideration and punctilious attention did they bring their missionaries "on their journey, that nothing might be wanting unto them!" But how much of this healthy disinterestedness have we to recover! Have we not to learn that "they who will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition?" that "the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows?" that if "we sow sparingly we shall reap also sparingly?" Do we forbear to "lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth?" Do we "honour the Lord with our substance?" Do we "make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness?" Does "Covetousness" seem to us the basest "idolatry," and the "Covetous" the most stupid "idolater?" Have we so little sympathy with this odious passion that we can hear, without surprise, that "the covetous is the man whom the Lord abhorreth?" Do we as strongly condemn the avarice which *retains*, as that which *accumulates?* the "amor sceleratus habendi,"* as the "auri sacra fames?"† It, perhaps, will be replied to this, that the extension of Christianity must depend upon higher machinery; that our religion is too ethereal for these sordid aids; that the duties of liberality may be exercised without constituting Missions so capital and absorbing an object of it. But the reply forgets the *present state* of Christianity. It is not difficult to conceive of it in the repose of abstraction, in the central light of its own birth-place, pavilioned by the hues of its own beauty and the streamings of its own glory. But having its habitation among men, it is a practical plan, and it is to be put to a practical working. Its purest servants are "subject to like passions as we are." Its agencies are often necessarily secular. Philip is not now "caught away by the Spirit of the Lord" and suddenly "found at Azotus." Expense must be incurred in the transmission of our missionaries to their spheres of labour. When established they, for a time, must be supported, lest they should seem to "make merchandise of the souls of men." The hope to escape this cost and stir were most visionary. The money must, then, be supplied. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." This is His claim, and thus he wills his cause to be conducted. Let us cheerfully give to it. Can any employment of wealth be so legitimate and useful? Can we transmute filthy lucre into any good so noble and divine? It is not the alchemy which turns all to gold, but which extracts, from the gold that perisheth, "that which is not corruptible." We "lend it unto the Lord." We "lay a good foundation for the time to come." So directed, affluence becomes a means of the greatest personal honour and public benefit: it is a talent of which the account may be given with gratitude and joy. It is rescued, by this appropriation, from a mean result,—"it answereth all things" the most sacred and exalted! No more does it fluctuate with its thousand hazards, its "bags wax not old," "its riches cannot fly away." Awake! Awake! O Zion! look to nothing adventitious, rely upon nothing external! Take thine own part! Do thine own work! From thy "deep poverty abound unto the riches of thy liberality!" "Stir up thy strength!" When they are needed, or thou art fit to receive them, "the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into thee!"

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* Ovid. Metam: Lib: i.

† Virg: Æneid: Lib. iii.

The Church has a solemn consistency demanded of it, and in that consistency possesses a principal means of its extension. Prayer is continually presented to Him who hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servants. He inclines his ear to the cry. Though prayer is in a certain sense a means supposed by Missions, it belongs not to that class of means which we have attempted to discuss. It attains to a higher rank, the climax of the theme! There shall we, hereafter, strive to place it. But the answer to it is already indisputable. Are we prepared in purity, in spirituality, in zeal, in self-denial, in arrangement and organization, to proceed with an advance which is, at least, begun? While our hand is on the plough, do we look back? Do we lament the demands of a practical consistency? Do we follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Do we bless God for this opportunity of being liberal, this necessity for being active? Does our heart respond to the vocation of the times? Is our "obedience fulfilled?" When the Church is alive to its dignity and faithful to its responsibility,—when it yields to the impulse which now strikes it,—the world cannot long want or withstand the shock!

God has his province: man his duty. These may not clash. There is that which God alone can do: and that which man alone may perform. "Arm of the Lord put on strength!" "Put on thy strength, O Zion!" Both invocations must be heard. "Let *Thy Work* appear unto thy servants. Establish *Thou* the work of *our hands* upon us; yea the work of *our hands* establish Thou it."

MISSIONS

INVESTIGATED

IN THEIR REFERENCE TO THOSE CAUSES WHICH CAN ALONE RENDER THEM EFFICIENT.

Christianity is not simply a moral system,—appealing to our understanding for its truth, and to our consciousness of want for the value of its blessings,—it is to be regarded as a course of Divine operations. In construing it aright, we must not only think of it in its theory,—made known to us by a book, or a fasciculus of books,—but we should remember the agency which the Deity conducts by it,—made known to us by spiritual results. We should consider its doctrines, when bodied out, to be "His doings." Pardon and sanctification are not in the power of inanimate truth. Scripture cannot produce them. The enunciations of the Gospel cannot secure them. They involve a new relation between the believer and God, and also the new birth of the soul. The doctrines are declarative and confirmatory explanations,—they are the instruments, moreover, of what is wrought on our state and nature. But here their province ends: "it is God that justifieth," "He worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." While the Gospel is objectively presented to us,—that Gospel which is His mind and delight,—a series of corresponding effects rises up before us. It is imparted and applied. The Truth is not abandoned to itself. "His eyes are upon it." The "most Mighty in his majesty rides prosperously because of it." There stands out to us a practical counterpart. There is an omnipotent administration. "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "The kingdom of God is within us." "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." "The sentence comes forth from His presence." When "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," —He "sanctifies them through *his* truth: His word is truth." We put from us, as equally unphilosophical and unscriptural, the notion which disconnects all immediate interpositions from Christian means. And the full interest in our religion, by the highest natures, is no unworthy pledge of its greatness. Hear we not, as it proceeds, angels rejoicing over the penitent? Descend not these ministering spirits to minister to the heirs of salvation? Learn they not from the Church the manifold wisdom of God? Do not the Elders and the Living Creatures before the Throne note with solicitude every step of Christianity? Is not heaven in sympathy and unison with it? On its reverse, is there not silence there? Over its triumph, is there not high festival and acclaim? It is never represented to us as existing apart from the Divine counsel and activities. To the entreaty of the preacher there echoes another voice: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He "beseeches in Christ's stead," and we hear "a sounding of bowels" from Christ himself. "The Lord gives testimony unto the word of his grace." "He is not far from every one of us." "He will draw nigh unto us." Nor can thought be more encouraging and sublime! We see in the Gospel the exponent and index of transformations in condition and disposition constantly passing upon fallen man. Signs and wonders are no more needed: rather in these effects are they surpassed. These mighty acts of converting power illustrate and signalise the Gospel. "It comes in much assurance." "The name of the Lord Jesus Christ is glorified in us." The truth was on record, and was the subject of proclamation: an infinite energy was its "rereward." Its march was seen, the nations listened to its sweep, but He, "who is able to subdue all things unto himself," followed close behind in his "chariots of salvation," and pressed on "conquering and to conquer."

Our ideas must become still more distinct. It is not enough to have proceeded thus far in our general conceptions of "the Lord working with us." The *Holy Spirit* is so covenanted to this Design, and His influences are to connected with it, that not to give him the glory of it, not to bear witness to his offices in it, would be a blasphemy against Him. It is not our business to defend His Deity of Essence and Personality of Subsistence. These,—asserted in the symbols of every orthodox Church, confessed by every sound religious community,—we must be suffered to assume. But it is most cheering to our faith, to find in His attributes whatever can secure the success of the Gospel and its prevalence through the earth. So indispensable is His power, that it was expedient that Christ should withdraw from our world to make way for it. A new dispensation was to be formed, and it was emphatically "the ministration of the Spirit." Its blessings are "the things of the

Spirit." To Him are ascribed all illumination and sanctity. We must "be born again of water and of the Spirit," that is, of the cleansing Spirit.* He "dwelleth in us." "We live and walk in him." His operations on the redeemed soul cease not until "it is made perfect." His voice is heard in that consummation: "Yea, saith the Spirit." But these more miscellaneous remarks compel a more specific inference. For let us regard a Pagan mind! It is a void and formless chaos. There exists not one correct religious idea. Its passions are maddened into fury. It is "earthly, sensual, devilish." Restraint and austerity, disappointment and remorse, may for a season induce the unclean spirit to go out of the man, but it returns with a seven-fold force. What light can scare away the fiend? What power can subdue the disorder? How transcendently is proved the necessity of that Influence which, in Scripture, is always placed above the energies needed to create the world or revive the dead! In nations, professedly and educationally Christian, is every eye shut until He opens it? every understanding dark until He informs it? every heart entire enmity until He turns it to love? In lands so favoured, with a public mind so stored with christianised sentiment, with primer and catechism so saturated with truth, with a stock of principles and obligations common to all and allowed by all,—still should we cease to "marvel that *we* must be born again?" Then, what is the *obvious,* as well as absolute, necessity of that regenerating influence on a mind where no truth has any hold, no virtue any graft, no excellence any affinity? whose light is darkness? whose darkness is the palpable obscure? whose vice is the living putrefaction? The valley is "full of dry bones, exceeding dry." Their return to structure and life is hopeless, impossible. Not a sinew, not an attachment, can be seen. It is no recently foughten field. The "slain" have mouldered there for ages. The winds have bleached, and the storms have scattered, them. "Can these dry bones live?" "Breath shall come into them." But only can He perform the wonder who is compared to the "wind which bloweth where it listeth." His "rushing mighty wind" shall sound along the recesses of the valley, heave the ghastly heaps, bind each system, animate each form, and fill the scene with a glorious host.

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* The use of two Greek substantives, the former taking either an adjective or possessive sense, is very frequent in the construction of that language. Paul said, "Of the hope and the resurrection of the dead I am called in question:" Περι ελπιδος και αναϛασεως, κ. τ. λ. The meaning is: Concerning the hope *of* the resurrection, &c. 'Εαν μη τις γεννηθῆ εξ ὕδατος και Πνευματος, κ. τ. λ. The signification is given in the Text. This work of the Spirit is distinctively "the *washing* of regeneration." Both passages might be also grammatically read by translating και, not as a copulative, but as exponent and intensitive: "The hope, even the Resurrection." "Of water, even the Spirit." The supposition that there can be the remotest allusion to Baptism in this latter sentence is perfectly monstrous.

The efficiency of the Gospel being suspended on the Holy Spirit, His perfections and offices yield the fullest assurance of its final success. He must distinctly know each Divine decree and purpose which respects it, its implication of each Divine honour, its infinite value and glory,—"for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." The pledges, long since given to the Church, of its increase and universality, need not be impressed on His mind: "He spake by the prophets." We think of Heathen guilt and wretchedness as too excessive for any help,—but the Spirit is the "good Spirit," "the Spirit of grace;" and why should we distrust His mercy, when we remember "the love of the Spirit?" How shall the change commence? Men shall "begin in the Spirit." How can they be purified? They shall be "temples of the Holy Ghost." Who shall teach the idolater to pray? "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Who shall unfold the mysteries of redemption to his vacant mind? "He," saith Jesus, "shall take of mine and show it unto you." Who shall wean him from his vain worship? "He will cleanse him from all his idols." Who shall attest to him so strange a fact as his adoption? "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Who shall soothe his sorrows? "The Comforter." Who shall defend him from temptation? "He shall be strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man." Who shall deliver him from his spiritual adversaries? "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "Having the Spirit," he shall no more be "sensual." Nothing is too hard to be realised, even in such a soil, when "the Spirit is poured out from on high." Nothing is too dead, even in such a sepulchre, when the Spirit "quickeneth whom he will." Nothing is too ignoble, even in such a prison-house, when they who are "led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God." Nothing is too endangered, even in such a scene of jeopardy and easy relapse, when "He seals unto the day of redemption." How bootless were the work we vindicate, but for the enforcement and overshadowing of this Power! In its absence, we aim at chimæras! When it is round about us, nothing is visionary! A church raised up from converted Pagans is no longer an improbability, though its elements were most depraved, — "fornicators, idolaters, thieves, and drunkards, and revilers," — for what better were those which Apostles hailed? "Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." A converted world no longer is a dream, or even a difficult conception: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of *my Spirit upon all flesh*."

It is the plan of the Most High that nothing, great and pure, should ever possess the pretext of being detached from himself. Each link must be traced, through all the coil, to the last on which His hand is closed. "No flesh shall glory in His presence." The Christian ministry is contrived to expose the contrast between its native littleness and grand catastrophe; the earthen vessel is opposed to its treasure, "that the excellency of the power may be of God," that is, palpably, "and not of us." It is as benevolent as necessary to "hide pride from man." And He will not suffer any, in this Christian enterprise, to vaunt their hand. The Missionary cannot be too literate, too versed in science, too polished in manner; let his armour consist of the most pliant joint and burnished mail. But should he go in his own strength, and depend upon his own recommendations, he shall meet reproof and sustain defeat. He shall be discredited, and that in the sight of the Heathen. The man of ruder mind, but "clothed with humility," shall be honoured with the reward of a large success. Nor are we to suppose that, in this, there is any departure from the general law which adapts means to ends. It is not merely an act of Divine prerogative; or a strong rebuke. In humility there is a fitness. What is the case? The greater intellectual acumen came into collision with simply intellectual capacity: pride fought hand in hand with pride. But here was another form of strength, more winning and subduing. It was accompanied with every disclaimer of self-sufficiency. Its meek eye was turned to heaven. There rested all its hope of success. Its prayer, "not ceasing day or night," drew to it the blessing. "The Lord caused his glorious voice to be heard, and showed the lighting down of his arm." "Them that honoured him He honoured." He said to the diffident and lowly: "Go in this thy might: have I not sent thee?" It is thus that the creature is shut up to his place. The "worm Jacob" is not the despised instrument, until he forgets that he is a worm. Then he is cast aside or swept away. All resources are at the Divine disposal: but they are unnecessary to the completion of the Divine purpose. They are impertinences, when they would set themselves in the stead of God. "He is a jealous God." "His glory will he not give to another." The stage shall be cleared of all co-operation. He shall stand alone in unborrowed majesty and unassisted strength. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Honour too great, ascription too distinct, we cannot give to the Third Person of the Holy and Blessed Trinity. The Spirit of Glory and of God, how should He be "the praise of all his saints!" How do we "grieve" Him, by neglecting to recognise his work and to seek his influence! How would our self-glorying "vex and rebel against Him!" In the career of our labours, let us tell aloud of Him! Let us remember His distinctive Holiness, suffering in our spirit no guile, regarding not any iniquity in our heart. Let us consider His indwelling in us, and cultivate his fruits. Wherever we sow, let us "sow to the Spirit." Be the requisites for our Missionaries what they may, however high, however extended,—let us adoringly confess: "All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." "Our sufficiency is of God." Difficulties, which it is impossible to overstate, vanish before the eternal design, the covenanted office, the infinite grace, the resistless power, of Him Who shall "reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:" Who "shall glorify Christ!" "Now, the Lord is that Spirit."

While Missions are consecrated by their indissoluble association with the sanction and pervading energy of the Holy Ghost,—there is another dread, but encouraging, connection in which they may be viewed, the System of the *Divine Providence,*—that Care which extends to each,—that Kingdom which ruleth over all!

There is not a Scriptural statement of this system, the most apparently minute and even trivial, but becomes, on deliberation, most intelligent and essential. "The very hairs of our head are all numbered." What can be objected to it? They must equal a defined amount,—that amount must constitute a particular fact,—that fact must be comprehended in the Understanding which is infinite. To suppose that the Supreme Mind is alone conscious of what is vast and glorious, is to impute to it all the weakness of our own. It is to measure it by dimensions. What is massive in its esteem? What atom or corpuscle does it disdain? What is there great to strain its grasp? What is there insignificant to elude its notice? It is, indeed, necessary to believe that a power preserves our planet not in the least inferior to that which formed it. Confining our thoughts to its structure, to its material rudiment,—to what Aristotle calls the, στοιχεια,—that which caused it to exist must uphold it, or it continues in independence on that which caused it to exist. This we quote as absurd. And then, most certainly, were it independent, it could only exist according to its first formation. All would be fixed and rigid. But its physical history is that of flux and succession. Still farther is it impossible to think of the events upon its surface as happening of themselves. They are contingent on human passions and volitions. And if there be no presiding rule, whence the wisdom, the order, the good, of uncounted issues? Can blind occurrences, unconscious instruments, and uncontrollable agents, secure this exquisite harmony of operation and unity of result?

The *first* question is, Whether such superintendence be necessary? He who reflects on the balance of the universe, its perilous poise,—its forces, its epicycles, its crises, its dizzy revolutions,—will not detain for a moment his reply. Thinking on the intellectual and moral world, he will not suspend his opinion, that what every household and commonwealth demands, the strange elements of mental and sensuous motive must preeminently require. That government must exist from without. The helm does not govern itself. The spring does not renew its own vigour.

The *second* enquiry is, Does a reason present itself for the establishment and maintenance of this government? That which prompted to create, has only to be consistent with itself to sustain. If worthy in the beginning, it is not less worthy now.

The *third* moot-point is surely superfluous: In whom can the qualifications reside, wanted to conduct this regimen? Who can wield its vast concerns? He only, who made, can preserve and control.

Now, the Salvation of Man has, from the first, been the Direction of this Providence and its care. The eye which "neither slumbers nor sleeps," the power "which fainteth not, neither is weary," have incessantly prepared its way and wrought its development. How does the Promise, made to our fallen progenitor, furnish the clew to the genealogy of individuals and the origin of nations! How is the veil frequently a little raised, to show the empires of the world in subordination and subserviency to the people from which Messiah was to spring! Egypt Chaldea, Syria, and Rome, are not seen as through dim and distant vistas,—we are placed amidst their pageants and their pomps! What small incidents grow suddenly important. "Behold, a company of Ishmaelites come from Gilead;" and Joseph is the protector of Abraham's line. "Her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz:" and Ruth gives birth to a heraldry of names which lead of right the Son of Mary to sit on David's throne. Each filling up of the Saviour's history, even to the attendant circumstances of the Cross, was, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." Can we suppose that there is now any desertion by Providence of its ancient charge and trust? The Apostolic narrative, after our Lord's ascension, proves the same tender fidelity to it. "Why persecutest thou *me?*" is a rebuke which confirms the identity of its cause with Christ himself. Tracks are indicated for these earliest missionaries to pursue, often extraordinary safeguard is afforded to them, they are sometimes checked in their favourite objects,—angel talks to them,—the Lord himself appears! But it is invariably the case that the business of Christianity is the explanation and purport of the vision. Times and seasons, conjunctures of date and event, the fortunes of states and the destinies of empires, are bent to it with an infinite ease. In our own time, the same system, with the same bias, has been too solemnly exhibited to be denied. What little things have national interests and their struggles seemed, but as the throes of moral travail! What potsherds have the mightiest sons of fame appeared, but as rods and scourges against the enemies of freedom and of truth! "I will overturn, overturn, overturn; and He shall come whose right it is." Dynasties the most splendid have fled into exile: thrones have been cast down. The world has rocked beneath us to its centre. But the use of all has been interpreted to us. "The wall of the city has been built in troublous times." We have been summoned to "the valley of decision." We have learnt that, if "we gather not with Christ, we scatter abroad." Nothing is of permanent account in these convulsions, but their proposed end. They are the machines of the epic, and the scenes of the drama,—little cared for but as they assist the climax, enforce the moral, and unravel the plot. The complicated system has been set in motion, "the living creatures have been lifted up," the wheels have revolved, but the impulse has been Divine,—the Spirit was in the wheel, and the Son of Man has appeared, in the cloud which invested it, "above upon it." What Mission, what Missionary Institution, is not a monument of Providence? It has "divided them an inheritance by line." And should there not be an altar for "the sacrifice of praise continually," in celebration of its guidance, its sympathy, its interpositions? "The Breaker is gone up before them, and the Lord on the head of them!"

An interesting view of Missions, in their relation to continued *Divine Agency*, is their *comprehension* in the *Mediatorial* and *Spiritual Kingdom* of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The preface of His injunction on the Apostles to preach the Gospel to all nations, is full of majesty, and imparts to it perfect reasonableness. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." His reign pledges his ascendancy: "he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." That reign began when he rose from the dead. His ascension into heaven was his installation. Never has it since relaxed. If we may read the Apocalypse as describing the interval between that period and the final judgment, what an unwearying interest fills the Celestial! He is "expecting!" He breaks the suspense which clouds the pure spirits round about the throne, and looses the seven-sealed scroll. A glimpse is caught by them of the mysterious future, and they burst into a chorus of praise. The scenery begins its evolutions. The awful Coursers are on their way, preceded by the Crowned Bowman! The angels raise their trumpets! The two Witnesses prophesy in their sackcloth,—are slain,—then ascend to heaven, while their enemies behold them! Babylon is fallen, is fallen! The Enchantress is judged! The Dragon is bound! The Lamb has overcome! The mystery is finished! There shall be time no longer! The occupation and the delight of the supernal world are engrossed in these visions and their corresponding facts. It is but the progress of the Redeemer's sway. He shall subdue the people. He now is King. "He reigneth over the heathen." "He is the Prince of the kings of the earth." "He rules in the midst of his enemies." "He is the governor among the nations." "His people are willing in the day of his power." He sends the world an ambassage of peace. Missionaries are His heralds. Heart after heart is drawn to Him. These are His victories. Evil is overcome of good. This is not casual excitement. It is not moral suasion. It is not mental contagion. The rod of His strength is wielded. There is the word of a king. And it is most rejoicing to the heart to find that in Scripture His conquest is unhesitatingly *assumed.* We need not look into Prediction: it easily, unlabouringly, appears in the most incidental paragraphs of instruction and argument. "*And when all* things shall be subdued unto Him,"*—says the Apostle—nor stops to prove the triumph. It is among his earliest and most unfaltering assurances. As it has suggested no doubt, it is upborne by no proof. It rises as an intuition. It passes as a glance of light. Nothing is felt to have been averred that is remarkable. Yet what a grandeur of consummation! "*All things shall be subdued unto Him!*" He shall be head of the Heathen! All nations shall call

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* 1 Cor. xv. 28.

Him blessed! He shall have put down all rule and authority and power! What a different world, then, soon shall be disclosed! Stand at the gates of the Eastern continent, and gaze in upon the fulness of the Gentiles! Pass along those isles, and behold how they teem with human life! Travel where Afric's burning line extends! Trace Europe's zones! See the new-born Transatlantic lands, and the Australian later twin! Consider them well. Their majorities are every where set against the cause of true religion. The systems of most are flagrant and impious delusions and idolatries. Think once more. "All things shall be subdued unto Him." Thibet in its depths, and Ararat shall ring with the songs of deliverance! China in its millions, and salvation shall be its wall and bulwark! Burmah in its sullen cruelties, while the Irrawaddy and the Salwen shall bear along their currents the notes of peace and freedom! Formal Christendom, and these paler nations shall live in the power of godliness! The Americas in their mixed races and perpetual influxes, and they shall speak the one language of holiness and truth! Continent shall shout to continent! Himalaya shall peal with gladness to Chimborazo! The Indus, the Volga, the Danube, the Tiber, shall echo to the voice of the Rhine, the Seine, the Guadiana, the Tagus, and the Thames, as these call upon the Jordan, the Niger, the Nile: the Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Amazon, shall prolong the strain: the sound of these many waters shall be loudened by the thunder of the seas: and their deep rolling song shall ascend to heaven: "Hallelujah! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever!"

What can so much console and strengthen our hearts, as to impress it on them that the Crucified One is the Lord of all? that the government is upon His shoulder? that His is the chieftainship and absolute supremacy over the universe? This is true at the present hour, and does not exist only in the seeds of the future. "All things were created by Him and for him." "*Now* is the Son of Man glorified." He is ruling in every field of space and acting by every spring of nature. Each heart is in His hand. All souls are His. The oppressor is His staff. The wicked are His sword. The wrath of man praises Him. "In all things He has the preeminence." "He is the Head of all principality and power." "He is the Head over all things to the Church, which is his His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." Far be from us the supposition that too many seem, in our day, to hold,—that Christ is not now the King! What new inauguration awaits him? What new sceptre shall be placed in his hand? We could not thus deprive his Mediatorship! We could not thus wrong his Exaltation!

With these solemn connections, in which our Christian Missions stand, the *Priesthood* of the Lord Jesus is to be implicated. On the "altar of earth" He offered up himself. It was constituted not after the Aaronic, but the Melchisedäican, pattern. That "order" was of universal reference. The Levitical institute could not affect it. This was antecedent and patriarchal. National preference and distinction were then not known. But a particular function of His priesthood is that on which we principally insist. It is the Intercessory Office. Let us think upon this infinite security for our success. It may be variously illustrated: the fact remains the same. It is rather pictorial to describe Him standing with outstretched hands, and in vocal accents, pleading our cause. It may better agree to the fact, and to the reason of the fact, to think of the continued virtue of His atonement ever present to the Infinite Holiness. "He hath entered the holy places not without blood;" "now to appear in the presence of God for us." "He is a Lamb as it has been slain." What claim can speak so loud? What prayer can be so importunate? And the intercession must be equal in extent to the propitiation which it respects. It might surely be considered as most enlarged when it is presented "for all that come unto God by Him." But we have decisive proof. The Father pledges his acceptance of this intercession when it is most limitless, when the very objects of missionary zeal are most particularly notified,—"Thou art my Son! *Ask* of Me, and I shall give thee the *Heathen* for thine inheritance, and the *uttermost parts* of the earth for thy possession." Oh when we "make supplications, prayers, intercessions, for all men," let us remember that "this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour:" let us not imagine that this our beseeching is too benevolent or too general to find a response in our Intercesor's heart, too ample to obtain a place in his Sacerdotal censer!

It may be alleged that our Lord himself states a restriction: "I pray not for the world." But this form of language is climacteric. The prayer opens for the Apostles. It is specific. It is like the pouring out of an anointing oil on their heads. He then rises in his petition for their converts: "them also who shall believe on Me through their word." Nor is the prayer exhausted.

For, entreating the unity of His people, he beseeches this as its effect: "*That the world* may believe," may know, "that Thou hast sent me." That this does not refer to a general, involuntary, extorted, confession on the part of the world, is plain from the application of the same language to Himself and his Apostles: "O righteous Father, the world *hath* not known Thee: but *I have known* thee, and *these have known* that thou hast sent me."

The *Supplication* of the Church is not introduced in this section as involving in itself an *efficient cause* of Missionary success; but as it is connected with every thing that is, we are anxious to preserve for it, here, a serious consideration.

The power of prayer is represented as so great, both in its deprecatory and petitional exercises, that, were not Scripture our authority, we should pause ere we could invest it with such a prevalence. It has a property of resistlessness. At its voice, years have performed their circuits through a sky neither dropping rain nor dew. Earthquake has burst open the prison-house in which its sound re-echoed. It has been peremptorily silenced, as yet too strong to be denied: "Let me alone," said God, "that I may destroy them." "Pray not for this people for their good." It was in anticipation of His designation of the Apostles on the morrow, that "Jesus went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." On them he devolved the same duty for the same purpose: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: *pray* ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." They appealed to the churches, which they had established, for this return: "Ye also helping together by prayer for us." "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." The connection between prayer and the glories of the Deity is explicitly asserted: "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." "Prayer shall be made for Him continually." Do we not "perceive and understand" that, by this instrument, we "come even to His seat,"—touch the centre of all power,—and, by means the most evidently direct, secure the end? And many reasons might be suggested why we should "abound in this grace." Our Missions necessitate much earthly care and management, but *this* spiritualises afresh our aims and motives. The purposes we meditate are pure and enduring as the immortal soul,—*this* preserves them in delicacy and steadiness. Our successes are manifestly beyond the reach of mortal arm,—*this* hangs all the weight of glory upon that of Omnipotence. We should most wickedly offend, did we yield to any temper of boast,—*this* checks and conquers it. It is, therefore, ordered that "for all these things God shall be enquired of to do them for us." Nothing can be more just. Prayer is an act of dependence. It is self-renouncement. It seeks the All-sufficience. It is His acknowledgment. Though the greatest influence which man can wield,—for it lays hold of God's strength,—it is granted to the poorest and most unknown of the Church. The widow, having cast her two mites, her only store, into the treasury, retains this vast resource: "She continueth in supplications and prayers night and day." Here is an availing strength which vibrates through heaven and earth. Oh how mean does wealth appear when brought into comparison with it! How vile is the homage which is paid to it! Our money perishes with us. "The rich man shall fade away in his ways." But prayer is "for a *memorial* before God!" How pleasing is that "record on high," to Him who has said: "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands *command* ye me." "Put me in *remembrance.*" "Prove me now herewith." "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, *which shall never hold their peace day nor night:* ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and *give* him no *rest* till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

The themes for these devotional aspirations will vary. The constant succession "of faithful men able to teach others also," men of spirit and understanding, men "whose hearts God hath touched;"—the purity of Missionary character, its taintless chastity of honour and holiness;—the vitality of personal and domestic religion in the churches confederated for this high concern;—the stability of our distant proselytes;—the unsuspected character of our agents;—the melting down of the bigotry and avarice which have so long enslaved the Christian profession;—the transformation of national mind and temper;—the yielding of the hearts of kings and senators;—the demolition of the proud foundations of ignorance and iniquity;—all are matters for petition which circumstances may lead us to dictate more or less expressly. But he is not a Christian who "seeks his own, and not the things of Jesus Christ." If we "walk worthy of that vocation," nothing lies so near our hearts as His cause in the earth. "None of us liveth to himself."

"To live is Christ." If on the first establishing of the Gospel, all were commanded to pray,—often as for their "daily bread,"—"Our Father which art in heaven, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven:"—now that that "kingdom" is erected, and now that that "will" is made known, our prayer should be still more frequent and engrossed. Daily as we commune with "our Father," let this be our importunate suit: it will not only be a filial cry, but will prove that we care for all His children.

To "the God of the spirits of all flesh," let us pour out our "fervent effectual prayer which availeth much." May the Church take her place no longer between the porch and the altar, but between the living and the dead! May she lift up her prayer for the remnant that is left! May she cause her voice to pierce the Ear which is not heavy that it should not hear! Let her pray always and not faint. Has not such importunate intercession almost to begin! Where are the praying people? "And there is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." "But thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of Me, O Israel." Too just, and most overwhelming, rebuke! We have even done much to frustrate and postpone the fulfilment of petitions which others have offered to him. From the time when men begun to call upon the name of the Lord, the devotion of every age, the orison of every dispensation, has ascended to Him in earnest beseechings that he would fill the earth with his glory. O the illustrious, sainted, millions who have joined their voices in this petition! With this their prayers have ended! Out of the depths have they cried for this! Yet are their prayers, laid up as a vast treasure-store, not hitherto accomplished. They await their answer, and that answer depends on us! God is not "unfaithful," He is not "forgetful," He is not "slack." Every tear of their earnest piety has He put into his bottle, and they are beaded there! The golden vials have attracted into them the ever-breathing odours of their supplication, and seem now to overflow! Not a prayer ever rose in vain! Not a prayer has ever been forgotten! Not a prayer was ever without its influence! Not a prayer ever stole forth from silence and secresy but shall reappear, in the trophy of its answer and the triumph of its effect! All the entreaties that ever ascended,—Adam's for his race, Abraham's for the Hebrew, Paul's for the Gentile, Christ's for the World,—are delayed their fullest influence, until we complete them; they, without us, cannot be made perfect! Let *us* but "strive together in *our* prayers,"—and suddenly shall break forth the full utterance of prayer,—in a moment, each silent desire vocal, each solitary moan articulate, each stammered word rehearsed,—until they swell into one acclaim, like the sound of many waters, round about the Throne, and have their "POWER WITH GOD!"

MISSIONS,

PRODUCTIVE OF INVALUABLE ADVANTAGES TO THOSE WHO UNDERTAKE THEM.

THE harmony of duty with privilege, in the whole system of the Gospel, cannot fail to impress the attention and to interest the feelings, of all who examine it. In the language of Paul to Philemon, it is "bold in Christ to *enjoin that* which is *convenient*."

Upon the duty in general of spreading the Christian truth among the unenlightened nations, the question seems too clear for discussion. Any argument that would establish the duty of charity to relieve earthly indigence and bodily misery, would confirm this higher order of obligations in the proportion of the infinite to the finite With an immediate decision the first disciples met the wants of man. Did they hear the plaint: "Come over and help us?" They deliberated not on the nature of the implored aid. They thought not of plague, famine, war, or of their antidotes. They knew but one succour for him "that hath no helper." "They assuredly gathered that the Lord had called them for to preach the Gospel unto them."

But a retro-active benefit has been experienced by churches which have most spiritedly and devotedly given themselves to this work. Before their efforts could be felt by the Heathen, their own *Revival* was commenced.

Like "the husbandman, they were first partakers of the fruits." The modern æra is within the recollection of a few and the knowledge of many. What was the state of almost every religious community? Were they not marked by a powerless and lifeless piety? Were not "the things which remained ready to die?" Were they not often the tomb of the living, only distinguished from the congregation of the dead? Was not "the name that they lived" frequently as an epitaph upon that tomb? Social religion was at the lowest ebb. Care for the souls of others seemed a startling paradox in that day. The conversion of the Heathen was only an idea forced on that generation by prophecy. The enquiry is not now into the manner of this stupor, nor into the causes out of which it stole upon and benumbed excellences not a few. Neither ask we now what were the extenuations of that inert and inanimate spirit. It was felt, it was confessed, and still "a little folding of the hands to sleep!" What was the appeal which roused it? The state of the Pagan world,—its wail,—its shriek,—broke the slumber, and the Church started up to life! How the might of Prayer came over it! How its energy was rallied! What Denomination, however reluctant to number the people, received not its large accessions? The "health" of which Community, did not "spring forth speedily?" There came the listening crowd, there was the searching power, balm fell on the bleeding conscience, the broken heart was made whole, "the feeble was as David, and the house of David as God." Still we feel the concentric circles of that impact: that new heart is beating still. Had our expenditure all been waste, our effort failure,—we had been more than repaid.

A thousand-fold is returned into our own bosom. "The fruit hath abounded to our account." Look at the National Churches and the Dissident Communities of these realms. Is there any danger of error, any room for exaggeration, when we affirm that the "Lord has sent prosperity?" Was ever a more complete approach to a spiritual resuscitation? What multiple shall tell the increase of ecclesiastical erections, evangelic preachers, and thriving churches? Since the Reformation, no period has witnessed a movement so holy, or flamed with so bright a glory.

It may be said that Missionaries left our shores long before this period. It is granted. Yet was this country rather the highway and hostess of those pious men, than their direct promoter or rightful claimant. They came from other lands. Here they received generous welcome and aid. But it was not the work, nor was it under the responsibility, of the great body of Christians among us. The consequence was, that few of our communities sympathised. The zealous Wake waved his metropolitan crook without effect. The friends and instigators of these benevolent expeditions in Scotland could not excite that people to any general concurrence. To such foremost men we do homage. Our debt to them never can be paid. They

> "Might be a copy to these younger times
> Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
> But goers backward."*

For a time their appeal seemed vain. The condition of the Heathen was resigned as hopeless in respect of human attempt. They who thought upon it recoiled in despair. But where is the church which does not now confess its duty, and stand in some connection with these operations? Where is the pastor who does not identify himself with such engagements? Where is the Christian philosopher that does not follow, with unerring eye and unmistaking judgment, the alliance between our regard to the salvation of others and our own moral improvement? "We feed in the ways, and our pastures are in all high places." "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul." "It is joy to the just to do judgment." We "leave off to be wise, when we leave off to do good." The vase breathes the fragrance of the flowers which it no more contains. We cannot work the gold and gem without bearing away with us some of the precious dust. In distilling the balsam we are healed. So confident do we feel of this issue, — so assured that this means will give a vigour and unction to the ordinances of the Gospel among us,—so surrounded are we by proof that this awakes death into life and stirs life into activity,—that we could urge "the experiment of this ministration" upon every sinking church as the restorative of its strength and the harbinger of its efficiency. It would be the bundle of myrrh which kept health in its very heart!

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* Shakspeare.

Another advantage, which has been obtained from these foreign exertions, refutes a very common objection against them. The world was not only neglected, but nearer fields were forgotten. Our towns and villages were strangely abandoned. The rural population was left in brutal ignorance and vice. But when the date of modern Missions commenced,—when our barks bore with them the messengers of salvation,—when the outcry of a lost world bade us sleep no more,—the first result was to purify the domestic pulpit and to commiserate the native race. It was not the tear which could only fall for distant woe, though that had chiefly and first excited it, —we wept for our compatriots. Consistency demanded it. We thought of Him who "came into his own country," who "was among his own kin, and in his own house." The soul, once wrought to its proper mood, "judged righteous judgment." It saw that this pity for others must be "without partiality," if it would be "without hypocrisy." We might argue that the law of religion was different: "Let the children first be filled!" Still further, it might be reasoned that it is different in its tendency: "He first findeth his own brother Simon." Such, we deny not, is the proper and natural order of things. But we have to do with facts. We can trace their influence. They reflected themselves in this manner. And it may be doubted, whether the result, in the altered state of our country, could have been so well secured. The consideration that it was passed over in our enterprise stung us to the quick. Remote success braced our arm. To carry out the extending scale of Missions, new resources must be created at home. As it was that ancient Rome trembled for her existence, amidst the enemies who almost reached her gates, until she struck into her career of universal conquest, and then, drawing back her accumulated might, easily crushed them,—so, by a reaction of high victory abroad, our Christianity seems invigorated; and that deep indifference, which once appeared invincible, is more readily grappled with and subdued.

The True *Unity* of the Church has been better illustrated and promoted by Missions than by any other occasion of its development. The perfect amicableness of our institutions but feebly expresses the deeper sentiment that prevails. A high-minded emulation combines with a generous sympathy. Then have we regretted our divisions, because they may embarrass our impression on the Heathen. Then, too, our leisure for controversy was abridged, and our greed of it abated. Then are we necessarily convinced that the greatest difference of judgments among good men must leave to them, after all, an ample space of common ground. Then we inevitably conclude that in this common ground is contained the stamen of revealed truth. Grave matters there may be,—(we speak it in no irony, for nothing is trivial which touches conscience, nothing unimportant which belongs to Scripture),—grave questions may remain for settlement and solution, but we are called to action now. "To brotherly kindness" we have added "charity." Occasionally brethren have their "sharp contention and depart asunder one from the other." The present crisis of civil and religious questions has tried us all. It is probable that they have left behind them even some bitterness and exacerbation. But there are signs of renewing esteem and confidence. The halcyon sails with the storm. The bow is in the cloud. Co-workers in christianising the world, we cannot long misjudge and impugn each other. The principle of agreement is too well established to be embroiled by these passing strifes. What is the true ground of fellow-esteem? It is visionary to expect a syllabic consonance of creeds, or a mechanical monotony of practice. There is a distinct modification of every human mind. The same truth acting upon this difference of mental surface is reflected in varying aspects, just as the same sunbeam paints a thousand hues according to the texture of a thousand flowers. We are learning to respect each other, not for the abandonment, but in the maintenance, of our peculiar opinions. We begin to give credit to each other for equally upright motive and equally worthy end. We hail a substantive agreement. We can value what has been secured, though it come far short of what we may fondly desire or warrantably expect. Until we behold the virgin ray, let us please our eye with the prismatic varieties. If we may not possess the perfect transparence of the diamond, let us welcome the precious stones of divers colours. Uniformity can exist without charity, and charity without uniformity. A problem has been performed in our time, unlike that of the mathematician,—we have seen circles sect one another and yet having a common centre. "If any man trust to himself that he is Christ's, let him of himself think this again, that, as he is Christ's, even so are we Christ's."

It has long been agitated, in what the *Visibility* of the Church consists. We cannot but remember how the Papacy has dwelt on this as its exclusive characteristic. It is not denied that *it* has been seen. It may every where be tracked by its prints of blood! It glares from the midst of its persecuting fires! Others have shaped their title to it out of form and observance. True it is that the Church is required to appear. It is to be "set on a hill." In the holiness of its members its light is to shine before men. But it is the beneficial influence which it exercises that is to make it known. It is the "light of the world." It is "the salt of the earth." It already skirts many a cloud with a fringe of illumination. Long has it arrested the corruption and decay of the mass. The missionary character which it has assumed redeems it from its long reproach. No more is it the "Zion whom no man seeketh after." Her name is "Sought out." "The messengers of the nations" have heard their "answer." Mighty empires are aghast at the encroachment of this power upon their superstition. "The dread of it, and the fear of it, is put upon the nations," and their "inhabitants are faint" because of it. And is it no advantage that we have gained, to show that the Church is thus visible? To say of its individual members: "Ye are manifestly the epistles of Christ?" To point to the whole aggregate in such a posture and port, that it is "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

If it can be shown that *Missions* conduce to a pure *disinterestedness,* it must follow that they confer the truest dignity, and pour the purest happiness, upon all who take part in them. There is a general benevolence. But this rises into a higher sentiment. It passes from the surface of the man to his essence. It does not narrow its view or effort to his present condition. It searches him out in his true grandeur. It throws around him the light of religion and the awe of eternity. It does as much, at least, as any other principle or form of philanthropy, to meliorate our nature, to mould it into civilization and refine it by science: it is as solicitous to allay the ills of poverty and the pains of disease: it is as intent to soothe away the widow's and the orphan's tear. But it exhausts its fullest compassion on the soul of man. Is not this, if properly exemplified, if justly applied, the perfect munificence?

Now it is the design of the Gospel to conquer the selfishness of the heart, and to induce in it a preference of the order and weal of all around to its own gratification. Consider the example of Christ. "He did not his own will." "He sought not his own glory." "He pleased not himself." Look into His religion. What distinguishes its charity? "She seeketh not her own." What are the obligations of its disciples, arising out of the redemption it publishes? "Ye are not your own." What is the rule it lays down for its followers? "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." What is its prescribed course of usefulness? "Not seeking our own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." We are to "deny ourselves;" to "look on the things of others;" to "spend and be spent;" not to "confer with flesh and blood;" not to "go and bid them farewell which are at home;" not to heed, if Christ be but magnified, "whether it be by life or by death." Our world, by the depravity and wretchedness which abound in it, is exactly laid out for the development of this Christian principle. Heaven is not more adapted for Christian purity and joy. In harmony with this temper, also, what great and exalted thoughts are shaped to us,—distinct, free, unquestionable, as so many proverbs and maxims! They are compendiums of spirit and of life. They are summaries of truth. They are aphorisms of duty. They are garners of consolation. They are prophecies of hope. "I count not my life dear unto myself." "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men." "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." "Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." We contend that this is the art of blessing ourselves on the earth. It was the first law of being. Living for another was then living for ourself: living for ourself was then living for another. It might be proved that these motives were not only compatible but co-operative, just as the dilatation and contraction of the heart secure the balance of our health. This is "the comfort of love." And is not this peculiarly the emotion which we prove in kindness to our Pagan brethren? We do not ask, "What shall we have therefore?" We rather take the other side: "They cannot recompense us." But did we ever know the happiness that we now experience, in doing good to the souls of men? They "owe their ownselves to us." "Through our mercy they have obtained mercy." "He that winneth souls is wise." "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever." We leave the future reward out of our computation: we but confine the argument to the present sensibility. It is the closest resemblance to the beatitude of the Deity. "Be ye perfect," said our Saviour, in the record of one evangelist, "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Be ye merciful," is the construction of another. Such men take a godlike position in the universe. They possess a rank among the servants of the Eternal King. They exceed the holiest ministrations of the holiest beings. They sympathise with the Infinite Benignity. It is a borrowed ray from Him who alone is Good. No longer do we cumber the ground. No more do we exist in vain. We "serve our generation!" We "honour all men!" We look to every newly discovered land that we may have "fruit in it, even as among other Gentiles." We have our reward. While we "give, it is given to us; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, into our bosom." As no prompting can be more evangelically disinterested than that to Missions, so never was generous emotion more delightful in its exercise or more complete in its recompense.*

An increase of *Devotion* has been generated, by the Missionary Spirit of these latter days, to an amount which it would be difficult to conceive. To the pious mind the work of bringing the nations under the faith of Christ presents itself as so difficult, as so utterly transcending all human power, that prayer is the first, and still the last, resource. A new habit of petition becomes necessary to us. The world lies before us, and we seem to behold it as its kindreds and peoples revolve beneath our eye. "Pray for us," is their only cry. Nation rolls after nation into view. Still wistful is their look and importunate their appeal: "Entreat now the face of the Lord your God, and pray for us." Our hearts are wrung. The vision has fled: we "stand yet before the Lord." We pour out our souls for that miserable world. But while the prayer ascends with this earnest emphasis, it cannot fail to benefit them who offer it. "It is *good* for us to draw near unto God." Communion with Him cheers and sanctifies the spirit. As in such an act we cannot "ask amiss," so we shall inherit the rich blessing which such an act must leave behind. "He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Hitherto we have only supposed the instance of private devotion. But we have witnessed, indebted solely to the sense of Missions, concerts of prayer. Christian churches have leagued themselves to make their common supplications. Their "mutual faith" has risen high. Denominational asperities have been softened. A collective advantage has been stored up for all. The House of prayer has seemed to widen for all people, but itself was more than ever consecrated with the beauty of holiness and the sweet incense of love.

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* "Ego vero omnia, quæ gerebam, jam tum in gerendo spargere me ac disseminare arbitrabar in orbis terræ memoriam sempiternam." —Cicero pro Archiâ.

Among the blessings which accrue to us from the system of these labours, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the *reciprocation* of our *prayers*. We have "wrestled and prevailed." Converts and communities have not been withheld from us: "the wilderness and the solitary place have been glad for them." How unbounded has been their gratitude! As the newly reclaimed savage retires to his bush, as the Sabbath-bell gathers the attentive crowd into the sanctuary, our land is not forgotten, nor our benevolence unrequited. "The blessing of him that was ready to perish comes upon us." "They bless us out of the house of the Lord." Who would not be the object of those simple, fervid, petitions, —of the abundant thanksgivings to "God who put this earnest care into our heart for them,"—of "their prayer for us, who long after us for the exceeding grace of God in us,"—in dialects rude and wild, never appropriated to praise and supplication before? On every wind now swells this votive intercession, and it comes wafted to us in pulses which break over our heart.

We may commonly observe that, when men state their own opinions, and discuss the sentiments of others either from a mere perusal of their writings or from inferences which those writings seem to favour, a tone of rash assertion, and not infrequently of undue warmth, is betrayed. At the period of the rise of modern Missions, a very acerbity prevailed among certain schools of theology. We now regard in amazement the vehemence with which servants of the same Master assailed each other. Courtesy was outraged, and charity shocked. Statement was pushed to its extreme. Exaggeration coloured every medium. The controvertists retired to the greatest possible distance. The breach appeared irreparable. All were engaged in extending the terms, and in irritating the subjects, of dispute. The great Agenda of Missions were introduced. The one class was supposed incapable of the service, from its belief of a strict and necessary purpose of grace: the other was deemed unreasonable in attempting labour to which, it was argued, there was certified no assured success. The denial or the concession of a universal light of grace in the human mind, was contended to be the bane or the charm of a prosperous issue. The efficiency of the Divine influence, and its possible failure, were alike disputed, and each view was maintained by its adherent as indispensable to moral liberty and true volition. But they were "doing a great work." There was no dereliction of their respective tenets. Now what is the result? We mark it,—not only in kindlier forbearance, in sweeter amenity, in truer Christian temper, but in that which is more permanent. The differences are placed in their actual, unmagnified, extent; sobriety of language is studied; contests of personal feeling are shunned; moderation is found to be consistent with firmness and abhorrent of compromise; advocacy renounces its license; the wish is felt to lessen the grounds of dispute and to calm the anger of the polemics. Surely this is no small benefit. Christians have been kept asunder by strange prejudices; these have arisen from crude and unfair representations. All has become distorted. Each definition was encumbered and overlaid. Each conclusion was harshly pressed. We have lived to see a better state of things. Logic has gained almost as much as Christianity. The clearer mode of thinking has shown itself in the finer temperament of love. Who does not rejoice that,—without a sacrifice of one point of hypothetic truth, without an extenuation of what either side asserts,—much gratuitous distinction is abandoned, and only substantive difference, and that gently and lovingly, is retained? We owe this better state of controversy, very principally, to the influence of Missions in giving us a common cause and bond, leaving us no room for idle encounter and subtilty, and disposing us to value our discrepancies far below the matters in which we are agreed. We seem to find in them, at last, the Irenicum of the Church!

We often need to be reminded that our exertions for Christ are too narrow and disproportioned. The command, "Be ye *enlarged*," is most important. It is not in simply seeking to maintain what we have acquired, that we can effect even that end. We certainly lose, if we do not advance. Like many a chymical element, religion is enfeebled if not allowed its expansion. The spirit within us contracts if it be not frequently roused to lofty, generous, purposes. There is a boldly aggressive zeal which is essential to Christianity. But it is not in the rut that the chariot-race is won. We must not always "build on another man's foundation." We must not "boast in another man's line of things made ready to our hand." Let us seek a stronger temper of daring. Let us "devise liberal things." Let us "do exploits." Let us be "bold in our God." Let us abandon timid measures and heartless essays. Be we more concentrated! But here in Missions is our noblest field. The place we inhabit, — sect, party, — is too strait for us. The field is the world. There is room and call for our energies. And the influence of this increasing activity, upon this extending scale, will be to unfold our inmost soul from that contraction which, like the tyrant's self-compressing and crushing prison, was continually closing in upon it, — until it stand "beautiful upon the mountains, publishing salvation."

What is the more lovely form of true piety has not been rarely debated. It has been supposed by many that the secluded, musing, character should be preferred. They expend their praises upon religious quietism. To this some, by circumstances, have been compelled. There was no range for usefulness around them. But when it is the choice, — when the power of doing good is declined, because it may ruffle the tranquillity of the feelings, — then does it seem a sensual and selfish thing. It is a contemplative dream. Like the lake-bird, which seeks the stillest waters, lives to compose its snowy plumage, floats in its solitary calm, is rapt in the reflection of its own beauty, and sings itself to death, — so, this sentimentalism wastes life in soft indulgence and in admiration of its own shadow, its sphere safely circumscribed. Is this the piety of the Bible? Is it not a sickly excuse for the impatience of labour and dread of sacrifice? Were we appointed for no other ministry than to glide from the shrine to the cloister, and from the cloister to the shrine? Far different was the course of them who had "no rest in their spirit," who preached "the gospel with much contention," who "bore in the body the marks of the Lord Jesus," who were "in labours abundant and deaths oft." If they ever enjoyed a cell, it was a prison. If ever they found a solitude, it was an exile. They roamed the earth. Empires were their highway, and to nations were their visits.—But while we animadvert upon this passionless and voluptuous mysticism, let it not be imagined that true piety, the most energetic and practical, is deficient in its abstraction, its meditation, its scrutiny. It is of its *very tendency* thus to comport itself. The *mount* refreshes and strengthens it to mix with the *multitude.* If in these engagements any do "suffer loss," if their true piety be to some degree injured, we must be permitted to hold that there was an error in their mode of regarding them and presenting them, and that in all other circumstances their religion would have declined. Nor can we conceive a better symptom of spiritual health, nor suggest a better course for securing it, than thus diligently to take part in all the transactions which respect the enlargement of the Saviour's kingdom in the world. If the sounds of the hammer and the axe be sometimes heard, they grow solemn in their deep echoes through the temple!

And if it be alleged that in the department of *female* piety a more public character has been introduced than the sex and its retiring virtues would justify, we can boldly meet the insinuation. True Christian chivalry can defy the proof. Is it that these "sisters of charity" solicit the support of Missions, the only hope and defence of woman wherever she is found? Paul would have ranked them with the "women who laboured with him in the gospel." Is it that under the holy name of wife they endure with a ten-fold sensitiveness the missionary's danger and care, forming the mind of the oppressed daughters of far distant lands? Christ would have, in infinite tenderness, thought of their sufferings only: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." There is another standard in the world. It cannot understand a Mary, erect amidst eclipse and earthquake, with eye uplifted to her Son stretched upon the Cross. It cannot conceive a Magdalene, hastening in the dimmest twilight to the Tomb where warriors held their guard. The heroines of the Cross and the Tomb attract not its applause. It idolises the fluttering insect and the painted toy! It cherishes the reserve and modesty of the revel-dance! It encourages the shamefacedness of apparel and adorning! It would screen from the contagion of a blush! Base flatterers and destroyers! Is there male and female in Christ? Has woman no right to serve Him? Is she to feel no ambition for His fame? Owes she no gratitude, and is she allowed no utterance of it? "She may live in pleasure!" She may glitter in the mazes of fashion and dissipation! She must not concern herself in the salvation of human souls! She only may be frivolous, but not great! But many a pious female has been enabled to take her part, and was warranted to claim her share, in the victory: "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!"

"Thy care is fixed, and zealously attend
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance!"*

To possess an interest in a *great* and *extended* series of operations is calculated to stamp on the mind a character of amplitude. We all tend to sectarianism: "There is one alone, and there is not a second." A shibboleth is on every tongue: "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas." How often do we call "man our father on earth!" How minute the church to which many confine truth and order and purity! What vain and impious additions do we make to Divine institution! "We set our threshold by its thresholds, and our post by its posts." While we have nothing before us but these pigmy contests, our minds become as small. But when the arena extends with the world, and the struggle is with common foes, the wall of partition between us is levelled by a common consent,—we wonder at the smallness and exasperation of our differences,—we cast from us the party badge,—we stand up in the sublime originality and array of Christians. The conception is then admitted of the Catholic Church. The vulgar watchwords of dogmatism and intolerance are merged in Christianity. Then grow we indifferent, save as to the mighty issue. We are prepared to see among ourselves much refuse to be destroyed. We know that all ecclesiastical discipline merely is the earthly garb and administration of our religion. We look forward when every external form shall be superseded. That church dissolves! Its spiritual elements all survive. Our party is swept away! Whatever it embraced of truth and followed of holiness is not destroyed, still it exercises its influence, and takes its place in the constitution of things for ever. We cannot any longer put our hope on mere human device and form. As a great army in constant communication through all its line, and well acquainted with the key of its position, shouts for the battle and pants for the victory, cheering each division in its encounter, and combining each particular detail with grand arrangements and results, until one life, one thought, one passion, is throbbing in the whole,—so, realising our great conflict with the powers of darkness and the agencies of evil, we no more turn each one his sword against his fellow,—the most unperceived movements spread an impulse which we feel,—the most distant successes lend an animation in which we rejoice,—jealousy and rivalry are swallowed up in a noble competition who shall best please Him that hath called him to be a soldier, and how the onset of our compacted and serried host shall best overthrow the enemy. We contend not alone. The angels encamp around us. The Lord fighteth for us. Out of weakness we are made strong. The lame may take the prey. "The battle is not ours, but God's."

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* Milton's Sonnets.

A consideration remains which it will be difficult to distribute under any term expressive of personal privilege and distinction. It is given to many that they shall bear a relationship of spiritual parentage to the renewed soul. "In Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel." When the instrumentality, thus directly succeeded, has been supplied by the contributions, and followed by the prayers, of our churches, they shall share in this honoured character. The individuals, composing these churches, are creditors to the same claim. Who can tell what immortal spirits among the Heathen have been pardoned and cleansed? Who can attach the precise amount of means to those who have sent to them the Gospel? Yet there subsists to the Omniscient eye each ratio of those means ascribable to each person who has employed them. God only can divide that portion. He defines "what every joint supplieth." Now this is an inconceivable achievement. Another mansion of heaven is occupied! Another crown of glory is set! Another golden harp is tuned! The misery of an eternity is averted! A soul is happy for ever! It may be that, in the revelations of the future state, we shall learn what was the use of every alms and the weight of every prayer. It is certain that spiritual bonds, entwined on earth, shall there be resumed. Let us think of "the churches of the Gentiles." Let us suppose their enlargement. Let us anticipate their perpetuity. Let us assure ourselves of conversion and true religion among them. Then let us remember that those churches are so many gates of heaven. Of the Sealed Throng above, let us believe that countries now idolatrous shall yield no mean enumeration. We laid the foundation of those churches. We cherished the men of faith, and love, and of warm devotedness, who preside over them. We expect not to see the converts while we sojourn here below. But a sympathy is begun with them. We have "good tidings of their faith and charity." "What thanks can we render to God for them, for all the joy wherewith we joy for their sakes before God." Still our reciprocal knowledge is most general and undefined. But, by the strong discernments of beatified minds, the Christian shall recognise the regenerate Pagan whom he has been the instrument of telling that "there is a Holy Ghost." Heavenly gratitude will have its instincts. "Then shall we know even as also we are known." "Thou knowest," might be addressed to every celestial that should ask concerning any blessed company of that state,—"Who are these, and whence came they?" To have assisted in guiding hither one of these benighted wanderers, in reclaiming one of these wretched outcasts, in winning to the Lord of all one of these besotted dupes,—to have stood in any connection with their salvation,—to have had a single effort and prayer of ours reckoned into the train of subordinate causes which conduced to it,—will surely be a "crown of rejoicing," which can leave ambition nothing to crave, and benevolence nothing to surpass. The making up of these jewels shall leave mean and lustreless all "the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces," the gems which burn in the blazonry of rank and the ceremonials of state. The full glory of many acts we can easily appreciate: there is often danger of exaggeration. While time wears on, such fame contracts into narrower and narrower space. Even to our eye it dims and fades. It is as a chaplet gradually withering, and hung upon an already decaying tomb. But the honour of which we speak grows and incessantly dilates. It perpetually fills a widening orb of splendour, and gathers to itself a more trophied renown. This glory has a defence. Eternity signalises and confirms it.

Few who know themselves, and who study the forms of Christian character, will have failed to see an evil working in the influence of the *distinctions* of religious community among us. The most hateful index of it is, the tendency to detract from each other. He is decried who, if belonging to our section of the Church, would be applauded. The success which we should magnify to the utmost in our case, in that of others we are inclined to lessen. The right sentiment surely is this: to love each person in his real character, and to rejoice in each fact according to its true evidence, wherever they be found. The honour which God has done to any body of believers, let us promptly acknowledge. *His Church is to be discovered among them all.* He does show favour to them all. And have not Missions greatly subdued this temper of suspicion and habit of depreciation? In the wide world, the triumph of one denomination did not affect another, as at home. All congratulated it. If unlooked for, if strange, its veracity was allowed and its importance asserted. But the collisions of a closer vicinity were felt really to be quite as unworthy. Why should contest be evil or good according to a more vacant or crowded space? Shame burnt into our cheek. "The spirit that dwelleth in us no more lusteth to envy." We gloried in a common cause. We forbore to make diligent search for faults in others. We checked all vaunting in ourselves. And if Christianity had not inspired this fellowship, we might have learnt it from the Heathen: "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil."* The inspiring confidence which a sense that we are acting in a great concert imparts to the mind, none can fully imagine but they who have proved it. To toil alone is great, but it is scarcely human. To know that there are any like-minded with us, brings encouragement and strength. So the first teachers of the Gospel felt. Though there stood by them the angel of God, another companionship was needed by them. "We then," exclaimed the Apostle Paul, "as workers together:" "We are the conjoined labourers of God."* They felt that they were a band of brothers. "Their sound went into all the earth." They called one to another for incitement. Their hearts revived and rallied. And they have exemplified to all their followers that union is strength, that agreement is life, and that co-operation is success, in all holy exertion.

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* Isa. xli. 6, 7.

We find it to be no mean privilege, in carrying on the cause of the Gospel in idolatrous countries, to perceive in their moral exhibitions new *attestations* to its truth and power. Our Missions have been directed frequently to the most abject of the human race. They have sought "the worst of the heathen."† The transformation has struck dumb the sceptic and the sage. Philosophy finds no solution. Infidelity attempts no reply. We can look deeper into that transformation: it is "by the *renewing of the mind.*" The chaos has yielded to the broodings of the Spirit of God. Thence is reflected on us all that enters into our spiritual life. They feel with us the awe which thrills the soul, the love which melts the heart. They experience our conflicts. They shed our tears. To them it is given to suffer for Christ. They bear His reproach. Their swarthy countenance beams delight. Their dark eye suffuses with repentance. They sing the mercy of their Jesus. They aspire to heaven. Man in his lowest grade of intellect has thus been "taught of the Lord." From the basest moral stupor has he been "quickened together with Christ." In spite of his "old things,"—things so pernicious, cruel, and vile,—there has stood up "the new creature." Who has not felt his faith confirmed? his listlessness rebuked? his courage cheered? Who has not felt as if a new seal of authenticity was set to the Gospel, a new diadem placed on the head of the Saviour, and a new answer furnished to the enemies of both?

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* The English reader will observe that in the first quotation, (2 Cor. vi. 1.) "with Him," is supplemental. In the second, (1 Cor. iii. 9.), the translation is inaccurate: Θεου εσμεν συνεϱγοι. These conjoint labourers are *God's.* The idea is, His simple possession of them; the co-working is not with Him, but of one with another. Whatever be the doctrine founded upon this vicious addition and false rendering, Scripture warrants no such offensive phrase.

† Ezek. vii. 24.

Low, vulgar, prejudice has bowed before the truth and power of Missionary evidence. The Christian mind itself has outgrown unworthy contractions. How for ages was the poor child of Ham despised! A physical inferiority was the general notion taken up against him. It was feared that there was a hopeless limit to his improvement. The darker races were abandoned to an inevitable degradation. But the Man Christ Jesus refused the test. He disdained the proscription of tinge and feature. He stood in the midway of complexional varieties. To the Briton, He was dark: to the Numidian, He was pale: the deeper and the lighter shades of every colour were blended in his countenance: there the burning zone set its flush, as well as a milder one impressed its soft-ness. Neither could reproach the extreme. And He, who came to redeem from every nation, kindred, and tribe, stood forth the embodied representation of each diversity of lineament and hue which could alienate the human family, and divide man from man. His visage reflected, as in an epitome, all the signs and modifications of mortal aspect and expression, and with it He looked as Fellow and Saviour upon universal man. We have learnt his doctrine, if not from his gaze and work, at least from "his wonders among all people." We call no man common or unclean. Turning to the Libyan shore, He said: "They shall come from the South." The South has not kept back! African conversions still testify to us, that, however "skins may differ," in the negro is every capability which the European mind can boast. The perplexity is now no more felt, What shall become of these once despised portions of our race, whether they shall flee before the white man, whether they must wear away amidst self-depopulations,—they are already found in the full stature of manhood and the true dignity of religion!

Even the most painful aspects of the Missionary work are instructive. Millions of millions of beings—conscious, intelligent, immortal, sinful, lost, perishing, as ourselves,—charge us to pity them. We endeavour to think of one generation of men on the earth. But that is no fixed state for them. We have not just to number them and then to declare the sum. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh!" "There is none abiding!" They burst upon our sight, like the waves of the sea,—crowded, successive, continuous, flashing beneath the light of an instant, audible only in their sudden breaking, and dying away on an invisible shore. Can we "use lightness?" A world in misery is a moving spectacle, but a world in rebellion is an appalling one. Could the Traveller explore the vestiges of an ancient city,—its fallen theatres, its broken aqueducts, its crumbled temples,—with thoughtless levity? Could the Philanthropist proceed through the wards of a lazaretto and the dungeons of a prison with flippant smile and jest? Could the Negociator address himself to a revolted people with sportive look and tone? Could the High Priest, as he drew aside the awful hangings of the Most Holy, strike the harp and dance before the ark? Should not our accents tremble and our countenances fall? We follow the long processions of eternal death, and should we not as "mourners go about the streets?" Ought not "great fear to come upon the Church and upon as many as hear of these things?" If "the same mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus," how solemn and tender will our spirits prove,—solemn as when He upbraided Capernaum, and tender as when he wept over Jerusalem! We shall be schooled to sobriety. We shall be stricken with seriousness. We shall dwell in love. The evils around us will be seen of more tremendous magnitude. The means of counteraction will rise in interest and grandeur. Our position will stand out with a more profound responsibility. We shall regard ourselves as set to stay the plague. From this moment we shall pass "the time of our sojourning here in fear." We shall reverence our "high calling." All will grow solemn around us, inviting meditation and demanding exertion. The temper of our minds will be embued with more earnest sentiment, but that sentiment will be found to deepen the channel of our peace. "Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning." If we learn to feel more agonisingly for the salvation of the world, if new images of dread throng our mind, if "the troubles of our heart be enlarged,"—it will be our consolation to know that, in believing the misery of the world to be most extreme, we bear with us a remedy most perfectly adequate; and that such is the compensative genius of our religion, that we can form no conception painful because of its *truth,* without finding in that truth a delight which more than counterbalances whatever is *painful.* Our piety will take a firmer root. Our joy will be like His "who rejoiced in spirit." "The joy of the Lord will be our strength." If the truest use of life can give us self-respect,—if the noblest philanthropy can warm our hearts to a genial glow,—if going in and out in noblest offices of kindness, can redeem our course from littleness and vanity,—if the hope of "saving some," can wake any feeling like itself within us,—if our conjoint march with Providence and Prophecy can excite any sense of dignity, while the Almighty thus "calleth us unto his foot,"—then shall we not only "remember," but verify, "the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

MISSIONS,

VINDICATED AGAINST SOME POPULAR MISREPRESENTATIONS AND OBJECTIONS.

THE question of Christian attempts to make known the Gospel in all the earth, occupies a very different place in the public mind and in our passing history, from that which it formerly held. Some it has conciliated, others it has overawed. Statesmen do not, as at the first, invariably denounce our Missions, nor philosophers deride them, nor travellers deprecate them: they may, now and then, be mentioned without mercantile clamour and political alarm. Caricature is rarely tried upon them. Banter is not frequently indulged. Contempt has become more guarded, and calumny has learnt to impose a restraint upon itself. The invective and menace which once filled our Legislatures, our Tribunals, our Schools, our Marts,—which resounded in high debate, and were reverberated in public outcry,—which breathed through our organs of science and literature,—now are seldom heard. A secular reputation is even accorded to them. Though no sympathy is felt with their high authority and primary purport, yet their accidents recommend themselves. Their subserviency to *philosophy and letters,*—in arranging languages, whose names until of late had not been known; in obtaining information touching mythologies which had been screened from every curious eye, and fenced from every intrusive footstep; in marking with a more accurate geography the chart of rivers and oceans, cities and countries; in furnishing specimens of the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature; in collating facts which support the most stupendous systems and deductions;—Their favourable influence on *commerce,* offering security to person, and infusing integrity into barter; besides unfolding new fields and establishing fresh interchanges, by awakening the barbarian to his proper wants, and binding him into social institutions;—Their singular sublimity of *conception* and *design,* seizing upon the imagination and romance of the human mind, embodying what had been visionary as an ideal and baseless as a dream;—Their proofs and credentials of *success,* signalised in sumless peaceful trophies of civilization, in upright principles and softened manners:—These explicit results have raised the cause of Missions very high, and have adjudged to it a large share of general favour.

But we cannot closely examine the question before us, or the public mind in reference to it, without discovering the perpetual repetition of cavils, which it is only difficult to refute from their intangibleness. They work, however, a mischief. They should be disabused.

A slight allusion to some of these may have been introduced in previous animadversions: but it was in other connections, and for other ends.

It seems the opinion of not a few, that Christianity is a matter of *climate.* It is, in their thought, the best of religions for ourselves. For its safety, and even its extension, in these latitudes, their wishes are loud and, perhaps, sincere. But they doubt whether a feeble, long oppressed, race could ever understand it. They question whether it has sufficient legend for a people who have been cradled in wild and powerful fancies. They suspect that it has not such a variety of ceremonies as can captivate those who feel the importance and charm of nothing else. Withal, its morals may be too rigid, and its restraints too irksome. They even rise in their objection. To them it does not seem incredible that the religions of the Pagan world should possess somewhat of a divine sanction, and of a salutary tendency. The Gentoo has some power of judgment, and he believes his Shastre true. The Musselmaun might justify his faith, and claim honour to it, as the barrier and outguard between Christendom and Idolatry. The controversy which such objections raise is simple. Is Christianity what it professes to be? Then it is exclusive. The language of Jehovah concerning any other God, may he adopted by it concerning any other religion: "I know not any." What must be their ideas of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," who can bring it into comparison with the basest mixtures of falsehood, debauchery, and superstition! We can deign but one refutation: "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" "Will ye plead for Baal? will ye save him?"

The difficulty entertained by many in respect to Missions, is, the *right* of our procedure. It is not to them a conscious doubt whether Christianity be the one religion of heaven: they stagger at the boldness of interfering with others. They see nothing like a provision for continuing what Apostles begun. They conclude that the condition of the Heathen is suffered in some sense of covert approval, or under some interdict against external proselytising inroads. The attempt is deemed by them unsupported by any clear authority and undictated by any distinct indication. This *right* we should be able to establish in ordinary intellectual law, if we could not plant it on more peremptory ground. We find every where the same creature, capable of thinking alike on the same theme. Then, if this be so, man surely has a right to reason with his fellow. This is all we ask. The claims, the obligations, the sanctions, of the Gospel are only submitted to his reason by us. They are no more in our mouths than our arguments and persuasions. But we feel most impressively our duty. The yearnings of religion within us constrain us not "to seek our own, but every man another's wealth!" The prediction of our religion is, that it shall be "preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and *then* shall the end come:" implying the continuance of this *preaching*. If we be urged to recite the mandate for this, there is "precept upon precept." Who, indeed, is released from the task? "Let him that *heareth*, say, Come!" We plead our right to act upon this self-evident principle. Its arduousness is supposed by it. We shall be hated of all men. We must cast down strongholds. Nor do we conceal that a censure, keen and branding, is conveyed by our conduct, and is raised by our principles, against all who refuse their aid. The implication cannot be escaped. For our concurrence is, according to our judgment, but our "professed subjection unto the Gospel of Christ." We see in it nothing gratuitous or discretionary. It is not understood by us how any follower of the Saviour *can* decline. "Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the flocks?"

The particular *position* of our missionary efforts has been felt a stumbling-block, and raised as a subject of suspicion, in our progress. The persons, to whom we allude, contend that from a centre all should be equally cultivated; that Christianity should conquer and assimilate every thing that, at the nearest point of contact, resists it; that it should gradually widen its circumference, but always in an equal radius. Their favourite quotation is one, the universal purport of which they seem but faintly to conceive,—"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, *until* ye be endued with power from on high." Yet surely, if they intend by it long quiet and limitation,—the restriction of the Church from all foreign labour,—they might be contented with our no very violent infractions of the law. But how was it expounded by the earlier teachers of our faith, or rather, how were they compelled to expound it? They tarried not at that city. They never doubtingly enquired, "Who is my neighbour?" "As they had opportunity," as there was "set before them an open door," "as the Spirit gave them utterance," they founded church after church, in many a devious line and intersected course. The exertions to spread the Gospel at home and in distant lands have generally been simultaneous and co-operative. But when Christianity was firmly established in any region, then the Apostles went elsewhere, "that they who had not heard should understand." We ask, Was Christianity as fully extended and as safely founded in any country which they visited, as among these islands of the sea? Would they have thought that our state of things demanded their further settlement among us? Would they not, in any similar case, have felt themselves required to undertake other missions? Would not Paul have said, "Having no more place in these parts?" We may justify our selection of the fields of labour by "the pillar of cloud." Lots were not cast,—even reasoning could not be always pursued,—the Finger of God pointed our way, and often led us "by a way that we knew not."

A slur has been thrown, ever and anon, on the *fidelity* of those accounts which reach us from distant lands, accounts which cheer our hearts and fortify our efforts. Now let us concede, at once, the possibility and likelihood of a warmer colouring than staider truth admits. With unimpeachable sincerity, the missionary may have anxiously striven to convey to others his own impression of the scene within which he is placed. That was no less than his duty to attempt; and it only was so far partial, as every view and feeling necessarily is, which is transmitted through the medium of our purest self-love. We cannot act more candidly in respect of these reports, than to leave them altogether out of our judgment. Be they all forgotten then,—how stands the case? We will gather the suffrages of our enemies. These will "show what manner of entering in" we have obtained unto countries that seemed hopelessly inaccessible. Navigators, confessedly ignorant and careless of religion, have borne to us the most unsuspicious narrative of peaceful habits and holy rites, surprising them in isles whither storms had driven them. There they kept their own, all but forgotten, Sabbath. There they bowed in shame and admiration before savages who had embraced Christianity with the Christian name. Had the *Crimea* been the fulcrum of no moral enginery, its Missionary family had not been proscribed and expelled. Had *Milne* and *Morrison* only failed in their undertaking, the Imperial edicts would not have been thundered from *Pekin.* These facts are weighty in their evidence. They lead us into the very camp of our foe. We overhear the dialogue which reveals even the dreams which haunt them. Inly they shrink and faint. "Their Rock has sold them." It is "the day of Midian." "There is a very great trembling." It is upon this ground we erect our demonstration. And now we may say one word in vindication of our Missionaries. We have always found, upon careful revision, that their statements wear a modest reserve. The truth of the case, which we have supposed for the purpose of concession, we utterly deny. "The good news from far countries" has been confirmed on authorities always the most impartial, often the most hostile. Could we "*see* the grace of God," we should for the first time behold the *unimaginable* reality. All that we *have* seen of its blessed effect has been taken out of its proper place and circumstances,—beautiful, but not as it would appear in its natural connection,—just as the fresco torn from its compartment, and the statue from its niche, brought into duller climes from the Arno and the Ilissus, not only bear the marks of their detachment, but want the sunny deep-blue skies, under which they were created, to elicit all their vividness and grace.

In this department of objection it would be improper to pass by the assertions which the *Roman Catholic propagandists* commonly make concerning Protestant Missions. Here we have no hesitation in expressing our admiration of that noble enthusiasm which so generally kindled through Papal Europe, which inspired not only the ascetic, but the poet, and artist, and warrior, when the

Vatican called to the rescue and extension of its dominion. The hermit and the stylites caught the flame. We have no invidious wish to remind ourselves that this was only of a recent date,—that the Syrian and Nestorian churches, the true pioneers of Missions, were denounced by it in olden time,—that the Augustine Monk of Wittemberg had already struck his fatal blow. But we must deny that this church has any fair claim to perpetual missions as the effulgent note of its divinity. Through many periods it has been inanimate and supine. With consummate art, too, rather than with holy zeal, has it often seemed to abet this form of zeal, to disperse the more active spirits which threatened it disservice. It has, however, strongly chided us for our apathy. We will endeavour to profit thereby. We have been too remiss and sluggard. Let us not recount excuses. Let us not say that had we been persecuted less, we might have accomplished more. But is it just, now when our Missions are receiving large support and taking honourable range,—when their envoys have immortalised themselves, even in the estimate of the world, by the fame of their philology and benevolence,—when their converts may be told by churches and settlements,—when their monuments stand thick and glittering on almost every shore,—when senators have declared the results, and great municipalities have been proud to pay their tributes,—when every detail as well as principle has been agitated by discussion, and sifted by enquiry,—is it just that all should be blighted by a sneer? Milner lived long enough to learn, if he would learn: he might "have heard something of our doings."* The name of the

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* See his "End of Controversy," 5th Edit. p. 228.

Author of "Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion," is entitled to high respect. Let all praise be given to the Scholar, the Linguist, the Philosopher, and, in some respects, the admirable Biblist. But when he, in the blindness of controversy, speaks of his Communion as alone successful in evangelising the natives of India and China,—when, in every tone of contemning disparagement, he tells us how we have drivelled on without a convert, or only some one or two Pariahs, scorned and spurned of all,—we may cite a witness of, at least, a co-ordinate authority to the disproof. An Abbé of that Communion spent more than twenty years in the country of the Mysore. He confesses that he totally failed of his object. He gives of those who had been received into his church a most disgusting picture. He shows a series of defeats, or of consequences far worse, from the days of Xavier unto his own. The declamations of a *Wiseman* may surely be tried by the personal observation and experience of a *Dubois*.

One prerogative of Papal boast we do disclaim: the right and power of converting nations. The zeal of that church, however great, is not quite so inceptive as it pretends. Its cruel sarcasm compels us to rejoin. Only when the Albigenses and the Cathari refused its proud demands, did the Friars of Dominic and Francis leave the cell for active and roving labour. When the Reformation shook it to its centre, and shattered its noblest defences, then only sprung up its suspicious sympathy for the Pagan world. Until that event, it rather mixed itself with court intrigue. It had held kings as its feudatories and vassals. Another course was forced upon it. Then Loyola was accredited. An army of new emissaries, with the appropriate headship of a *general,* was embodied. It soon became an honoured chivalry, a knightly order, its humble insignia more coveted than the princely coat, and its treasures more ample than an imperial revenue. Unlike the onsets of the Oriflamme, it surceased from pageantry and muster, it took a silent course, it sought not the field but the ambuscade, it possessed itself of every influence without exposing its ascendancy, it filled the chairs of education and the cabinets of state in a disguise which few eyes could pierce. It was an impenetrable omnipresence. India and South America were brought under its influence. And now it reported that nations were converted at once: that,—what it asserted Apostles had done before it, or rather in it,—whole communities embraced the faith. This wants a closer examination. Did the first disciples proselytise any one people? Did they leave any kingdom so professed that it was without its admixture of Heathen? Until three centuries had expired, was not every government opposed? But now let us test the assumed facts. What nations have been thus converted? England in her former times, Ireland in those more recent? This vast Superstition did indeed corrupt their Christianity, long possessed by them before its spoliations were known. It tempted kings to resign their kingdoms and their subjects to its sway. It brought the lying fable, and urged the cruel dragonade. Territories were parcelled out for it, and populations were impounded, and this they called conversion! So Belgium was tortured and crushed beneath its yoke. It loves to find any remnant of a purer age, to obstuprate its simplicity and pervert its truth. Does it think of its more immediate and independent conquests? Its glorying is void. We have no wish to disparage the impulse which sent forth into foreign lands the lettered, the self-denying, the zealous, Jesuit. But will he ever boast the triumph of California and the glory of Paraguay? Was it by faith that he subdued kingdoms? India was also another, though not his exclusive, field. Could the dungeons of Goa tell their history of fiendish cruelty! If these be the means, we shall never possess the argument of national conversions. Our Missionaries march under the banner of no Inquisition. Our Missionaries, when they die, see corruption; and from their relics there breathe no rich perfumes, nor arise any edifying miracles. No splendid mausoleum enshrines their ashes, covered with sculptured devices and glittering with ever-burning lamps. No pomp marshals their death nor towers upon their grave. Palmer and votary pay no worship there. It suffices that a simple mound attests their lowly bed, and if a flower be planted upon it, it is all the ornament which it would boast. It is their memory that is sweet. It is their usefulness which is monumental. Who but reveres the martyr, however fanatical his cause? We honour the heroic men who, thinking they did God service,—that Rome was the mother and mistress of churches,—laid down a willing neck, and even with a rapture implored the stroke. But what was the common charge under which they were put to death? This ambition to convert nations! It carried its votaries into stratagem and plot. There was a constant soldiership of influence. The foot moved with a stealthy pace. All was chastised into wariness and wile. Jealousy was awakened. China and Tonkin felt alarm. These enthusiasts were persecuted to save the helm at which they snatched. They were hurled down the high places to which they aspired.—Nor are we prepared, in any soberness, to expect the present conversion of nations. That would be valueless to us, in this question of Missionary principle, save as it denoted the regeneration of each individual of whom they consisted. From the preaching of Apostles, from our own experience, can this be anticipated? "God hath visited the Gentiles to take out of them a people." The truly spiritual change, which only can satisfy us and complete our purpose, has never advanced in that progression. That it shall, we, so far from denying, strenuously believe, we ardently hail,—but that sure word, which inspires the confidence, as plainly unveils that this is not the season of its fulfilment. Still let us seek it! Zeal kindled by prophecy often becomes the event! "Thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not Thee shall run unto Thee!"

We are aware that an objection, of a plausible character, may be extracted from the *scanty number* of the converts which the most sanguine of our modern Missions compute. Whether this be not a pledge of integrity, we pause not now to ask. Whether this paucity be not better than the multitude dazzled by show and coerced by violence, we cannot stoop to enquire. We have no magic by which to multiply the Christian name. We have no terrors of torture, no thunders of superstition, to force and hoodwink the conscience. Let the fact be understood. Communicants, attendants, scholars, are not to be rated at all according to what that amount would be among ourselves. Some thousands may surely satisfy us. We look beyond the immediate statistics. Here is much for reversion and transmission. A native missionary, a native church, possesses a value that surpasses all numerical account. It is not the kindling of a new star in the galaxy, but in the firmament's darkest waste. "*One* chases a thousand, and *two* put ten thousand to flight." "The little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." The stock is in the ground. The church "is sown in the earth." "Despise not the day of small things." The increase is sure. Every day, religious ideas and distinctions find entrance into the public mind. Youth, while its heart is tender, yields to the discipline of truth. Checks are established upon inanity and vice. The Press gives permanence to the forms of instruction. Each death of the aged subtracts from the mass of prejudice and resistance. The idols, when once thrown to the moles and the bats, will never be restored. And yet the present converts may be but "as a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains." They may be "the fewest of all people." But we see in them a work of God which always seeks enlargement, and promises to multiply itself: these are "a kind of first-fruits of His creatures."

Another sophism, devised against the employment of Missionary means, involves a question of *prophecy*. It is contended that heavy judgments impend over certain nations, and that these preclude their conversion. We may premise that Divine prediction, as well as the purpose which forms and directs it, is not the rule of duty. But let the utmost be enforced of these dread denouncements. "Cursed be *Canaan;* a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." "And *Ishmael* will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." "*Egypt* shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations." "I will make thee, O *Tyre*, like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more." With the political complexion of these prophecies, we are not now called to intermeddle. The question is, Do they leave any religious ban and rejection? Any disqualification which cuts off their subjects hopelessly from mercy? The answer is decisive. Christianity repeals all curses. The Saviour "came not to condemn the world, but to save it." "All nations shall be blessed in Him." By His Gospel this blessedness is vouchsafed. Preach it to every nation, kindred, tongue, tribe,—preach it to every creature,—and "the fulness of the blessing" shall be proved by all. The woman of *Canaan* manifested greater faith than could be found in all Israel. The wandering *Arab* is not banished from the grace of the Saviour: "Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit!" "Princes shall come out of *Egypt; Ethiopia* shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." "The daughter of *Tyre* shall be there with a gift." The proscription of the *Jews* is not from salvation: "That," said Paul, "I might save some of them." There is not the soul under the whole heaven toward whom God hath shut up His tender mercies!

It behoves us more especially to consider, with nice distinction, what that judgment is which at present rests upon the Jews. Of their political disfranchisement, of their national exile, there can be no need of proof.

They are "scattered and peeled." That "casting away" does not admit of revocation. We hold it to be final. While a punishment, it is for the universal good. The proselyte to Christianity can scarcely feel it to be any punishment at all. The more serious problem is, Whether there be a spiritual judgment upon that people? a blinding and hardening process perpetually acting upon their minds? This is by general opinion assumed. That once it existed, we cannot doubt. It began in the days of our Lord. It was supposed by the Apostles. It was never more than partial. "*Beginning* at Jerusalem," was the last direction of the ascending Redeemer: "Unto you *first*," was the earliest appeal of His disciples to their countrymen. But though more formally denounced in after times, it is never described as irremediable. Converts were gathered from them continually. It is remarkable that the one threatening recorded by Isaiah, is applied by the Saviour and his inspired Evangelists. The Apostle of the Gentiles also makes use of it. *Is it in force, or has it expired?* The question is answered by its express limitation. "Then," exclaims the prophet, "then, said I, Lord, how long? And He answered, *Until* the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate, and the Lord have removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land."* Religious judgment continued, with many an illustrious exception, so long as secular retribution was suspended: when the latter fell, the former was remitted. The Jew and the Gentile are from that moment placed on equal ground. "If they abide not in unbelief, they shall be grafted in."

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* Chap. vi. 9—12.

The obstinacy of the Hebrew mind, the inveteracy of its prejudice, its wilful withdrawment from all the means of conviction and relenting, belong to another question: these form a "veil" sufficiently thick and impenetrable. They adequately account for the national unbelief. They are moral causes producing their like effects. The judicial veil *is* done away in Christ. This, the obscuring power of wicked disposition, *may* also be done away. It shall be taken away immediately from their heart, when "it shall turn to the Lord." This "blindness," then, is not struck on them; it is the result of evil principle and exasperating circumstance: it has but "happened to them," and that only "in part." It shall be destroyed by their contemplation of the converted Heathen: it awaits simply, "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in." The Gospel is, therefore, as true of this nation, as applicable to its case, as potential towards its conversion, as it is among us "sinners of the Gentiles." Their proscription under any decretive mark and malison is purely imaginary: *whatever that was,* it ceased immediately that their city was overthrown, and they were driven from their country. The spiritual judgment, in short, is in inverse order to their political demolition.

The Missionary *Character* has even been employed to curtail and dispirit our plans. It is difficult to describe its noble configuration of excellences in too vivid features. But there is a danger of the flattering distortion. It may be painted in superhuman bearing. Against this error the Apostle of the Gentiles strictly guarded himself and solemnly warned all: "Was Paul crucified for you?" "Lest any man should think of me above that he seeth me to be, or that he heareth of me."

"That ye might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written." Accordingly we find, in "that which is written," nothing that borders on exaggeration. The first Missionaries of the Cross "suffered cold and nakedness," but it was *suffering:* they felt the smart of stripes, and relief when the stripes were washed: receiving meat, they were strengthened: gathering a bundle of sticks, they were restored by the cheerful warmth: their hearts could break: they had no rest in their spirit when disappointed of finding their brethren: they waited to see how it would go with them: bereavement plunged them into sorrow upon sorrow: excited by the delights of Christian friendship and its interviews, they thanked God and took courage. In forgetting this, many have practised a deception upon themselves. They have placed the Missionary aloft, above all natural sympathies and earthly attachments. They have "chosen him out of all the choice of Israel." The character was rare. It was a marvel of greatness. What was the effect of these representations? The modest were discouraged: the slothful obtained release. Who has not regretted a certain style of fulsome panegyric in which this servant of Christ has been arrayed? Who has so abhorred it as himself? He knows its falsehood. He knows that he should not aim at such an ethereal perfection. He disclaims the anchoret. To no human passion would he be dead. Does he "say unto his father and to his mother, I have not seen them?" Does he not "acknowledge his brethren, nor know his own children?" He goes forth girded with human ties. He is made what he is, because he "hath infirmity." He must neither be more nor less than man. His endowments, indeed, cannot be too great,—there will be scope for all! but those which are humbler, sanctified in their exercise, shall not be inefficient. There is an extent and a variety of talent among us,—perhaps not far short of the requirement,—for all the departments of this ministry. Wish we then to lower the general sense of its qualifications? Far be from us the thought! The real qualfications we would exalt. But happy would it be, were the gloss of fancy stripped from them. Missionaries are continually wanted. Why should not ability for the pastorate at home justify their appointment? The standard should be high, to excite emulation: it should not be imaginary, to discourage humility.

And truly the Theory, and the proper operation, of Missions are strictly *sober*. Exaggeration is abhorrent from them. They live in a perfect simplicity. They must, indeed, always touch those relations of moral being which are fearfully sublime. They are really great. But we only recede from their due appreciation when we surround them with imposing and inflated statements. Many of these may be undeniable in themselves, but then they are of a nature not to convince. They are not the paradox when properly considered, but they have all its startling effect. They generally confound by their unqualified violence, or revolt by their harsh abruptness. We in the advocacy of this cause want nothing in extreme. We can lend it no recommendation. If there be any majesty in our argument, we but catch and express its own. It may, then, be a friendly counsel to those who plead it, not to seek any merely sounding, intemperate, constrained, urgency; not to substitute forcible declamation for the true persuasiveness; not to suppose that high-wrought ebullition is nearer the quality of the theme than a calmer zeal; not to deal in crude calculations which always leave behind them a dissatisfied and incredulous feeling. It is a rhetorical mismanagement of the subject, to call it nothing worse. But Missions are not to be blamed for this indiscretion of their friends.

The *Versions* of the Sacred Volume, by our Missionaries, into the languages of the people among whom they reside, have been stigmatised as most hasty and incorrect. Here is a large sphere for disquisition and criticism. It seems evident, at least, that there was no unnecessary delay in giving the standard of all truth, or rather the Truth itself. Some of these translators were, it is confessed, unlettered men, who could only render into those dialects, not from the divine originals, but from their own. The case of translations in general should, however, be considered. The most perfect have become so after great labour. The System which recognises none other than the Vulgate, has little ground of boast and less right of objection. Wickliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and others, prepared the materials for our present English Bible. Is every Version to be despised, or to be detained for secret elaboration, until the last possible or desirable recensus be given to it? We have higher example still. It would seem that our Lord and his disciples often quoted from a translation. Now, to speak in the most forbearing terms, the Septuagint is by no means faultless. If it be, then it follows that the Hebrew text has become corrupt, an inference as truly frightful as it is palpably absurd. These modern traductors have done their best. They constantly lend themselves to the task of emendation. They invite remark: they pledge correction. They have wrought wonders in tongues which had no written character, nor collected grammar, nor sacred susceptibility. But it is only in a few scattered instances we offer such excuse. Serampore, Canton, Malacca, may plead their own merits. The learned of India and China pore over every page and every word. Where the most opposite idioms, simple and periphrasistic, might have been equally taken, the praise of taste is awarded, as well as the honour of fidelity adjudged.

No light objection has been raised, in later years, to the work of Missions, on account of a supposed disproportion of attention they receive, to the disparagement of our *patriotic efforts*. This at first seems a serious miscalculation, a wrong to that sobriety of judgment which weighs every thing in an equal balance, and assigns to it an equitable due. Some County association, some Home itinerancy, complain that thousands are only received by them, when hundreds of thousands are devoted to foreign labour. Does not this seem a false and spurious generosity, a repetition of the infidel vice which spurns the few for the many, the near for the remote? Has not our country the first, at least the equal, claim? The reply,—which by no means admits that enough is done for home,—is not difficult, and wants support from no exaggeration. What are the respective areas or populations? Take the representation of these islands on any map: how small the space of distant missionary countries will it overlay! Then, be it recollected that superstitious and ignorant as may be many of our fellow-countrymen,—which facts we are by no means disposed to extenuate,—none can be found among them so superstitious and ignorant as the most enlightened Pagan must necessarily be. But the objection proceeds on data altogether false. It supposes that certain sums, specific and direct, are all which are spent in native evangelization. What is the truth of the whole case? Within a few years there has been a legislative grant of a million and a half sterling, for the erection of religious edifices. If such an expenditure must be disowned in such a question,—if it be an item that we must reject,—let our attention confine itself to voluntary contribution. The disbursement in Christian temples, in colleges, in schools, has reached no stinted measure. Our regards have not been expatriated.—Yet, after all, the case is not thoroughly educed. Survey the apparatus of worship and instruction set up through the length and breadth of the land. Listen to the Sabbath-call. Enumerate the pastors and the assemblies. Follow every species of agency. Be just. Throughout the Heathen world there is not a tithe of missionaries to the thousands of ministers included in our shores. Or, sum up the costs: give each of these ministers the humblest pittance, expend upon each of these sanctuaries the meanest endowment, and there swells an amount which leaves a comparative trifle in the Missionary fund! And should consistency, in this dispute, need any vindication, let us demand whether the friend and supporter of Missions proper, is not invariably proved the champion of his country's claims, their honest expounder, their liberal supporter, and, if needs be, their generous martyr? But these replies might be strengthened by the easy exhibition of certain advantages which have been reflected back upon us. Those distant operations have reinforced our domestic power. It has been like the disposition of the Homeric heroes, the bravest have been placed in the very front and in the farthest rear!

It is the amiable desire of some, that Christianity should acquire a greater *unity* in the British Churches, ere they impart it to the Heathen. To these it appears that only can it now be presented in a torn and mutilated state. We might remind them that an elaborate unity has seldom been substantiated. The best of men, who have come together to establish between themselves terms of agreement and bases of coalition, have singularly disappointed others and themselves. But it may be more pertinent to remark, that, had this objection prevailed with the first Missionaries, Christianity would never have passed the most narrow limits. Were there, at that time, no *party names?* Sometimes these were so unworthy, that Apostles were compelled "in a figure to transfer them to themselves," that the leaders might be spared the public contempt. Were there no *differing sects?* "For there must also be sects among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Were there no *factious disputes?* "Whereas there is among you envying and strife and divisions; are ye not carnal, and walk as men?" Were there no *malevolent feelings?* "The one preach Christ of contention, supposing to add affliction to my bonds." Were there no *varying forms?* "How is it then, brethren? when ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath an interpretation,—let all things be done unto edifying." It is by exertion to spread the Gospel, that we shall learn to imbibe its spirit; and nothing will tend so greatly to unite us as our co-operation in a common cause.—And if it be supposed that differences of opinion and rite will much discredit us in the eyes of the Heathen, our missionaries generally report, that this is not felt to be a practical difficulty, nor is made a pretext by any for disregarding their instructions. To those, moreover, who, though now they are at ease concerning far-separated Missions, dread their eventual approach and collision, we might offer the solace, that at the juxtaposition no shock need be apprehended,—that not foemen will then meet, but brethren,—that, resembling converging nations, distinctions will have naturally yielded without any retention of their jealousies or confusion of their bounds.

There is an objection, also, of a *speculative* nature, to which we may just advert, without entangling it in polemical differences. We mean that doubt which occurs to certain minds, whether the Gospel be a system of moral rule and free favour to all,—whether it be based on a universal sufficiency of provision, and stamped with a universal character of appeal. For a friend of Missions to hesitate, in the avowal of his sentiments on such a question, indeed were strange. Could he for a moment doubt, that the Atonement was adequate for every consequence of all existing, all possible, sin,—could he feel misgiving as to its simple availableness on the most enlarged probation of its virtue,—could he fear that it would fail to expiate the world, should the world seek its expiation,—Missions would be to him a succession of chilling embarrassments. The rationale can only be in Sacrifice for every sinful child of man. We dare not set a price upon that Blood. We dare not, for the sake of any hypothesis, quibble with the words of the Holy Ghost. We advance high our Labarum, we dispread it streaming to the wind, and we will that its legend be read by all: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the *sin of the world!*" We not the less believe that the Gospel, living in the perfection and illimitableness of the Atonement, is adapted to every variety, is efficient for every exigence, of man. What must be his emotions who trembles, amidst every warmer expression, lest he should exceed his powers, and ever falters with a self-distrust. How different *his*, who possesses the true catholicon, and, therefore, is "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ!" He sees in it the contrast and cure of every evil,—marking the evil only to declare its remedy,—revealing it only to destroy it,—as in lands where lurks each venomed reptile, healing plants abound contiguous and luxuriant, apparently importuning the victim to try their virtue by a very resemblance to the reptiles themselves,—their distended calix, their forked pistil, their mottled stem.

That many should dread the continued and augmenting demands of *pecuniary aid,* is not unintelligible when we remember that there are myriads of professing Christians among us who "lift up their soul to the vanity" of wealth. They are alarmed "whereunto this will grow." They are like cowards on the battle-field, frightened with their own success: dismayed by the flapping of their own banners when garlanded with victory, and by the clangor of their own trumpets when ringing with triumph. Assuredly times are approaching which will try them. "Merchandise and hire shall be holiness to the Lord." They will be left behind, turned into pillars of reproach and wrath. Such avarice will become a byeword and proverb. Another order of things shall have commenced. The hoard will then burst its hiding-place. The treasures of darkness will seek the day. "Beyond their power" will men communicate: they will "pray with much entreaty for the reception of the gift." Nor let us deem that they will make their sordid excuses and reservations then. Long after the point of inconvenience and self-denial, will they pour in their offerings. Superfluity and luxury will be ashamed of their indulgence. Then shall we see what may redeem the grossness and snare of our wealth, and to what high uses the riches of this earth may be applied. Where are they who loved their gold better than the Saviour? They would found a family, they would consolidate a property, they would establish a name. Where are they? They have lost their own soul! Their seed is begging bread! Their memory is blotted out! You shall diligently consider their place, and it shall not be! Strangers spoil their labour! All was a pageant, rapid in procession, and that but the pageant of a dream. "Their root is as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust." Can we wonder, that the blessing so long implored, so earnestly awaited, is withheld? Can we but be discredited by the toleration of the miser in the Christian garb? Can we, while we suffer this sin in him, be otherwise treated than as sympathising with it? Will not Jehovah say: "My mind cannot be toward this people?"

Nothing, perhaps, has more depressed the minds of those who look cautiously upon Missionary operations, than the *slowness* of their progress. If a few millions of Bibles be so difficult and costly to propagate; if Missions, not half a century old, have struggled so hard to accomplish their very limited effects; when shall every man sit with the Holy Volume beneath his vine and fig-tree? When shall the ends of the earth see the salvation of our God? Were we only looking to the apparatus, and to this progression of it, we should fold our arms in despair. We, however, have reason to believe that the ratios shall be transcendently enlarged and accelerated. The Church is but beginning to feel its strength and to handle its weapons. It is but waxing in spirit. There are ordained for it glorious things. These shall be suddenly manifested. The ordinary course of time, the common operation of causes, will be outstripped. The shadow of the dial shall be propelled. "The plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt." "He shall finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth."*

It were, indeed, a discouragement to Missions most oppressive,—necessarily changing, if even they could for another moment be pursued, their whole character and only motive,—did the present Dispensation assume a *judicial* and *punitive* aspect. It might seem a solecism to preach "the glad tidings" for the purpose of accusation and infliction. The Name above every name would be, then, a misnomer. It must require a law, equal to the repeal of the Gospel, so entirely to transform its object. Did it thus frown as a witness against the nations, did it thus upbraid and denounce them, turning but its edge of terror, looking out but to trouble,—what inducement would be left for its propagation? It is not denied that it might be charged upon us to proclaim this burden of the Lord, that a new commandment might form our duty, that an authoritative inversion might explain the change,—still, other difficulties would oppose themselves. It might be asked, Has the original Christianity anticipated this its altered constitution? Has it foreshadowed such a violent modification of its use and purport? Has it preintimated this estrangement from its genius, this self-inconsistency and self-contradiction? It *might* always incidently, and to some, be "for judgment," "the savour of death unto death,"—but has it declared from the beginning, that the time should come when this condition should be its design, this contingence should be its rule, this possible predicament should be its invariable issue? Was it not constituted of "things which must remain?" Was not the curse invoked on even "the angel from heaven, if he preached any other gospel?" It will not be doubted that, if it be only preached to heap up testimonies against those to whom it comes, this is a virtual abandonment of its blessed character. It is a reversal and a revolution. Yet let it be granted that all this has been superinduced,—what henceforth must be the missionary motive? No longer we hasten to loose the fetter but to rivet it, to heal the wound but to aggravate it. We are not ministers of peace, but of vengeance. We but carry the seven last plagues. We only protest against the world. But "God knoweth our frame." He draws us by "the cords of a man." He knows that this could never become a willing influence. Beneath some dread constraint, some heaven-sealed commission, man may be raised up to hurl the Divine denunciations. He has yielded, or, more properly, has not dared to disobey. The credentials, however, must then have been most strict, and the directions most special. The person must be denoted. The word of the Lord must come to him. Nothing must be left indeterminate. Can it, then, be imagined that they who have received the Gospel of the grace of God should suddenly so learn Christ, as simultaneously to declare that he will no more save sinners? That He is no more the Desire of nations? That the Door of the world's hope is for ever shut? Would this inspire the cheerful giver? Would this prompt the generous sacrifice? Would this fill the messenger with ardent, lofty, zeal? Where would be the multitude of the preachers? Or, let it be supposed that there was no alternative, that this stern duty was enforced, what would be the mourning of the Church? The host would march in funeral order,—sackcloth would be their banner, and despair their dirge.

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* May we hope to realise the beautiful language which Eusebius employs to describe the rapid progress of ancient Christianity? "Ουτω δητα ουρανιω δυναμει και συνεργιᾳ, αθροως οια τις ηλιου βολη, την συμπασαν οικουμενην ὁ σωτηριος καταυγαζει λογος."—Lib: ii. cap. 3.

It is as alien to the spirit of Christianity, to describe it as the prelude of *general judgments*. These may be reserved for the world, we may stand near to the period of their visitation, but it is no province of the Gospel to threaten and assign them. This is a view of unmixed pain. It connects simple mercy with terrible retributions. Why is the association attributed to it? On what does it even most supposititiously rest? As truly does the morning star marshal the midnight, or the rainbow forebode the storm.

Let us be true to the doctrine of Christ crucified. This only can be blessed to the regeneration of mankind. The glorious appearing of the Great God our Saviour, the Epiphany of his honour and final mediatorship, shall delight his saints and confound his enemies. "He shall be admired in all them that believe." "In flaming fire He shall take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." But what intimation is given us that these manifestations shall precede the millennial glory? By what refinement on ingenuity, on what hypothesis of fable, are we called to believe that these shall cause the salvation of mankind? Is the call, "Be ye reconciled to God!" to be thus superseded? Is the Cross to be supplanted by the Sign of the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven? It may be that "All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him:" but that array is no means of conversion. "Then cometh the end." "It is done." "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

We calmly await scenes of another character. The Paradise of earth! The Sabbatism of the ages! This may be a period of transition. We feel ourselves at the centre of a movement. But we are gliding into the æra of an excellent glory. "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest?"

To relieve the difficulty, insuperable in itself, of this tardy movement, sincerely pious persons have rushed to a conclusion which we must regret. They have supposed that a more *palpable manifestation* is necessary to convince the world. They have interpreted the reign of the Saviour into a dominion of external power and magnificence. This they have placed, not as consequent on the conversion of the world, but as its cause. The theory admits of many modifications. But serious objections lie against it. It abrogates the Gospel as the great instrument and object of faith. It draws men by the glorified, rather than the crucified, Jesus,—lifted up on a throne and not on a cross. Instead of carrying out the Christian scheme, it throws it back and reduces it. It makes the kingdom of Christ to "come with observation." It converts it into "a carnal ordinance." Miracle was appropriate to the first state of our religion: it would now be worse than gratuitous. Secular appendages were adapted to the former dispensation: they are estranged from this. Princely donatives and flatteries it may well distrust. It is not reasonable, in anticipating the onward triumph of Christianity, that we should expect the decline of its spiritualism into sense, or the decadence of its moral visions into the parade of metropolis, monarchy, and state. Does it not appear to the student of Divine Dispensation, that this is in a transposed series; that it is not advance but retrograde; that it is deterioration; that it is an anti-climax; that it is an abandonment of all that time and progression have wrought; that it is the surrender of a slowly acquired, but nobly won, maturity and consummation, for a most elementary and ill-developed existence?

There is to be always perceived in the Sacred Writings the strongest preference of moral means to physical phænomena in instruments of conviction. The mind is to be addressed according to its own laws. By the influence of His Spirit and the agency of His word, Christ has reigned eighteen hundred years in his Church: so long has he reigned, in Mediatorial right, over the earth. He has "received his kingdom." But what is this Kingship which yet is to commence? How is it to operate? What shall be its sway? If it be any departure from the promordial principles of His present rule,—if it be any accommodation to the taste, fashion, and ambition of the world,—if it bring it out more externally, by rendering it more like the kingdoms of men,—then can we raise no pæan of exultation to such a climax, we cannot rejoice in such a meridian,—the due order is inverted, and the true glory wanes!

We do not now often hear of that objection to Missions which a few years since was very common and influential,—that *Civilization* must precede Christianity. It was supposed to be founded in obvious reason that the mind of man should be somewhat enlarged and refined, ere it could embrace ideas so abstruse and pure. The opinion also took some colour from certain passages of Holy Writ. Many assumed it, as beyond all doubt, that a lever must be applied to elevate the savage, before religion could commence its task. In the mean time it was forgotten that "the poor have the gospel preached to them:" that "the common people heard the Messiah gladly:" that, instead of seeing disgrace in the fact, He imprinted this characteristic on the most undisguised front of his mission as the brightest signet of its divinity. It was forgotten that our Faith clothes itself in *events*, or, rather, is raised upon them: that, instead of abstractions, it tells of the Saviour's History, and then of easy inferences from it. It was forgotten that *doctrine* is nothing more than deduction from *fact*. What is there, in the most imbruted mind, that forbids its knowledge and impression of occurrence, either passing before it, or conveyed in narrative to it? What is there of peculiar fitness in the wise, corresponding to their superior erudition, for a better understanding of data which are to be detected in no fields of human discovery, which find no analogy in the universe, which existed only in the Infinite Mind, which but for immediate Revelation could never have been known? But forbearing remarks like these, it might always be replied,—Who are to civilise the roving tribe? Where are the men of light and love to attempt it? Who will lay the foundations of this incipient state? Who will cherish its nascent glory? Not the worldling,—for such a motive can have no entrance to his heart. Not the Christian,—for to restrain himself from communicating the knowledge of salvation, while he was teaching the humanising arts, would be like "a burning fire shut up in his bones;" he "would be weary with forbearing, and he could not stay."—The *truth* of the objection is utterly refuted. Christianity, in many instances, has destroyed it. It began with the rudest, persuaded him of its own truth and reality, and converted him into the creature of invention, polish, and law.—Though we trace the Apostles amidst the scenes of civilization and philosophy, (for they fearlessly propounded their claims before the tribunals of the strictest science and keenest research),—though we behold them multiplying accessions to the Church from Corinth and Ephesus, Athens and Rome,—yet must we follow them to more inhospitable regions and to coarser hordes. No stress is laid by us on the term Barbarian, because, in this contemptuous proscription, the Greek classed all but those of Hellenic descent.* But we may collect intimations sufficient to our purpose. Paul calls himself "a debtor to the unwise." He enjoins on all believers to "condescend to men of low estate." He declares, that in the regeneration of the heart there is no national distinction: "Barbarian, *Scythian, bond* nor free, but Christ is all, and *in all.*" When he preached "round about unto Illyricum," in that wide itinerary, what fiercer bands could he have encountered than among the swamps of Dacia and the mouths of the Danube? Shipwrecked on the rocks of Melita, he found himself among a "barbarous people," a phrase evidently used in the common sense. Can we believe that he only "healed" the diseases of the island, without preaching that Gospel for whose confirmation miracles could alone be wrought?† "Christ is preached among the barbarians."‡ The Getulæ, the Mauritanian, the Sarmatian, and the surrounding nations, early yielded to the truth. The Briton, wild and ferocious, bowed before the Cross: "the inhabitants of the rock sung: they shouted from the top of the mountains." It is with us no longer controversy. We cannot "destroy the work of God." That work in the South Seas, in Sierra Leone, in New Zealand,—among the Buriats, the Esquimaux, the Caffres, —has demonstrated it. There it shines as clearly as among ourselves. "God, which knoweth the hearts,

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* Herodotus. Terpsichore, 186.

† "Likewise, that whensoever God doth transcend the law of nature by miracles, which may ever seem as new creations, he never cometh to that point or pass, but in regard of the work of redemption, which is the greater, and whereto all God's signs and miracles do refer." —Lord Bacon's Confession of Faith.

‡ Tertullian. De Corona.

bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

Solicitous to avoid the *Baptismal question,*—we shall only observe that it has been contended that this rite has not been so freely administered in our Missions, as by the first Christians; and that it has not been sufficiently employed as a *means* in the conversion of the world. We cannot regret that such an objection has been raised. It is drawn from a course of conduct which yields us no mean delight. It proves that Missionary Christianity is truly spiritual. Whatever the exaggerated controversy of this Rite, it has not assimilated that Christianity to it.—Yet in meeting this allegation, we simply reply, that the caution of all parties in this instance is, at least, conclusive of their abstinence from a merely nominal proselytism,—that we believe there to be as close an imitation of the primitive model as different circumstances will allow,—and that very few members of our evangelic and orthodox bodies hold the ordinance to be a means of conversion, save as it symbolically teaches the Gospel,—but only a seal of the Divine covenant and the badge of the Christian profession.

MISSIONS,

ILLUSTRATED BY PROPHECY.

It will seem only proper and grateful, if God has "showed to his servants things which must be hereafter," that we should study these predictions with care: it is most desirable to do so, for a blessing is ensured to all who meekly and devoutly engage in this research.

The general deprecatory manner in which such studies are judged, and the general consequences which are alleged against them, involve all who are parties to this course in a guilt of fearful temerity and strange irreverence toward the Holy Volume. Who can be its student, and not a student of Prophecy?

Our attempt, at present, must be to give a little conspectus of those chief events which Prophecy embraces, and of those final results in which the present system of things is foretold to have its termination.

A few canons may be necessary to guide us to a sound interpretation.

The chief design of a Prophecy, though later than its smaller accomplishment, ought to be called its *primary* sense, the smaller its *inclusive: original* and *secondary* are most unfitting terms to express what is inferior however proximate, and what is principal however remote.

Frequently the prediction may employ *double images.* God thus often, in impressing the minds of men, discovered a two-fold emblem. The design is not to divert but to concentrate. "The dream is one."

A general *consistency* of *scope* must be expected where we think that there is a *prediction.* It is not enough that the passage appears like one. If it be a prediction, it will not, most probably, be set amidst perfect incongruities of text and connection.

The equal *intervals* of *time,* in the different Prophets, will very generally be found to relate to the same events. Such synchronisms often furnish the most invaluable assistance. They are notations to which we must carefully attend.

Prophecies should be collated and compared: "no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation," literally, not "of its own,"—that is, it is not to be judged of simply by itself.

No whole book of Prophecy can be decyphered by the *order* of events. We shall soon see the necessity of introducing the anticipative and retrocessive rules of exposition and application.

Whatever expresses the religious people and worship of the Dispensation under which a Prophecy is spoken, may denote those of another Dispensation, even when very different under which it is fulfilled.

Names of places, persons, and things, are employed to adumbrate such as are most remote, and perhaps contrary; but always with some one point or more to give a naturalness and fidelity to the allusion.

Very different events of prediction,—which obviously are distinguished from each other,—may yet intersect their respective paths and throw cross-lights over their several features.

It will be generally discovered, that individual men are not figures in the prophetic groups. Principles are personified; and where we seem to behold even the individual men themselves, they are introduced, not for their personal qualities, but to fix some epoch or illustrate some event.

As Prophecy is intended, when unfulfilled, to excite our hope, and when accomplished, to confirm our faith, —so will it be proper to decide, with the greatest diffidence, whether we can distinguish our own passing period and history reflected in it.

Nothing can so certainly establish the evangelical tenour of an Old Testament prediction, as its appropriation by the New. They are but one scheme of Prophecy.

The Apocalypse is divided into two parts: its visions conclude with the eleventh chapter: it then recapitulates them, only with stronger figures and in more expanded forms, until it ends.

Two great defections have taken place from Christian truth and purity. We believe that there is a dim representation of, at least, one of them in the earlier Prophets. But it is in the writings of Daniel that both are first made evident. His vision of the four Beasts is not only parallel to that of the partiform Colossus beheld by Nebuchadnezzar, but is an enlargement of it. For, from the fourth monster of the ten horns, we are led much farther into futurity than by the intimations of the legs of iron, and the feet of iron and of clay, on which the Image stood. We might expect a deeper insight, from the fact that these are not compound lifeless materials, but animal *beings,* that they are multiplied into separate existences, that they are instinct with sentience and voluntary action, and that they are subsequent to the other type. In the midst of those ten horns, there arises "another *little horn.*" It need scarcely be said that this is the emblem of power. It "speaks great things." "It wears out the saints of the Most High." "It thinks to change times and laws." "In it are eyes like the eyes of man." We are now constrained to enquire, When was this fulfilled? But, turning to the Apocalypse, we find the same hieroglyphic carried on; and, therefore, we infer, that when the former book was sealed, the fulfilment was still to occur. But here, too, is an augmentation. The Beast combines the leopard, the lion, and the bear; and it stands in individuality of form. Instead of the little horn germinating from the rest, a new beast is added, having "two horns like a lamb, and speaking as a dragon." The idolatry of the first, which had received so fatal a blow, is restored by the second. It was but a syncope and swoon. "The deadly wound is healed." "It exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him." Here is described to us a portentous power growing out of Pagan Rome. Within the precincts of the seven-hilled city we must find it still.

In strict identity of figure, reverting to the prophecies of Daniel, we see the Ram with its lofty horns, the Medo-Persic empire, pierced and borne down and trampled upon by the Macedonian He-goat. The four divisions of the Macedonian power, so rapid in its extension that it "touched not the ground," are marked by "the notable ones." "Out of one of them came forth a *little horn.*" We must immediately infer that this was a power similar to that which sprung from the *fourth* beast. Mohammedanism is an apostacy from Christianity. The description corresponds with historic fact. "It waxed exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land." We know how suddenly it planted itself in Syria, Persia, Egypt, and Palestine. Its incursions were most cruel against the Christian Church,—against its pastors, "the stars of heaven,"—against its ordinances, "the daily service and the place of the sanctuary,"—and against the Messiah, "Prince of the host." "It cast down the truth to the ground." We have its interpretation in another cast of symbols. The little horn is "a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences." What can so truly denote that cruel superstition, that spiritual despotism? The only ground, on which this could ever have been applied to Antiochus Epiphanes, seems to be the difficulty of the great space of time from the death of Alexander to the conquests of Mohammed. But the vision expressly allows for this: "in the *latter time* of their kingdom," that is, of "the notable ones," or the partitions of the Macedonian empire. Until this time those divisions continued distinct, though not under lineal descendants of Seleuchus, Lysimachus, Cassander, and Ptolemy. And now turning to the Revelation of John, this Apostacy comes thundering on our ear as a Judicial Woe. The fifth angel sounds. The bottomless pit is unlocked, and there bursts forth its dark and pestilential smoke. From that lurid gloom issues the swarm of locusts, not only with their natural power to consume, but with the added cruelty of the scorpion to sting. How appropriate is the picture! In what ignorance does this Delusion originate! What a flight it took! What a multitude it gathered!

What a desolation it spread! What a wretchedness it struck to the heart of the fairest provinces and the noblest tribes!

During the prevalence of the Politico-religious Dominations thus signified,—both of them obscure and silent in their origin, both diverse from every other form of power, both arrogant and ambitious, both cruel and persecuting, both delighting in mystery, both for a time ascendant,—the faithful are described as little known or nearly destroyed. The Church flees to the fastnesses of the desert. The Two Witnesses ("the testimony of two men is true"*) denote the small but perfect testimony which has been always somewhere borne against these great defections. By their faithfulness "they tormented them that dwelt on the earth." They are slain, their remains lie dishonoured and exposed,—but being *unburied*, their bodies still testify, until Divine power restores their life, and gives them a glorious elevation.

This links itself with certain analogous computations. Having observed the storied Obelisk of Prophecy, let us study its Calendar. The interval of time for the continuance of these Defections is noted with an invariable precision. In the Book of Daniel it is twice specified as "a time, and times, and the dividing of time," or a half. In the Final Prophecy of Scripture, we read that the "Holy City shall be trodden under foot by the Gentiles forty and two months." The Witnesses "prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth." The rule is, "I have appointed thee each day for a year."† The "time" is a solar year: "times," two years: "the dividing of time," half a year: exactly

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* John viii. 17. † Ezek. iv. 6.

1260 days. Forty-two months, of course lunar, give the same amount of days. That amount, in the last quotation, is explicitly declared. All these enumerations tally. We are, then, encouraged, by the simultaneous downfall of these corruptions of Christianity, to enquire into the date of their rise. Whence may we reckon it? The Hegira is variously fixed: perhaps it may be the year of the Advent 622. But this being commemorative of the Impostor's flight, and only fourteen years after he had announced his mission, the foundation of his system must be placed considerably later. The erection of the Popedom into a secular polity was very nearly coeval. We should, in both cases, not endeavour to seize the earliest germ, but wait for a distinct evolution. It is to "be revealed." What if,—it is scarcely conjecture, barely enquiry,—"the number of the man," that mystic Cypher χξϛ, 666, gave the æra of which we are in search? They shall both be annihilated, and that together. Already we see the harbinger of decay: the symptoms of lassitude and decline. Rome boweth down! Mecca stoopeth! The anathemas of the Vatican have lost their terror. The legends of the Kaaba no longer awe. How their end shall come, we can only imperfectly infer. We fondly cling to the hope that it may come by their abandonment on the conviction of their adherents. For we are told that the one, "shall be broken without hand;" and that the other, "the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming." As they are to cease long before "He shall appear the second time," are not these terms expressive of the power of his Word and the illuminations of his Spirit?

A period of great religious success and purity is to follow. It is to be a Millennium. "Satan shall be bound a thousand years." We must leave unsettled the arithmetic of this prophetic sum. We have seen how to calculate the *day* and the *month;* a parity of reasoning would induce us to conclude that we should deal in the same way with the *year*. But in the immense duration, 360,000 years,—so long debarring the resurrection of the bodies of the saints, and holding back the perfection of the heavenly state,—there seem heavy difficulties. An indefinite duration is probably intended.

We are compelled to raise certain questions, because the age is curious concerning them, and because they are most interesting in themselves. May we face them fairly, and treat all who would prefer other replies with candour and brotherly love!

Will the Jews be re-established in their own land?

In the ancient Prophets we find many predictions of return; but the dispute is, whether these do not point to their deliverance long since from the captivity into which they had been carried. Where, also, that return seems to require a future date,—we may ask, Why must it be *literally* understood? Are we so to understand the proportions of Ezekiel's temple? Or, that this people shall, thus, seek unto David their king? Or, that all nations shall, actually, "go up from year to year, to worship the Lord of Hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles?"* We do not find that the severe denunciations against this people are ever closed with such a promise. Our Lord does not, in any foreshadowings of their fate, mitigate it by an allusion to such a hope. In the Apocalypse, scarcely a passage can be tortured to favour it.* But that which is yet stronger, is the silence of Paul when reasoning in form on the certain conversion of Israel to the faith of Christ. He speaks of "*salvation*, through their fall, coming unto the Gentiles:" he adds, "so all Israel shall be *saved*." The salvation, in both instances, must be the same. Now, surely, it is difficult to conceive that our blessed Lord, always tempering judgment with mercy,—that the concluding Vision of prophecy, gathering up from the future all that is lovely and glorious,—that the Apostle, who had "great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh,"—that all, should abstain from notice and intimation of the wondrous fact. No reversion of this kind was made known: "circumcision availed them nothing." Their glories are all of retrospect: they are woven into a history, they are incorporated with a past, which leave all parallelism of event arrogantly presumptuous: they are superseded by another order of claims to another order of wonder: they are translated into nobler significations, in which the whole world may share: in Christ Jesus "there is neither circumcision nor uncircumcision."

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* Zech. xiv. 16.

These are rather negative positions: others there are which are more resistive. It is no design of Christianity to sanctify particular places: "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor *yet at Jerusalem*, worship the Father." It is no design of Christianity to perpetuate national distinctions: "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we *have known Christ after the flesh,* yet now henceforth know we him no more." It is no design of Christianity, especially, to keep up the separation of Jew and Gentile: "For He is our Peace, who hath made both one, and hath *broken down the middle wall of partition* between us." This is, indeed, no better than a Judaizing principle, conserving all the partialities which the Gospel explodes.—And the following embarrassment seems inextricable. For eighteen hundred years some Israelites have obeyed the Gospel. They have been "a remnant according to the election of grace." "The election hath obtained it." No sooner did they believe, than they lost all peculiarity. They amalgamated with the nations. We may be their descendants. But at last, if this theory be true, an honour shall be put upon those who are unbelievers at that conjuncture, or who have continued so until then: an honour denied to those who, through this succession of ages, have discerned and confessed Christ! Vast preponderance of proof would be required for an opinion which involves a consequence so strange.

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* For surely no one can imagine the city, in the 21st chapter, to be the predicted capital of Palestine! Its height is one thousand five hundred miles! Its square extent, two millions two hundred and fifty thousand miles!

Will the Bodies of the Saints, or of any class of the Saints, be raised, before the General Resurrection?

We read distinctly of "a first resurrection:"* that they who have "part in it shall reign with Christ a thousand years." These are, restrictively, the Martyrs. "Thrones" are occupied solely by them. "Judgment" is given only to them. But are their *bodies* mentioned? Whatever this resurrection may be, is there an idea intimated that it is corporeal? The vision is of "the *souls* of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God." To this it is replied, that it is written: "the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." It is contended, that as it is literal in the latter case, so it must be in the former. But this is the very point in debate. We believe it, in both instances, to be mystical. The spirit of the best ages of the Church shall revive. This will be a resuscitation of a long lost piety and excellence. The face of the moral world shall be renewed. What can it be "but life from the dead?" For nothing could seem more literal than the prediction of Malachi: "I will send you Elijah the prophet." Yet it was John the Baptist, who came in "the spirit and power" of his predecessor. They, too, shall with equal truth realise this predictive resurrection of confessors and martyrs, who come with a moral resemblance and identity. "The earth shall cast out the dead." For who are "the *rest* of the dead?" Certainly they are not *holy* persons. They cannot, we think, be *persons* at all. Are they not also *representatives,* but of perverse principles and gross corruptions, which, during the Millennium, lie dormant and suppressed? Must they not be "the *remnant*"* spoken of in the last verse of the former chapter, who "were slain with the sword of Him that sat upon the horse?" What is this, but moral death inflicted upon these principles and corruptions,—their confutation and overthrow by the word of God? Through all this glorious and extended period they shall "not live again,"—no more be broached nor harboured. The probable evidence for this view of the prophecy, may be confirmed by a certain harmony between it and the writings of Ezekiel. Gog and Magog are to be excited by Satan, "when he shall be loosed out of his prison." The enemies of the Church, having revived and rallied, are then to be destroyed by fire from heaven, the last fire, the Judgment-conflagration. Now, the Resurrection, beheld by Ezekiel among the visions of Chebar, was undeniably mystical. "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel; and shall put my Spirit in you." The connection becomes perfect by the immediate succession of retributions against Gog and Magog: the prophet is commanded to "set his face against them," and threatens that God will consume them with a "rain of fire and brimstone."*—To the Holy Scripture, in this view, we reverently bow. We think that the sense we offer is most consonant with the character of symbolic vision, and with the analogy of faith. Believing that the hypothesis we now examine is not taught by Divine inspiration,—believing that its opposite is revealed,—we may surely ask, How its abettors think that such a state of things could consist? Is it that resurrection-body which is to "be caught up in the clouds?" Is it to continue the subject of material conditions and laws? Are two modifications of a common nature,—man as subsisting generally, and these awful forms,—to dwell on the same earth, in sight of each other?

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* Rev. xx.

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* The word is the same in each place: ὅι λοιποι.

Is there ground to expect the Personal Reign of Christ upon earth?

It would be unjust to quote all that its advocates have written concerning it; for the distempered fancy and unguarded language of a few partisans, ought not to be objected to the truth of any tenet. But we understand the opinion to comprise the ideas of a local residence, of an external symbol, of a pure theocracy, of a perhaps graduated retinue of attendant saints: "That is, to bring Christ down from above." The visible apparatus is generally supposed to be in the Holy Land. Let all this be admitted, and at once there is necessity for a revolution, not only in all our relations, but in all our ideas. The departed spirits of the dead in Christ must descend with him, or they are no longer permitted "to be with Christ," their heaven until then. The pious, who are yet in the flesh, must henceforth walk by "sight," and not by "faith." Of them it will be no longer true: "Whom having not seen, ye love." They can no more "keep the feast," for it is only of force, "till He come." Faith, and coming to Christ, are *now* interchangeable terms: "He that *cometh* to me shall never hunger; and he that *believeth* on me shall never thirst." At *that time* must they be disparted: to come, will imply a gross locomotion. Not then can "men worship Him, *every one from his place,* even all the isles of the Heathen." The awe-struck prostrations, to which now our spirits sink, while we "sanctify the Lord God in our hearts," will be converted into an obeisance and homage like that when subjects bow the knee. Is not this receding in the scale of dispensation? From a lofty spiritual stature, is it not dwindling into childhood, —from "the senses of full age" is it not a return to "childish things?" Was it not thus that God spake to the fathers? By audible accent and from the midst of lambent flame? Besides, what has lessened the expediency of our Lord's continued withdrawment? The Comforter, in consequence of His departure, has come to us. But if the Saviour thus return, the Comforter must depart! Is it not, also, seen that this hypothesis involves a change of dispensation? "For there is verily a disannulling of the commandment going before, for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof." But we should recollect that this is the *Ministration of the Spirit,* which is final. It accords with previous œconomies to yield in succession to the superior, to be "done away," but this is to crown all. "If that which was done away was glorious, much more that *which remaineth* is glorious."—This theory is chargeable, moreover, with a strange contradiction to the plainest testimony of Scripture. *That* declares that He shall come a second time: *this* brings him from Heaven *thrice!*—We can look, by prophecy, into the future glory of the Church. Does it suppose that the arrangements of civil government are absorbed in any theocracy? Is there a universal monarchy, and that directly the Throne of Christ? All polities are beneath the influence of His truth and love, but still they distinctively exist. "And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." Though the repetition of the word, *kingdoms,* is not in the original text, the supplement is correct and necessary. Had the passage been intended to confirm the opinion of a theocracy, it would have expressed the resolution of these kingdoms into one kingdom, and that of Christ. But the implication, and that of the strongest kind, is, that they remain the same in their general framework, that they are political jurisdictions still. In short, we shall see the true glory of all prediction just as the secular is perceived to shadow out the spiritual. What more could we desire than that this should be true of all mankind? "Ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." "Mark them that walk so." "As He is, so are ye in this world." "Ye are our glory and joy." Let this be realised, and how poor by its side is every array of pomp, and all the furniture of power! "Say not, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within" us: "it is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Happier day cannot be conceived than that which shall look forth on our world, purified of evil, hushed to repose, at the foot, beneath the shadow, of the Cross!

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* Ezek. xxxvii. compared with xxxviii.

Will an Apostacy follow the termination of the Millennium?

It is very natural to desire that the history of our globe should be wound up with a scene of unbroken glory. We think, however, that there is evidence that this glory shall suffer a deep obscuration. "After that, Satan must be loosed for a little season." "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" "The remnant," "the rest," are to acquire a new life and vigour. Thus we can understand that the Judgment will strike with terror on our earth. It will be as the day when "Noah entered into the ark;" as the day that "Lot went out of Sodom." Our Lord, after this manner, describes those who shall live after that blessed period; he compares them to the generations of those patriarchs. It may be replied, that these predictions concern the siege of Jerusalem: our answer is, defended by the authority of the ablest annotators, that the perfect meaning only can be fulfilled in the great catastrophe of all.* When "He appears" to "the joy" of his people, these his new-risen enemies "shall be ashamed." "That day will come as a snare."—Why, it may be asked, shall a victory, so long enjoyed and greatly maintained, be at last wrested from the Church? If the fact be authenticated, it is enough: but the following reasons are suggested.—It will prove the *depravity of man* when placed in the most favourable circumstances. The long series of divine wonders has not altered his moral constitution. He needs, even then as much as ever, an Atonement and Regeneration.—Equally will it establish the *dependence of all good* upon the immediate influence of Divine grace. Religion cannot perpetuate itself. Ages of purity are no certain safeguard for its transmission.—Most palpable will thus be made the *beneficence* of those effects which the Gospel produces. The hideous contrast will be visible in the revival of stalking and daring evils.—As apparent will be the *ineffectual nature of all human provisions* to make man truly happy. Science and refinement will long have reached and kept their height: but the withdrawment of the Gospel is immediately felt. Nothing is a substitute for it.—An occasion is given to the Church for *watchfulness*. It would grow elate, were there no existence of danger, no possibility of decline. It is now warned: "Behold, I have told you before."—*Heaven*, by this defection, is shown to exceed in glory the most perfect condition of things on earth. They were closely assimilated. Many might have said: "It is good to be here: Let us make tabernacles." But now is seen how frail is the tenure of all good, how liable is Christian success to alternation, how speedily the living coal can die. Here the Church may fall from its most palmy state: in heaven, all is fixed in inviolable security, and destined for immortal perfection.

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* See Horsley in loc.: Sermons; Vol. i.

Will any Revolution be effected in the Physical Condition of this Planet, or of Man?

Scripture has been cited in favour of such a change without any regard to its scope and connection. It is to the "man whom God correcteth" that Job says: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." It is to "backsliding Israel," on their return from captivity, that God speaks by Hosea: "I will make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground." "The times of *restitution*[*] of all things," are most clearly, times for *fulfilment* "of *all things* which God *hath spoken* by the mouth of all his *holy prophets* since the world began." "The new heavens[†] and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," we must "look for" in vain, until after "the heavens and the earth, which are now, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment," shall have been consumed. Cannot "the earth yield her increase," by special blessing on its productive powers, and by the vicissitude of the most fruitful seasons, without supposing its spontaneous luxuriance? Or, are the toils of the husbandman to be suspended, though unfallen man was "put into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it?" What are the real wants of life, the simple diseases of nature, the just securities of property, but will require then, as now, their appropriate means and ministers? Interchange of commodities,—manufacture, navigation, agriculture, barter, cannot be superseded without altering the whole nature of man. Refinement and science cannot be interrupted without a retrograde of his powers. But the prayer of the great Intercessor is, not that we should be "taken out of the world, but kept from the evil." So long as we are here, we must be maintained in an animal and mundate state. Our bodies will require exercise and support. Our souls must be tried and proved. Men will, at that period, equally with our present selves, be "shapen in iniquity." Men will be "born unto trouble." The regenerate will not be "born of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Each must be converted for himself, having been an alien from all good and righteousness until then. Each will be "compassed with infirmity." Each will be conscious of the strife between the divine principle and the depraved nature, saying, even when "the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" shall breathe in their sweetest gale and richest balm: "We cannot do the things that we would." The Physics of the universe, we have every reason to think, will continue unchanged; while "Grace and Truth, which came by Jesus Christ," will have their same operation, beginning at certain points of individual history, acting upon an imperfect medium, struggling against counteracting causes, found in alliance with failings and weaknesses,—proving their power to support, which they could not were there no trouble, and to impel, which supposes the necessity of self-denying labour,—performing their good work, and maintaining themselves until

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[*] Acts iii. 21.

[†] 2 Pet. iii. 13.

"judgment be sent forth unto victory," and they shall triumph in "him who overcometh."

It is proper to understand the nature of our Aim! We must not fight as one who beateth the air! Oh that our minds might cease to be dazzled by the figures of Prophecy, and that we would pierce their meaning! Might we but see that such a view does not lessen, but that it aggrandises, the subject; that we thus do not satisfy ourselves with the smaller portion, but that here is the excess of its glory! They whose senses are not exercised, men who have not the Spirit of Christ, men who "mind earthly things,"—can admire, appreciate, desire the one,—men of spiritual apprehension, of heavenly temper, "partakers of the divine nature," alone can delight themselves in the other! The allegory is splendid,—but the purport of it is always stronger, nobler, richer, than its literal interpretation. Let us "set our heart to understand."

Ascending, then, the mount of vision, with the wand of prophecy led us bid the scenes of the latter-day arise. Beyond the immediate foreground, there spread out more faintly defined, or more powerfully illuminated, magnificent distances. How they stretch away even to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills! What ages of peace lift their heads, and glide along, to the last syllable of recorded time!

The Prevalence of *Divine Knowledge* shall distinguish that consummation. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." There will also be "a heart to know Him." God will "reveal it by His Spirit." "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

Righteousness and true *Holiness* will move in parallelism to Knowledge. "Thy people shall be all righteous." "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord."*

The *Influence* of the *Pious* will correspond. "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." "And we shall reign on the earth." "The holy seed shall be the substance thereof."

The *Fiercer Passions* of our nature will be quelled. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "The wolf"—raging cruelty—"also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard"—subtle malignity—"shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion"—the growing love of power—"and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them: and the cow and the bear"—ravening appetite—"shall feed; and the lion"—full consciousness of sway—"shall eat straw like an ox."

Oppression of every form shall cease. "He shall break in pieces the oppressor." "In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear: and from terror, for it shall not come near thee." What a change shall that be, when every usurped right shall be restored, every cruel grievance shall be redressed, and every den of torture shall be laid open!

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* This seems to refer to the furniture of the War-horse. Holiness shall so far regulate the practice of all, that even violence shall yield to it. Aristophanes calls the artificers of these equipments, Κωδωνοφαλαροπωλοι.—Βατρ: 968.

National Evils shall find their cure. Political empiricism has long tampered with them. It reached not to the fibre of the cancer, the cyst of the pest. "The leaves of the Tree are for the healing of the nations."

Love and *Peace* shall bind the intercommunity of the Christian Church. "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." "The watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

Persecution, in its gentlest expression, will be unknown. The Dragon which "persecuted the woman" is bound, incarcerated, and branded.

Religion shall then be excited into its most vital glow and power. It shall resume its original. "Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

Regeneration, though it can never be universal, having always to commence in some, will be most general, and will probably commence at a very early period of life. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness: from the womb of the morning Thou hast the *dew* of thy *youth.*" "The child shall die a hundred years old."

Open Transgression will be made ashamed. "The wickedness of the wicked will come to an end." "Judgment shall return to righteousness." "The destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together."

The *Divine Presence* will be very signally manifested. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." "The Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee." "The name of the City shall be, The Lord is there."

Public Ordinances shall constitute the great delight of all. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord!"

The *Subordination of Intellect,* together with Science and Literature, to religion, will form a resplendent feature of that period. The works of God will be sought out to his glory. The contributions of learning will be laid at His feet. "Wisdom and Knowledge shall be the stability of thy times!"

A *Happy Security* shall be enjoyed, without any mixture of alarm. "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid." "Israel shall dwell safely."

Devotion shall obtain the widest extent. "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering." "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities: and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also."

The special reference made by Prophecy to *Governments*, and to the pious spirit which shall actuate them, meets us very frequently in its inspired leaves. Scripture, having shown us the true model of such "Powers," in a hypothetic form,* exhibits to us their future exercise. "Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him." "All the kings of the earth shall praise Thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth. Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord." It is promised, also, that their influence shall be employed on behalf of the Church: "Kings shall minister unto thee." "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers." Who can anticipate the revolutions that these predictions comprehend?

Omnipotence shall shine in each achievement. "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." "The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." "I will work, and who shall let it?"

There shall be a large amount of *Good* in the prevention of the most common misery. There will be "nations of families!" When luxury is repressed, and want is unknown, what fell diseases will be destroyed or unspeakably mitigated! When "the motions of sins which work in our members" are conquered, what external tranquillity will obtain! When "the peace which passeth all understanding" lightens every heart, what bodily health will be subserved! When "in whatsoever state we are we have learnt to be content," what deep and festering anxieties will be shunned! When detraction, envy, and suspicion, yield to complacency, good will, and confidence, what a cheerful aspect society will assume! What happiness is always in our own power; and then there will be the full disposition to improve it! Easy will death come, gently will it fall! Even then, to die will be gain! Nothing will be worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us! To depart and be with Christ must be far better!

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* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, &c.; Rom. xiii. 1, &c.

It will be *Simultaneous:* "All flesh shall see it together." "They shall serve the Lord with one consent." "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark," (not clear in some countries and dark in others): "but in shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light;" a splendour unmixed, progressive, universal.

But this is not the whole; still our expectations rise. It will be the Jubilee of the world. Principle in its strength, piety in its ardour, charity in its blandness,—the contemplative mood, the ready service,—religion all-penetrating and all-subduing,—purity shuddering at every stain,—consistency sensitive of the minutest deflection,—great grace upon all,—love to Christ the ruling motive,—His Cross the magnet-centre,—His Church the common home,—these are the features which consecrate the scenes of prophecy and the ages of peace! "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper."

There is, doubtless, a perfect harmony in the predictions of Scripture. They are bound together in a system.

"And who, as I, shall call, and shall declare it, and set it in order for me?" A few of the principal threads of the tissue we can follow: some luminous points break through the haze. We must explain each of these oracles according to the bearing of their combined purpose: we must refer them to the whole. We shall then easily derive from them, not merely isolated passages, but the stress of a system, to certify the future. There will not fall upon that dark profound, feeble and dubious glimmerings, but a volume and mass of illumination. This has been the goal of all. Empires have been taken up by Prophecy in its way. It rapidly depicts their changes and their fates. They then are left like reeds by the river-side, frail in their position as in their nature,—undermined by the ebb, and swept away by the flood. Still the Awful Scroll flies onward. All moves to it. "The days are at hand, and the effect of every vision." "Yea, and all the prophets from Samuel and those that follow after, as many as have spoken, have likewise foretold of these days."

Some of the preceding quotations may be disputed as having the application which we have given them. They involve, it is conceded, the principle of *interspersion*. This principle, instead of being unreasonable or unnatural, is capable of a clear defence. It supplies to Scripture a beautiful relief, an analogous character, and a uniform tendency. The law of interpretation, when it is not fixed by the connection, must look to simple, necessary, exegesis. To this we have been compelled to resort. But we do not feel that we ought to apologise for it. The Bible is but one. Written by the "self-same Spirit," one hope pervades the whole. Amidst convulsion and tribulation, it still encourages the Church by the prospect of her destinies. The river, which makes her glad, often disappears but only to emerge again; until, as it approaches its termination, it rolls a steady course and with an enlarging current.

One more principle yet presses for notice. We have remarked Prophecy in its *announcements:* these are often signified by *pictures.* There is given to us, so to speak, the very scenery. The future lives to our view. "The harvest" waves: "the new Jerusalem" descends: "the waters of the sea" roll to represent the universal diffusion of Divine knowledge: "many crowns" sparkle to reflect the conquests of Christian truth. If we have desired to see that "Day," see it in sensible image and action, "we see it and are glad." The Most High thus stoops to instruct our ignorance and encourage our faith. "If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in mine eyes? saith the Lord of hosts."

When we turn from these investigations to Missionary labour, do we not feel that we have stood on the Holy Mount? Are we not encouraged, and more determined? Have we not descried the Promised World? And does not Prophecy become the harp which soothes and calms the troubled spirit of doubt and disappointment,—the trumpet calling us to arms,—the timbrel leading on our triumphs?

MISSIONS

URGED BY OUR PARTICULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

There is a Historical consideration which should affect a Briton, when seeking the conversion of the Heathen, in the strongest degree. A Pagan, ready to perish, was his father. These islands were the seats of an elaborate polytheism. Here was its lore formally taught. Here was its high place of sacrifice. Its monuments of unhewn grandeur yet strew our land, and their hoary pomp survives "the desolations of many generations." Nor are the Druidical piles and circles all that remind us of idolatry. Invaders the most cruel brought their own. Still we dig out the Roman altar in our excavations. The Norman has engraved his superstition on our hills. The Runic inscription tells of the literature which insinuated a newer legend of delusion. The Scald sung his Edda where the Bards of Esus had chanted their lays before. Yet from these complicated chains have we been released. Christianity early arrived on our shores. "The idols were utterly abolished." Sacred edifices quickly arose,—a native pastorate was established,—a simple faith and discipline long prevailed. But there was a moment when all was to begin: when some native stream first was consecrated to the baptism of the earliest Christian convert, when some native forest first gave a roof to the newly collected band of Christian worshippers, and when some native corn-field first afforded the bread which was broken in blessed commemoration by the recently gathered Christian Church. It is not for us to relate how "false brethren, unawares brought in, came in privily to spy out our liberty which we had in Christ Jesus, that they might bring us into bondage." Nor is this the place to record how the fetters, so craftily forged and bound, were broken. But surely "God hath visited" us! "Who is like unto thee, O people!" What a root has Christianity in the institutions, laws, habits, and hearts, of our citizens! What numberless blessings flow to us, insensibly, from its influence! What a national character and public spirit has it served to form! To what a moral energy has it braced the popular mind! How have the nations oft looked to us for example, and fled to us for refuge! What persecuted church turns not hither its weeping eye for sympathy and help! It is the sanctuary of freedom! It is "the Tower of the Flock, the Strong Hold of the Daughter of Zion."

This country was, necessarily, indebted for its Christianity to foreign intervention. We received it from others. For this purpose, whoever the founders of our churches may have been, expense and hazard and toil of no small measure must have been incurred. "With men of other tongues and other lips did God speak" unto us. There came to our shores the Missionary, or the band of Missionaries. "They loved not their lives unto the death." They had freely received, and they freely gave. Subjects of the same favour and obligation, they felt that they must make this return, and conform to this example. Our cliffs were crowded with painted savages, uttering threatening cries and deformed by horrid gestures,—and yet these visitants were undaunted. They boldly trod the strand. River after river bore them to the cities and the towns. They persevered and triumphed. The faith they planted still survives. It was often apparently cut by the blight and disfigured by the excrescence. Still it always kept its life; it grew, though as into many a gnarled disproportion: but now it towers in its native direction, the hills are covered with its shadow, and it sends out its boughs unto the seas. The Gospel was borne to us, that we might carry it to others; and it is an unjust requital of their labours who brought it, if we should dispute the principle of transference, or violate the rule of communication.

Now, what should such a Country do? What ought to be its efforts and its sacrifices, if they shall bear any proportion to its means and obligations? Lifted on high among surrounding nations,—during a struggle of years, for the defence of all that was dear and sacred to it, conflicting single-handed,—rallied by the battle, rooted by the storm, enriched by the prodigality,—the citadel of the mightiest power, the emporium of the noblest commerce,—the theatre of the highest invention,—sun never setting on its dominions, ocean never rolling but beneath its armaments, what cannot it accomplish? Here, too, the Church of Christ has been preserved from outrages which must have crushed any human cause. What "deliverances have been commanded for Jacob!" "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side!" "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old!" An effort, not tasking half our strength,—

imperceptible in the tide of our wealth,—would accomplish all which pecuniary aid will ever be summoned to do for the salvation of the world.

But has our Country been true to its responsibility? Has it thrown its strength into this enterprise? Even ancient Rome could turn conquest to right and to benevolence: in the hour of victory Gelon enforced his treaty with the Carthaginians securing the abolition of infanticide, thus proscribing the common offering to their gods. Would that its guilt were alone that of forbearance! Would that it deserved no more cleaving curse than that of Meroz, whose "inhabitants came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" But it has stood in antagonist attitude to the propagation of the Gospel. It has "hindered" it. Not long since its bark refused the Missionary who sought a passage: and its flag disdained to protect his foreign dwelling. "Perils by his own countrymen" were far more frightful to him than all "the perils by the Heathen." The impression, however, which has been left on the mind of the Heathen is the most hostile blow. Have our merchants, our soldiers, our travellers, reported us truly or well? Who alone is supposed to have no religion? Who is the Giaour? Which is the "hypocritical nation?" "The name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through them." "And when they entered unto the Heathen, whither they went, they profaned My holy name, saith the Lord, when they said to them, These are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of His Land." "The adversaries saw, and mocked at our sabbaths." We may descry the evil of our influence and example upon those distant and tributary lands, like as we trace the dark shadow of our earth, even to its form, upon its satellite, in hiding from it the solar rays. What a course is there to retrace! What a mischief to undo! We have espoused, by public acts of government, the basest idolatries. We have presented, in a political capacity, actual oblations. Our soldiery has saluted, our cannon has roared, in open homage. We have converted them even into means of revenue. The temples of Juggernaut, Gyah, Tripetty, Allahabad, alone have yielded, within sixteen years, a million of pounds. Like Amaziah, in subduing Edom, we have turned to the gods of Seir. Where is the civilised nation which did not deride, where is the Christian nation which did not weep, when the gates of Somnauth were restored to idolatry, with pomp and festival and array, as our trophy of success in arms, as our best title to the gratitude of conquered nations, as the most precious recapture of a loss of which few had ever heard, which all had forgotten. These were "the everlasting doors!" The gift was so vile that to mention it was an exorbitant meanness: the proclamation was so ridiculous that criticism could only be debased upon it. But what was the intent? To nationalise idolatry once more! What was its defence in our Country's Senate? "A song of triumph!" Was it a song for us to sing? Demons might reverberate the strain, Pagans might peal it,—but we at the same time "became their song and by-word, and they had us in derision!" Never was glory so turned into shame, victory so into mourning! It is "a horrible thing." It is the most direct, and the most dishonourable, defilement. It is national adultery, and for hire! "Rejoice not for joy, as other people: for thou hast gone a whoring from thy God, thou hast loved a reward upon every corn-floor!"

There does seem reason to doubt, whether we have sufficiently considered what is our *national fitness* to impress favourably the people to whom we send the Gospel. That Missionary Societies are voluntary, that they are distinct from any direct national movement, that they are formed of those who can liberally scan and firmly reprehend their country's error and vice, suppose distinctions into which it is not very likely that distant parties will enter. These societies are mixed up with every opinion entertained of us as a political community. What is our repute? What is the character assigned to us? Christian men will not suffer themselves to be led away by the enthusiasm of a secular glory. War will not seem to them a qualification to build the temple. Ambition will not be allowed by them a title to inculcate the meekness and gentleness of Christ. The ways of those who are greedy of gain will be scarcely plausible in the recommendation of a self-denying cross. However we, always the dupes of insular prejudice and pride, may dream,—however we may boast our generosity of intervention, our passion of liberty, our integrity of diplomacy,—such is not the estimate at which every kingdom holds us. The lust of partition is imputed to us. Cupidity of aggrandisement, profuseness of blood, a very huckstering of avarice, are laid to our charge. The wastes of Rohilcund bear but poor witness to our protection of right and treaty, our regard of nation and people, our succour of woman and babe. Parga and Genoa would scarcely give credit to our patriotism. Ashantee may wonder at our attempt to preach the rights of man and the blessings of liberty. China cannot understand how we should stand forth the friends of a high and self-respecting morality. While we would urge the necessity of another spirit,—while we would call to a public lustration,—it becomes us to redouble our efforts, to show only the appropriate features of our religion, to disabuse ourselves of any willing connivance at oppression and violence, to repudiate all share of guilty and death-dealing commerce, and to preserve the banner of the true faith from entangling itself with the flag of the contrabandist and the standard of the belligerent. We must purge away our sins, ere the full Missionary influence can ever go forth from us; and did we feel what causes of stumbling we have provoked, our prayers and our exertions would all be directed to this "reconciling of the world!"

To these charges, another enumeration of national guilt must be added. It is scarcely to be believed what wrongs have been inflicted by our colonising advances upon the Aborigines. They have been entrapped into any act which could bear the most constructive appearance of disaffection, and that to a power which had no claim on their allegiance. Alarm has been affected, and violence been let loose. They have been cheated of possession after possession; driven farther and farther back; wearied, to despair, of unanswered appeal; taunted, dared; their ignorance serving imposition, and their weakness helping exaction; until tribes have disappeared, nations have perished, and noble races have been blotted out. Reparation, alas, can only come too late,—but at least repentance cannot be too prompt, nor can a system of justice and kindness be too early substituted. We may well confess the wrongs which we have committed against them, whose simplicity we have corrupted, and whose confidence we have abused: well may we seek to appease the wrath of Him who is a swift witness against all who turn aside the right. What amends should we endeavour to make for this "spoiling and violence:" nor need we repeat the names of Cortez and of the Pizarros, with an emphasis of execration which shall leave none for marauders and bucaneers of our own!

In developing the power and resources of the British Rule, it is obvious that there has been no parallel to it since the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. "Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation: Thou hast removed it far unto all the ends of the earth." We do not overlook the realms of Charlemagne, spreading from the Ebro to the Vistula, from the Apennines to the German shores: but they were devised in portions almost as soon as they were conjoined, his heir was taken into an actual partnership of his throne; and untried enemies, ere he died, harassed the most important boundaries of his sway. We forget not the monarchy of Charles of Austria, how Brabant and Spain yielded to his power or fell to his birthright, how he sacked Rome itself, how he boasted both the Indies. But it was an accidental tenure, which because of different hereditary claims never contemplated perpetuity, which constantly exacted the sudden check of his almost ubiquitous presence and all the terror of his tyrant soul, which was held only so long as other kingdoms were torn asunder by their jealous strifes, which extended little more than a nominal influence over the East and derived but little strength from the West; which was as a carousal of power, a revelry of blood, necessarily short-lived, so that even the hand which grasped this might let it go ere death could wrest it, and the poor mortal who had sought universal dominion was beheld, not from his death-bed but from his throne, partitioning that empire—and then, as if his last hour came too slow, the survivor of all acted his own obsequies. These cases offer no comparison and certainly constitute no rival. They rose as a palace of enchantment, and like that airy fabric fell. It is impossible to think of the vast dependencies of our country, without a dizzy faintness. So much is hung upon its diminutive centre! But its law is that of opinion, its sway is that of mind, its strength is that of principle! Where do its mighty boundaries of colony terminate? They crowd each hemisphere, they spurn both tropics! Its watch-towers shine on every shore and are reflected from every deep! Where are "the goings out of its borders?" "Even the ancient high places are ours in possession." India, the dream of Alexander, the prize of Tamerlane,—whose populations had not shrunk, without a stern resistance, before the Moslem scymitar,—almost insensibly glided beneath our power,—factories grew into cities, and merchants became princes. Whatever the faults of that distant government, incomparably has it exceeded in justice, in impartiality, in benevolence, every foreign or native dynasty under which those peoples were ever placed. Endless were the enumeration. Isles so well set for us, that they give us harbours in every storm,—fringes of Continental coast, where the log-hut speedily becomes the settlement to concentrate friendly traffic, and by which the key of the interior slowly falls into our hand,—Cape and Head-land, mere gates for us to enter,—clustering Cyclades, distilling their gums and breathing their spices for us,—thick studded Archipelagos, wafting to us their noblest webs and richest sweets, —a new World, swelling upward between the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, already cradling all the arts of life, and inviting rapid immigrations,—what a Diadem of Power is this! What a "Throne of Kingdoms!" Nor is it unwieldy bulk. The Parent State lives through it all. There are no rapacious satrapies. There are no anomalous isolations. The spirit of Home throbs in each billow that rolls upon those farthest strands. Centre and extremity equally, and scarce successively, vibrate. What "deputy" would dare suffer the missionary to be "beaten" by the tumultuous mob "before the judgment seat," or be so lost to every native feeling as to "care for none of those things?" Why is this? This lavish accumulation of dominion and opulence; this "wide arch of ranged empire?" Is it squandered upon us to waste? Is it to emasculate us by luxury, or turn us giddy by ambition? "Who gave the nations before us, and made us rule over kings?" How was it that we were suffered to "find as a nest the riches of the people?" It is not thus carelessly that Providence distributes its gifts. Surely the happiness, in the evangelization of these countries, must be its noble purpose. The track and transit over all these continents and seas, which this Realm commands and constitutes, must be for the passage of Christianity. "Who knoweth" but our Country,—growing to this elevation and might through ages,—is "come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" For let it not trust in uncertain riches, nor make vainglorious boasts.

He who has bestowed these distinctions can disarray them all. Time need not be much older ere its pencil shall engrave a tale of departed glory. Should we boast our ocean-fame? That we, with bolder spousals than the rites of Venice, had married the sea, and that she lay in our fast embrace? Our "cry" might be "in our ships!" Should we boast our rich broad lands? They might wither, "shadowing with wings;" they might be consumed by "God's great army." Should we boast our colonies? Those distant countries,—where "God maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city of habitation,"—perhaps will little deplore our downfall, and perchance may hasten it. Are we not long since shorn of our noblest appanage, that which we once called our Plantations? Our navies may be wrecked. Our manufactures may be outrivalled. Our distant settlements may disclaim our authority. Our cities may crumble in neglect. Our villages may become wastes. Our rivers may flow, unheeded and unnavigated, along. Our quays and wharves may stretch in ruin. Faces may turn pale in famine. Plague may scatter us. Intestine feud may burst around us all our bulwarks. There is no difficulty of national destruction. Ask, Where are the ancient Kingdoms? Where the well-known marts of even recent times? Where are their towers? Where their galleys and argosies? How dreary their present wilderness! How voiceless their solitude! Let us not think that there is any thing perennial among us, save as Christ's Truth and Christ's Church are among us! These are the deposit; and our secular advantages are to be employed for extending it to others. For our political station is but a trust. The sentinel who sleeps on his guard betrays the fortress. The vantage-ground is given to us for the universal good. We owe it to the world. And is there nothing that intimates to us that the remaining period of this ascendancy, if not rightly used, may indeed be short? Is ours the inalienable fee? For no end lives the descendant of Aurengzebe, and, though a prisoner, in his ancient capital? Is not a power doomed, which needs an ever-widening territory and an ever-threatening attitude, and an ever-aggressive policy? Are there no keen eyes of jealousy bent on our possessions in the Orient? Does not the Eagle hover near? May not the nations, which now lie quiet as a treacherous calm of ocean, be suddenly chafed, like the storm-lashed billows, into fury and revenge? Have we forgotten the long-fomenting discontents of Affghanistan, or the under-ground arsenals of Kurnoul? Has not a new Foe well tried us on the shores of the Sutlej and among the plains of the Punjaub? Was it an easy thing to shiver his sword? Do we forget the tug of conflict and the price of victory? He came as a whirlwind! Who but "the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle," could have given us power to withstand? Are all the settlements of the British Crown at ease in their subjection? Are no jewels loosened, which once shed upon it their fairest lustre? Are none of its circlets broken, none of its enchasings bruised? In the day of difficulty, the very glory and diffusion of such an empire will only present a plainer mark and wider front and richer lure for the vengeance of its foes. Not in any product, not in any ware, not in any fabric,—not in the sinews of untiring industry,—not in the riches of exhaustless mineral,—not in our country's loamy manors and fertile enclosures,—not in its unexampled resources and elastic revenues,—not in the faith of treaties and the splendour of alliances,—not in this ancient monarchy,—not in our jurisprudence built up to its present throned state,—not in our liberal and honourable negociations filling the courts of tyranny with dread,—not in knowledge and science,—not in aggrandisement,—not in the control of the elements,—not in international concord,—not in the awful vapour, whose hundred-fold applications we have still to learn, which as a thing of life strides the earth and flies along the sea, which threads isles into continents, compresses mainlands into contiguities, turns oceans into crossways, and makes a neighbourhood of a world,—not in the altars of our liberty,—not in the statues of our patriotism,—not in statesmanship,—not in a soil whose very touch makes free,—not in armed puissance, not in cannon-crested coast,—not in weaponry, not in arsenal, not in magazine,—not in anchored bulwark, not in circumfluous deep,—put we our trust. We have an assigned work, we have the ample ability,—it is in the power of our hand to do it,—on its discharge, on its exercise, depends our destiny! "God has made choice" of us, "that the Gentiles by our mouth should hear the word of the Gospel, and believe!" If we refuse, "He will make a way to his anger!"—"The Lord will rend the kingdom from us, and give it to a neighbour of ours that is better than we."* Even now may be coming forth the mystic fingers of that spectral hand which shall write its doom: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it!"

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* 1 Sam. xv. 28.

The circulation of our *Language* co-extensively with our Power, will seem to us no slight advantage, when we think on its long consecration as the vehicle of religious ideas and of noble sentiments. In libraries, where now it is almost impossible to think of such a collection, the minds of our theologians and moralists will be preserved and embalmed. Suffering no injury from translation, the originals will be explored. Intercourse will find the benefit of such a medium. Of such a speech who but can be proud? In all the properties of a language it is great. Its thrilling vocables, its significant powers, its fine discriminations, its majestic compounds, leave us nothing to desire. Its tones stir like a clarion, and soothe like a lute. There is a philosophic radix and a multitudinous expression. It has incorporated each image of nature, and attuned itself to every chord of sympathy. In it men have been accustomed to think with vigour and freedom, until it is only fit for the independent and the free. The treasures imbedded in it are confessedly unparalleled. It has not been unfashionable to depreciate it, and to declaim against its uncouthness, asperity, and poverty. Of all these charges we are very sceptical. Though it declines to admit, and, perhaps, is incapable of receiving, the trivial, the unnational, and the unnatural,—it loves to adopt some sterling dialect,—magnificent stores,—sumptuous tributes,—such as Plato expounded and Cicero enunciated. The scions grafted on it are quickly converted to its own temperament and fibre. At this moment Science has made it her favourite hold, and our Literature stamps upon it an undecaying permanence. It is "married to immortal verse." It must always be studied, should it ever become obsolete and dead: its poetry, its criticism, its legislation, its science, its ethics, ensure it an immortality. Commerce repeats it, new Worlds invoke it as their parent speech, and we dictate it to our Antipodes. Without an augury, we may predict its course. It bears with it a train of master-spirits. Wherever the emigrant wanders, he will talk it, though it be only to the echoes of the rock. Wherever the lion-standard of this "sceptred isle" sweeps the air and flaps to the wind, the settler loves to sing his native lays. Rivers unknown to song, forests which the axe is just beginning to thin of the trunks which centuries have rooted, deserts in which until almost now the beast of prey prowled unmolested and not a flower grew,—resound to the words of our households, our exchanges, our temples! Who can but exult that the strong, the vivid, the flowing, language, which in our infancy we lisped, seems destined to become the utterance of knowledge, of virtue, of freedom! the passport, through the nations, of generous and manly sentiment, of pure and exquisite emotion! the signal-cry to the desponding spirit of patriotism! the key-note of the uplifted chorus of liberty! the holy accents by which Christianity shall proclaim its message of peace and good-will to men! As from an urn, or rather a river-source, what blessings will our Idiom pour out upon the world!

Since it would, however, be foolish to expect that old vernaculars should give way to this or any other Tongue,—as we would that every man may in his own speech cry, Abba, Father!—the question of Biblical Translation becomes very important. Great is our encouragement. The difficulty of a foreign tongue to a prophet is more than once noticed by the Scripture: "Thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech and of a hard language, whose words thou canst not understand."* The Holy Volume is rendered into nearly one hundred and sixty dialects already. The general opinion is, that there are by no means three hundred languages in the world. These versions have, therefore, more than overtaken half of their work. But the remainder must consist of generally inferior and more restrictive dialects. They cannot be those of great nations. They cannot be widely spoken. The European ones are counted to each variation. Sungscrit and Chinese are intelligible to hundreds of millions. The principal labour, then, is accomplished. But a smaller task is left. And who has accomplished the modern portion of the work? The Missionary. We are, therefore, encouraged and enjoined to assist him in the multiplication of the copies, and in explaining them to the Heathen. They will often need the experienced counsellor. "Delivered to one that is learned," with the direction, "Read this, I pray thee:" he may say, "I cannot, for it is sealed." "Delivered to him that is not learned," with the same direction: he may say, "I am not learned." Often will the evangelist have to address the Pagan just possessed of the Scriptures: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He must "preach unto him Jesus." Never was so valuable an opportunity given to the Christian world as the present to amass and spread the Sacred Text. Men of "mark and likelihood" have been found, wonderfully adapted to the work of acquiring languages and of interchanging them. They have bequeathed, or are preparing to bequeath, stupendous monuments of their acumen and diligence. They have accomplished the true Polyglott! Nor is it possible too highly to estimate the facilities with which they supply us. There is the umpire to all instruction. There is the standard for all appeal. It is in their own tongue wherein they were born! It is Pentecost triumphing over Babel! And, if every language has its tutelary Angel, as Cyprian and Theodoret taught, how will those benevolent spirits rejoice, as inspiration is stamped upon each, and each becomes a vehicle of Revelation!

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* Ezek. iii. 5, 6.

There is at command a Power which it would be difficult to exaggerate, and in the absence of which we might not unreasonably despair of the conversion of the world. Without it, we do not see how Christian principle could reach the human mind. What, save this, could give it its necessary diffusion and ubiquity? And what but its universal presentation can accomplish its destined ends? Truth can bring no benefit to the mind, except as that accords with it and allows its influence. As the contrivance of inscribing thought is next in wonder to the gift of speech, and greatly exceeds it in multiplication, so the Art of which we speak, derides the slow process of a manipulation, and by a mechanical œconomy makes known an idea, hitherto buried in the recesses of an individual mind, to a nation and a world. A few complex but definite wheels and cylinders, propelled it may be by the motive of the simplest gas, send forth those mighty scrolls which, though so perishable in their fabric, commonly survive monuments of brass and stone. Where the pen of the ready writer completed his single copy, myriads of impressions may now be accomplished,—while all the advantages of an intuitive legibility and a cheapened cost are abundantly secured. The Press is now the citadel of all political right, and the fountain of all moral influence. The patriot fights a hopeless war without it. The philanthropic reformer finds it the only means by which he can rouse the spirit of order and charity. The Christian Missionary plants this engine as the petard which must shiver the battlements of idolatry and superstition. Blest be the Providence which discovered it! Honoured be the potent instrument, the mighty craft, which fills the earth with light and renovation! As by a miraculous facility, it multiplies the loaves of living bread to feed a famished world!

We have great reason to be cheered, and feel ourselves strongly assisted, in our undertaking, by the *high style,* the *holy excellence,* of the Missionaries who have taken part in it. They are patterns to be studied and followed. They have been embodiments of the Apostolic spirit. They have exhibited great variety of temperament and character, but a oneness of purpose. Each has his medallion, but they seem set in a common frame. *Schwartz,* so good, the patriarch of kindliness and peace, whose influence more than once arrested war, whom idolatrous princes revered when living, and wept when dead:—*Vanderkemp,* schooled in philology and science, seeking the most degraded of his species, stooping to their every interest and want, smiling at self-denial and danger, meekest disciple of Christ; more like a gentle spirit, an essence of simple truth, a seraph-flame of love, than those who have their dwellings among men:—*Martyn,* the student-candidate, who had earned every leaf of his honoured bays, who, trampling on the prizes of lettered ambition, coveted only the missionary fame; exquisitely sensitive by constitution, but valorous to daring by principle; bearing his boldest witness to the Deity and Atonement of his Redeemer, in Shiraz and Tebris, when these doctrines were sure to be the scorn of the Mufti and the Dervise; feeding his solitary midnight lamp, while translating scripture and controversial tract into the languages of Hindostan and Persia; unguided and uncheered by fellow and friend, unpitied in suffering, unattended on his plague-smitten pallet, huddled to his undistinguished grave; the nearest assimilation to Brainerd, yet incomparably superior in acquirement to that "burning and shining light;" destitute, however, of those comforts and balms which his prototype enjoyed; the one, expiring in the house, and beneath the eye, of Edwards; the other, amidst sickness and languor, furiously driven and cruelly jeered along scorching wastes; the one soothed by all the associations of the Pilgrim-Fathers' resting-place, Northampton; the other breathing away his soul alone, amidst the strangeness and impiety of Tocat, like Chrysostom at Comana:—*Coke,* having his soul's life in this great cause, the one medium of his thoughts and feelings; the early friend of the Negro, rendering seas and continents a course for him to pass in summoning the churches throughout the world to their duty towards the Heathen, leading in his old age a gallant band to Ceylon, but, ere he reached it, bowed down by infirmities and holy cares, his body committed to the deep:—*Morrison,* the stripling, who defied the giant power of idolatry in its strongest defences and with its three hundred millions of supporters; without help and encouragement mastering, by the labour of many years, the most difficult and most spoken of human dialects; the first who smote that image of jealousy which had scowled upon the world; with indomitable heroism maintaining the patient attack; living to plant the banners of Revealed Truth where no power can now cast them down, nor trail them in the dust; his tomb washed by Tae's stream, and dressed with the native Rose, the pilgrim-haunt of the linguist and the scholar, the missionary and the convert, while the first fruits of that vast population are waving around it:—*Carey,* wielding a power to which all difficulties yielded, but that power noiseless as a law of nature; great in conception as well as in performance; profound as those deep combinations of language in which the Indian philosophy and polytheism hide themselves, but gentle as the flower which in his brief recreation he loved to train; awful as the sage, simple as the child; speaking through the Eastern world in as many languages, perhaps, as the "cloven Tongues of Fire" represented; to be remembered and blessed long as Ganges rolls!—Is it nothing to possess their example and experience? Is it nothing to point to labours and achievements great and splendid as these? Is it nothing to ascertain that the primitive spirit of the Gospel yet thrives and burns? Is no renown thus shed over these degenerate times? Should not such models so be contemplated and copied, that the Church can never want Missionaries?* The trophied Pyrgos of Miltiades on the Plain of Marathon suffered not Themistocles to sleep!

If there was ever a period when the *evils of Idolatry were little known,* that time is past. The horrid Figure is now illuminated. We have been impressed, to loathing, with its every lineament. The revelry, the impurity, the truculence, of the system have been laid open. The men who have done it, performed an unwilling task. It was a necessary duty, and therefore they undertook it. Their indignation, their disgust, their pity, move in every account. Much of their feeling, as well as of their information, they convey to us. Though oceans intervene, we seem to behold it for ourselves. It is thus that the faithful historian stamps his narrative as with a living truth. He writes it in the tone of realness and nature. He gains credit by the manner of recital. Such is the graphic detail of the Pestilence in Athens, in the Second Book of Thucydides. The grave, severe, and sombre, style of the representation,—the hideous diagnosis,—the sullen rise of the distemper,—its gathering approach,—its rapid spread,—the frantic despair of the infected,—their heartless desertion,—panic and flight,—the suspension of every disease but this, that it might fill the universal space, and stalk alone,—the temples crowded with the dead,—the choked access to the fountains, yielding no relief to the death-thirst which hurried the tens of thousands to them,—the strife for tombs,—the violent seizure of funeral piles,—the abhorrent mingling of kindred and stranger ashes,—the huddled masses of the dying upon the dead, and of the dead upon the dying,—the disruption of all social ties,—the rampant excess of crime,—the sudden and intoxicating inheritance of momentary wealth,—the refinement upon voluptuousness,—the prodigality of each sensual vice, in the persuasion that there was but the briefest interval for its indulgence,—the fell abandonment by the virtuous of every noble design,—the universal anarchy and demoralization,—irreverence unto sacrilege, and impiety unto defiance,—all, all, is told with such a scenic, visual power, that, as we read, we seem to respire labouringly that heavy poisoned air; to mark the absence of every bird that was wont to seek the shelter of the household eaves, and the departure of the faithful watch-dog; to stumble upon mortal heaps; to hear, in endless waves of sound, the moan of bursting hearts; to encounter the reveller with his wild laugh; to observe the dun, smouldering, smoke of countless pyres; to fear the toppling of the temples and the vengeance of the heavens,—to cower into ourselves before the track of that frightful Visitation! It is more than an imagination, it is an autopsy. It is as though our "eye affecteth our heart." So have we heard, until it was as if we saw, the abominations of the Heathen. The spectacle grew upon us and oppressed us. We roamed the plains of Orissa, and sickened at the crushed and mutilated victims of the Idol's Car. We stood upon the shores of Saugor, and could not contain ourselves when the mother gave her child to the monster's maw. We shrunk from the Suttee, while the widow shrieked in the flame kindled by her firstborn. "Oh the cry did knock against our very heart." We have the abundant means of information, we can plead no ignorance of the evil, and surely this fact strongly urges us to those efforts which, under God, may extirpate it.

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* How many living names might be recalled! But sacrifice to heroes is reserved until after sun-set!

The Christian Martyrology is filling up its archives with no mean names, the "seal of the living God" touches many a brow, as noble victim after victim falls in this warfare. Some have fallen by violence. *Smith* is doomed to a felon's death: he is thrown into a pestilential dungeon: for the Gospel he is an ambassador in bonds: the keepers before the door keep the prison: all is guarded against rescue or escape: the wards ring to no step, and the cells echo with no alarm: no bolt creaks in its socket, nor gate groans on its hinge: but he has passed through all! The array of captivity contrasts with his liberation. They seek for him, and find him not. He looks down upon the impotence of chains and prisons, while he walks in triumph and sings of victory! *Threlfall*, accompanied by his two native converts, shares with them an indiscriminate slaughter, as they bear the Gospel to Namacqua-land,—the howl of the desert their only lament, and the sand-drift their only winding-sheet! *Williams*, the messenger of peace, sinks beneath the club of infuriated cannibals, "gaping upon him with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion."* Who can recall that name, and not be impressed with a sentiment of unearthly greatness? How can it be suffered to pass away without a discriminated praise? There was the master-mind, which owed little to artificial education, but knew a higher training: there was the weighty eloquence, which nothing affected the ordinary rules, but broke forth like nature's strongest or sweetest wells: there was the child-like, transparent, simplicity, with its fine touches of unconscious, unlabouring, grace: there was the self-consuming zeal, which seemed to aspire by a heaven-ward law: there was the consummate prudence, which seemed intuitively to guage difficulties and means: there was the holy heart, which, in its one purpose, bore him through privations and perils which he only knew and but desired to hide: there was the assemblage of qualities, which, in all their powerful and winning forms, raise him to a parallelism with the noblest confessors and martyrs of the Church. How does the wave of Erromanga henceforth seem to redden with his blood, and to murmur with his name; and its corals to pile up their monument to the enterprise of his mission and the oblation of his death!—Nor should we allow ourselves to forget many a name on which the lustre of martyrdom does not fall. The difference is more in seeming than in truth. They bear not the title, but that is the only inferiority. What have not been their sacrifices? Would not the blow of violence have been exemption and release? They perished not in the actual flame, but were they to be envied that they were devoted to a more tardy anguish, that they were bound by a wider chain and consumed in a slower fire? There are graves to which all manly natures will offer "the melodious tear:" the mould which covers "honourable women not a few." The wives of Ward and Marshman and Judson well divide their fame. Other recollections endure of female consecration to this cause: Newell, Wilson, Albrecht, Stallybrass, Clough, Ellis, Coultart, Harvard, Jowett, Kilham, Loveless, are names inspiring as odes and storied as chronicles. They make us "hold our manhood cheap." They illustrate an agency for which there is no substitute, and a virtue which defies comparison. Their urns stand high and alone! Doubtless, the lives which have been thus laid down will be ranked as inglorious by the world; the mere appearance of a wave in the undulation of its affairs. But their record is on high. And when the truth of courage and magnanimity shall be righteously adjudged, how shall these sufferers, for Christ and for his cause, take their place above the rude and boisterous spirits, which make war their trade and carnage their delight! How far transcending the fierce conflicts of brutal strength, shall rise the achievements of prayer and faith and devoted zeal! The Missionary, no matter the sex or sphere, is entitled to occupy the pre-eminence of disinterestedness and philanthropy. Who can grudge to such the meed of grateful and generous applause?* How truly may we apply to them the language of a deep scholar and a philosophic writer! "If I am asked, Who is the greatest man? I answer, the best: and if I am required to say, Who is the best? I reply, He that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures."†

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* The classical reader may recollect,—as he recoils from the horrible circumstances of this Christian hero's death, and the restoration of his few remaining bones,—the language which Virgil puts in the mouth of Æneas at the tomb of Anchises:

"Salve, sancte parens: iterum salvete, recepti
Nequicquam cineres, animæque umbræque paternæ!
Non licuit fines Italos, fataliaque arva,
Nec tecum Ausonium, quicunque est, quærere Tybrim."
Æneid: Lib: v. 80.

Among the strong inducements of the present crisis, we cannot overlook, what we may call, the *healthy state of Christianity.* We speak not of the simpler faith which many now profess, and of the revival of Scripture truth among us. We speak not of bestirred energies, in contrast to that lethargy which prevailed fifty years ago: "was there a shield or spear seen among the thousands in Israel?" The reference is suggested to the triumph it has gained over sceptical objection. There was a fear of science, especially of decyphered antiquities. This gave to the general mind a chilling distrust. When confidence was lost as to the certitude of the blessing, it was vain to expect a zeal for its diffusion. Even Christian men looked on tremblingly, as though some disproof would burst from discoveries. The Infidel in the mean time exulted. He boasted his assurance that every unwound papyrus would furnish refutation. He regretted that the Sibyl's Books were lost, or they would have been unanswerable. But the Egyptian Hieroglyphics were his favourite resource. Here was a store to be opened up of arguments against our religion, a quiver full of fatal shafts. The Pyramid was to be the monument of Deism; the Mummy from its cerements should start up as its advocate; ancient Zodiacs would glow anew to illustrate it; and a sepulchral blast, scattering the hope of ages, must sweep from the cities of the dead. "Memphis" should "bury" it. When the Rosetta Stone was found, the freethinkers were thrown into a tumult of delight. They could now extort the secret,—Silence should speak, and Death confess! The heart of the mystery once more beat! The long-imprisoned voice essayed its earliest articulations! The first ray had touched, after a lingering night, Memnon's statue, and its lyre awoke! Compare the researches of a Belzoni and the readings of a Champolion, and what is their result? The captivity of Israel is there told. The chronology of Moses is there figured. A glimpse of Joseph is there obtained.—The dynasty of the Pharaohs has perished. The line of the Ptolemies is consumed. Their country is infixed with the talons of a subaltern cruelty. Yet has it preserved to this day a precious embalmment of evidence which nothing can corrupt; and there is decyphered out of its relics a demonstration of authentic tale and date, to which the scrolls of Herculaneum are but as the letters of yesterday, and the cycles of Benares and Ujjayani, the almanacks of a few bygone years. "The reproach of Christ" lives through all these "treasures of Egypt." And we can present Christianity to the nations, not only without misgivings as to it ourselves, but with this singular advantage, almost confined to the present period, that every scientific and archæological objection has been retracted or overthrown. New proofs of its veracity are brought to light by almost daily discovery: countries, long effaced by oblivion, seem disinterred to furnish evidence: the outcasts of Palestine, with an unchanged visage, meet us in farthest India and China:* and there are thrown open to us the quarried tombs and palaces of Edom in Petræa.

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* "Ego, si quis, hoc robore animi, atque hac indole virtutis ac continentiæ fuit, ut respueret omnes voluptates, omnemque vitæ suæ cursum in labore corporis, atque in animi contentione conficeret: quem non quies, non remissio, non æqualium studia, non ludi, non convivia delectarent; nihil in vita expetendum putaret, nisi quod esset cum laude et cum dignitate conjunctum; *hunc mea sententia divinis quibusdam bonis instructum atque ornatum puto.*"—Cicero, pro Cœlio. Sect. 17.

† Sir William Jones. Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

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* So common is it to speak of the Ten Tribes, or Israel,—in contradistinction from the Two, or indifferently Jacob and Judah,—that few are startled by the manner in which they are generally described as lost. They have been "found" by many ingenious speculatists in most uncongenial conditions, now in American Indians, then in Nestorian Christians. The entire theory is baseless. They were never lost. The Ten, having revolted from their monarchy and apostatised from their religion, were made captive at different times by Tiglath-pileser and Shalmanezer, but all carried beyond the Euphrates. The Two were afterwards driven from their land towards the same destination by Nebuchadnezzar. Their return, under Ezra and Nehemiah, seems to have been very indiscriminate; and for any to be able to prove that they were

And there is a counterpart advantage which we consider descriptive of our circumstances. Though Christianity could always assert its power over every form of

of the Hebrews was enough. The predictions of Isaiah (chap. xiv.) and of Jeremiah (chap. l.), refer to a *literal* return,—beyond all question, on universal admission,—of those who had been transported to Babylon and the adjacent countries. In each there is as much reference to the reinstatement of Israel as of Judah. In the latter prophecy are contained the following words: "In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah *together*....... Behold I will punish the king of Babylon in his land, as I have punished the king of Assyria. And I will bring Israel again to his habitation, and he shall feed on Carmel and Bashan, and his soul shall be satisfied upon mount Ephraim and Gilead." Then follows the doom of Babylon and of the land of the Chaldæans. There is none other restoration of the tribes foretold. It is often, when announced, promised as an eternal grant of Canaan, inalienable immunities are equally promised, and the people shall no more be rooted up: but this is always conditionally. Pledges, equally positive, were made to the line of David. "The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne. If thy children will keep my covenant......." All individuals, probably, never did return from their bondage. They assimilated to the surrounding Heathen. Others, having settled among the nations, retained their Judaism by attending its festivals and preserving its Scriptures. Sufficient re-entered their father-land to constitute it a national act. Nor were the distinctions and genealogies of the tribes swallowed up. They continued in their identity. Anna, who hailed the Infant Christ, was of the tribe of Asher. Maintaining the integrity of his people, Paul before Agrippa exclaims: "Unto which promise our *twelve* tribes, instantly ministering day and night, hope to come." Persuaded of the existence of the parties whom he would address, James inscribes his Epistle to "the twelve tribes scattered abroad." The nation has now lost its tribual ensigns: all its lineages: but the *ten* tribes are no more lost than the *two!* We all rather follow some system and party, than the pure Word of God!

character, and in every diversity of nation, yet suspicion had arisen that either its influence had decayed, or that those peoples had degenerated which it formerly subdued. When we spoke of certain tribes which once yielded to it, but who have long since lost possession of it, a cold disbelief reminded us that,—it was not what it once had been, that it was shorn of its strength; or that if it were, the minds of those men were so sunk and indurated, that it could never hope to renew its triumph over them. This was then a question of *experiment.* For, however confident we might be of the Gospel, however assured of its unfallen greatness and undiminished capability, the opponents of Missions were to be met by test and fact. One inconsistency, indeed, presented itself immediately, even on the face of their representation. Not venturing to dispute the verdicts of history, they spoke of the descendants as utterly debased below their Christian sires. But they proceeded to the suicidal argument that these descendants laboured under a physical limitation. They were so formed, that they could not understand the Christian faith. The Negro contour was pronounced as debarring all possibility of success. Here was, indeed, self-contradiction! Why had not the same cerebral law checked the glories of civilization and learning, as well as of religion, in olden times? Herodotus* and Aristotle† paint the Ethiop and the Egyptian with the very features of that physiognomical variety. It is forgotten, that the woolly head and the protruding mouth and the elongated foot of the present race are exactly described more than two thousand years ago! That these peculiarities were attached to a people that, if surpassed by Greece, knew none other rival! That they were borne by ambassadors to the most splendid courts, and by ecclesiastics amidst the most noted synods, and by philosophers within the most famous schools! But still,—what if their posterity had so degenerated, were become so imbruted, that all hope of present success was precluded! Though the work was not new, it had been suspended for ages. Nor must it be denied, that the work was to be attempted on the most stubborn materials that human nature could supply. Immensely was that race reduced and lapsed. Soil more unpropitious could not have offered itself for the seed of the Gospel. Yet there, among those who were refused the common tie of man,—who were chased from his blood, who were derided as caricatures of his image,—has our Faith achieved revolutions more difficult than erst it wrought, and not less glorious. It has recovered the outcast; it has given the liberty, which unfetters all the spirit, to the slave. How many "ask the way to Zion with their" swarthy "faces thitherward!" How numerous are the manifestations of an active and an ardent intellect! What simple traits of noble disinterestedness have they exhibited! Rich triumphs of heroism have they won! Sweet and precious fruits of excellence have they yielded! We mark such instances with a high delight, because vindicating the unexhausted power of ancient Christianity,—called, as it has been, to an encounter until now untried. We can quote them, as the Evangelist records some surprising miracle: "*Insomuch* that the blind and the dumb both spake and saw!"—"Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled: who among them can declare this, and show us *former things?* let them bring forth their witnesses, that they may be justified: or let them hear, and say, It is truth!"*

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* Euterpe 56. † Problem: Phys: 294.

The *Abolition of Slavery* has rolled away a great reproach from us, and withdrawn a most serious obstacle out of our path. Far be it from us to vaunt that act of tardy justice. It was a slow, a poor, reparation. If we have "whereof to glory," it is not "before God." We speak of it as it struck the nations, as it disabused ourselves. Let the world call it the extravagance of charity, or the romance of equity; it was a magnificent spectacle! That page of our annals can never be searched to shame us! Let the price be called bribe or subsidy; that lofty deed shall never make us blush! It was a nation's penance. It was a high-minded people's disdain of calculation, perhaps of prudent calculation, when a foul wrong was to be retrieved. Possibly it was a diversion, from those who had claim, to those who had none. Its influence was mighty. At that moment, banded despots were taunting us that our political power was hopelessly laid low. Our voice was never more to be heard in the congress of kings or in the council of kingdoms. No more should we be suffered to dictate peace and liberty to others, — ours was a sunken state, a distracted nation, a bankrupt commonwealth. Our lion slept not in his strength, but in his decrepitude. Ruin had overtaken our country, blockaded its ports, suspended its manufactures, and paralysed its arms. Our sun had set for ever! But the nation firmly resolved that its share, in the guilt and crime of slavery, should be purged away. It willed the deed, and therefore it was done. In its abandonment to repentance, could it not have found the sum, it would have "coined its heart, and dropped its blood for drachmas." The Bourses of Europe were lost in wonder when they heard of the Ransom-Loan! The Thrones of Europe shook, and their dark viziers spake no more of Britain's faded greatness and prostrate might! Land of our revered fathers! Land of our children! Victorious hast thou been in battle! Potential in negociation! Fruitful in benevolence! Distinguished in art! But then was thy ascendant! Thy palm then lifted itself up to its tallest growth! Thy glories, rising from thy earliest dawn, culminated in that meridian! Is not such a national act a noble preparation for our Missions? Does it not entitle us to advance in them, foremost of all the world?

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* Isa. xliii. 9.

There are numerous signs among ourselves of an *Extended Interest* in Christian Missions. Scotia's Church presses to the front of the war. The Seceding Bodies of that land have not only long taken part with her in this purpose, but have recently begun to act in a separate manner. A new Fellowship presses to the front. Freedom is on its banner: the "free course," the unearthly independence, of the Gospel is its cry and care. What else might be predicted of the Land of Knox and Melville? the land which had nursed such mighty spirits? the land which had been sown with the ashes of such holy martyrs? Ask we, "Stands Scotland where she did?" We must answer, She commands a nobler height than that on which her proudest history ever placed her name, her people, her religion before! The Presbyterians of Ulster determine to share the honour. The offshoots of Methodism emulate the parent stock.

The followers of Penn and Barclay cannot stand aloof.* And we may number noble auxiliaries. This country does not act alone. The Lutheran Church of Germany, which long since supplied us with Missionaries, is aroused for itself. The Dutch Reformation is moved by the zeal of its glorious yore. Switzerland was never a laggard in this race. France, as if quickened from the grave of the Huguenots,—Paris, as if the scales of infidelity had suddenly fallen from its long-darkened eye,—have sent their Christian heralds into the deserts of Africa. North America claims a station of more than rivalry by our side. Her immensity,—her noble sea-line,—her lakes, streams, and havens,—her mountains, forests, prairies, —her valley-beds, whose fearful concave seas must once have filled,—her tremendous denudations which seas might fill again,—her estuaries which give a navigation to her inmost heart,—her rivers unlike whatever bears that name in our hemisphere, more glorious highways than the proudest military road or princely pass, the transverses and intersections of her boundless territory, —her outlets and embouchures,—all exhibit nature on its proudest scale. A people, agreeing to such an abode, can be only great. There the often-tried experiment, over which freedom has sighed dispiritedly for ages, has for the first time succeeded without military dictatorship or popular misrule; and a Republic arises and spreads, already older than any in the record of nations. There is the proud pattern of unimposing simplicity in a mighty commonwealth. Tinsel would encumber its majesty. Feudalism would destroy its strength. Vast immigrations are constantly precipitating themselves into this land. Careless of theories which would assign a law to the direction of empire, and which reason on its westward course,* we are content to observe the fact. In the Transatlantic Churches, already has there risen a spirit of judgment and of burning which we should do well to emulate. They have committed themselves, by holy adjuration, to large sacrifices and energetic acts. They point, if they do not lead, the way. They have sent their messengers to Palestine, to Armenia, to China, to Java, to Tavoy, to Maulmain, to Borneo, to Siam, to the Karens. Perish the hand which would break the bonds of two such countries, essentially one,—one in language, in religion, in blood,—which would kindle the mean jealousy or the parricidal strife! We charge, however, America to be true to herself. "Converted," we would "strengthen our brethren." The vice of slavery has too recently been put away from us, that we should haughtily bear ourselves. The tear of contrition is not yet dried up in Britain's eye. But what does not our Sister-Country owe to the spirit of her institutions, and to the annals of her rights? Every country, worthy of patriotism, will sometimes utter enthusiastic boasts: *her* sons may not have always measured theirs. But she may well take a pride of place and a dignity of attitude. What is not due to her Christian character and bearing? Slavery is not so evil, ineffable as is its enormity, as the *caste of complexion.* This seems gratuitous wrong. It is cold and jeering contumely. For it there can be no defence. Policy will speedily demand the destruction of the former, or it will exterminate itself: but Christianity must counterwork the subtle pride and malignity of a prejudice like this. It is to reproach our Maker. It is to contravene the Incarnation of Christ. The Church must repudiate this cruel insult to our nature! To be consistent with her Missionary character, her fellowship of sin and grace, her "neighbour"-commiseration for the world,—what should she know or reck concerning the character of feature or the tint of skin?

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* See the Journal of Daniel Wheeler.

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* "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."
BISHOP BERKELEY.

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand,
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly," &c.
GEORGE HERBERT. CHURCH MILITANT.

Other auxiliaries and incentives might be named. Geography has greatly enlarged its limit and advanced its accuracy, furnishing to us every necessary notice and guidance. Chymistry, exposing the laws of combination, detects those fables which mythology assumes: and Astronomy, with its rigid demonstrations, undeceives superstition's empty fears. The Heathen see their magicians counterworked, and are no more "dismayed at the signs of heaven." Mechanical Science has been cultivated with a most marvellous success; shortening the passage of our agents to their destinations, and endowing them with various means of arousing the attention, gaining the respect, and increasing the comfort, of their proselytes. Mental Philosophy has been pursued with scarcely inferior proficiency; and will greatly help the teacher of every class, but none more than the instructor of the untutored intellect of Heathen lands. In close affinity with the knowledge and examination of psychological phænomena, will Ethical Enquiry hold its place. This has been, of late, most happily prosecuted. The *true* natural theology has passed under many a profound investigation. The whole field of morals has been explored. Obligation has been fixed in its exactest order and on its strongest grounds. And of all, who reason on these principles with others, the Missionary will be the most assisted by such enlightening studies, when he is called to explain the binding force and the original necessity of the respective moral duties. The theory and practice of Education have received large improvements: who can require them, who ought to master them, as the Missionary?

Reviewing all these combinations and coincidences of every facility and advantage, who can say, that "the time is not come?" "Can we not discern its signs?" Want we any Providential opening or Prophetic augury? From every part of the Heathen world there is entreaty; on its margin there is universal welcome. "The isles wait for" us. The ends of the earth are moved for us. All favours and all invites. Shall the precious season pass? When every thing avails,—avails in answer to long-tried prayer,—shall we now hesitate? Shall we now give way, and doubt of victory, when "the battle is turned to the gate?"

MISSIONS,

SURVEYED IN THEIR PRESENT FIELDS AND FUTURE TRIUMPHS.

THE Pacific Ocean, little explored until within about the last seventy years, early presented a strong attraction to those who were just beginning to investigate the question, and feel the duty, of propagating Christianity. Here was a suddenly unfolded field for a beginning. Tahiti had been pictured as an island of perfect enchantment. Its beauty was undoubtedly great. But, as a new discovery, as the earnest of many, it was dreamt of as another Paradise. The seas out of which it rose were always bright and calm; and it was a precious sapphire to which the waves around gave the setting and the skies above lent the beam! The inhabitants were described in all the colours of simple guilelessness! It was "the island of the innocent!" The world felt the imagination of these pictures, and Christians did not yield to any very searching doubt. Allured, perhaps, by a too unreasoning prepossession of mind, the London Missionary Society determined to make it the scene of its earliest efforts. The frigid heart is little to be envied, which can continue unexcited at the story of that first expedition. The able navigator, himself so singularly converted to the faith of Christ, who proffered his command, —the beautiful bark, with its banner of the dove and olive branch, gliding gently from its river-moorings,—the weeping crowd on shore,—the holy company of evangelists bidding a long, a last, farewell, yet midst their sobs singing of the Saviour's cause and care,—still are remembered by a few, and the narrative is still the picture on which younger eyes love to gaze. Little owed that distant isle, with its encircling groups, to discoverers, astronomers, and merchants. It was brought to light, but it was only at the expense of grosser vice and more dire disease. It was reserved for Christian enterprise to arrange its language and transfuse Revelation into it,—to speak to its unoffending race "good tidings of great joy." And now a ship is seen on the skirt of the farthest horizon, scarcely to be discerned from the speck of cloud, or the sea-bird's wing! Its sails swell out and glisten in the sun! Save the Moravian vessel that constantly visits Greenland,—except, too, the Speedwell with its company of the Pilgrim-Fathers,—none like this had been seen since Paul stept on board the Castor and Pollux. Gallant bark and godlike crew! The history is well known. It is not here to relate the patience and fortitude of those heroes, how for a long time they were compelled to struggle with every difficulty, how they had to fly from exterminating wars, how their return was gratulated, how a moral revolution ensued, how it spread over a large expanse of islands, how deep and consistent was the work, how Sabbaths were kept so strictly that each isle was serene as Patmos on the Lord's-day, how domestic prayer was heard from every house, how the people were "turned from the power of Satan unto God." Had the courageous band fallen in that struggle, died in that pass, they might have been compared with the Sacred Van of Thebes, unconquered until overpowered by a thousand-fold phalanx;—had they been defeated, who could have failed of that Roman generosity which, when every cheek was pale for the loss of Cannæ, thanked Varro that he had not despaired of the Republic? But, considering what these people were,—without law, without marriage in any virtuous sense, without a written language, blood-thirsty, licentious beyond the power of thought, vice instituted and sanctified,—nothing in modern times seems capable of holding comparison with this victory. "The multitude of isles is glad thereof." We might have planted colleges and institutions of science and of art: we might have landed the implements of husbandry and the machines of manufacture: we might have colonised philosophers, jurists, and civilisers: and the Tahitian would have continued to grovel in debauchery and to revel in blood. All would have been in vain. But this was Christian triumph! It is a favourite Mission,—the "first-born, the might, and the beginning of strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." The downfall of idolatry, its extirpation, is a conquest most glorious in itself.

> "...... Domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna."*

Yet would this be little, were it all. Christianity is rooted and grounded in those abodes. And there, where the mason-insect is at work, the coral-floor continually rises, the volcano and earthquake helping to mature the effect: and some few ages may yet see in the platform, first of adjoining isles, and then of isles cemented into mainland and continent,† an answer to the objection that the

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* Æneid: vi. 269.

† Lyell's Principles of Geology, Vol. ii.

Polynesian Mission is so broken and detached. Large populations may obtain their dwelling on foundations which an ocean still conceals; and these present residences of Christian men, widely separated now, may be the storehouses of knowledge and principle prepared for that emersion, — not only as the Ark to preserve the Church amidst the waters, but to send forth the true faith and holiness to a re-peopled world.

"What a glorious voyage will that be," exclaimed an elegant Essayist, "and Heaven grant it may not be distant, when pious men shall carry the Cross on the prows of their vessels, and triumphantly enter the havens of the Pacific Isles, announcing the good tidings of peace, joy, and immortality."* Six years had not passed after this burst of feeling, when such a ship, not bearing the ensign, but the doctrine, of the Cross, ploughed that ocean. It placed such "pious men" in different islands. It bore such "good tidings." But when that Mission took a *practical shape,* and entered an *actual being,* its imaginary aspect ceased. Who ever heard that it was really hailed by the polished sons of literature? Who of these left their classic retreats to do our efforts justice? Who of the choir of bards sung the strain? Who of the historiographers of the day indited the narrative? So different is fiction from fact, — so easy is it to admire the ideal, — so possible is it to bless in speculation what we reject when it comes to us with its demands of labour, self-denial, and reproach!

We conceal not that a tender partiality fills our minds towards an island on which Quiros in 1606 left the emblematic Cross; but which nearly two hundred years afterwards received the Doctrine and Influence of Christ Crucified. The physical features of that spot draw forth our delight. That isle of palms, that palace of corals, that dream and enchantment of beauty,—with its music of waterfalls, its intersection of hills, its shadow of dingles,—the tropic bird calling among its woods, the dolphin disporting among its waves,—opening its bays where faëry shallop and pinnace might moor, lifting up its peaks as a signal to the storm-tossed mariner, and welcoming the approach of the stranger by its waving trees and spicy gales,—who can think of such a picture unmoved? And all the attendant circumstances of that voyage clothed it with a sacred charm! The Ship which bore the Missionary band was more venerable to us than the Vessel of Theseus which the Athenians constantly repaired, more precious to us than that which wafted Virgil could be to the heart of Horace,—and we would have only spared it to be turned like Argo into a constellation, floating in its depths of liquid azure, still a memorial and an auspice, anchored midway between the Cross and the Dove. It was simple duty to conduct that mission: yet was there high adventure in it. No longer was the rebuke deserved against us which the Poet launches when commemorating the simple virtues of Omai:

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* Winter Evenings: by Vicesimus Knox: Vol. ii. p. 62.

> "We found no bait
> To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
> Disinterested good, is not our trade."*

And who could have thought that this humble, far-off, islet should have attracted the envy of the Gaul? That a mighty nation like France could fix on it a sinister and coveting eye? Was it there that the spoils of Trafalgar must be recovered? Was it there that the Crown of Ocean was to be won? The position was not so insignificant but that it might be lusted. Ambition, indeed, mocked itself with such a prize. But a famished commerce might here seek its pittance. It is the gate to myriads of isles. It is itself the island queen of those waters. Neither quest will explain the motive of the invaders. There is a ghostly power, a dire superstition, which plans and urges all. Statesmen are but its puppets and thrones but its footstools. And what is the course of attack? A Female Sovereign, then a childing mother, must be torn from her palace, her dominion, her subjects. She was no beldame of cruelty and blood. Ever had she borne her faculties meekly. Because the rapine was so foul, its name must be most honourable. Protectorate is the word. The spring of the tiger and the ravin of the wolf ought to be the heraldic emblems of such protection. It was an insult to *our* Naval Flag and to our Implicit Treaty, which it was weakness not to notice or not to avenge. The Casus Fœderis was clear. For lighter wrongs reprisals had not infrequently been demanded by our country's armed attitude and resistless voice. The outrage on the Falkland Islands seventy-four years ago,—the seizure at Nootka Sound fifty-four years since,—the transfer, to an already overgrown state, of Ockzakow in 1791,—all were denounced from the British throne and were likely to be resented by a British armament. The nation was in earnest, the senate was ready with its thunderbolt,—the appeal, if negociation could not have succeeded, was to arms. Restitution, where wrong had been done, was not allowed to satisfy. Even a remote question, touching the balance of power, was not endured a moment's reserve. How craven have we become! Why did not one burst of indignation fill our land? Why was not the aggression punished? Was it that a helpless woman sued? Was it that only a Protestant mission pleaded? A government of concessions soon sinks into not only a vassalage but into a tyranny. Europe felt the wrong. The world betrayed its amazement that it could be brooked. Tahiti itself was true. Its monarch never forsook the cause. The patriot people sought death in the defence of their holy liberties. All still is heroic and steadfast. Following the high and most Christian example of Covenanting Scotland and Banded Switzerland, they stand to expiate their soil and to beat back the foe. They die for their country. What makes it perverse or evil in them to do what Argyle and Zuingle did? But the blame lies where we should least have feared or expected to find it. It was not in the juggling of cabinets. It was not in the supineness of nations. On Christian Men, on Christian Englishmen, the cause must be laid. From them came the croak of peace. They raised the question of expense. They trembled lest there might happen any injury to trade. They refused to unite, to protest, to act. Call upon them after call from their high-spirited Executive, did the members of this very Mission slight. And Tahiti was abandoned! But its own assertion of faith, its own fight for liberty, is not abandoned. Its enemies already tire of the warfare which they can no more despise. They mark the helplessness of their dragonade. Blest isle! Forsaken of all,—thy friends more false than thy adversaries are cruel,—the honour seems left to thee that thou shouldst vindicate thyself,—to save thy own churches and to guard thy own shores! A world's brave and holy hearts give thee their sympathy, their admiration, their blessing, their prayer!

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* Cowper. Task, Book i.

Greenland was more than a century since visited by the Church of the United Brethren: and still that interesting Mission prospers. Depending greatly for the most common means of subsistence on supplies from this country, we can form little idea of the straits to which the servant of Christ there often is reduced. How holy is the beach which a *Christian David*, and his colleagues, trod! Where a country is so thinly covered with inhabitants, and they are compelled to consume all their time in search of food, serious impediments to success exist. But nothing long withstands temper, uniformity, and prayer. New Herrnhut yet rises amidst the rigours of eternal snow, surviving the howl and asperity of a hundred winters; and there the lowly pastor still tends his flock, and both are screened by the Good Shepherd.

Still earlier than even this date, the same meek but enterprising Church began the conversion of the Negroes in the West Indies. In the Danish Isles of St. Thomas and St. Croix,—and in four of the British, including Jamaica and Barbadoes,—they have most flourishing settlements. Here, too, the Wesleyan Missions have been eminently successful. The Anti-pædo-Baptists have, perhaps, in Jamaica surpassed all more recent success. Their Churches consist of thousands! The Scottish Missionary has boldly followed it up. The Church Mission is exerting itself in the same quarter and in the neighbouring colonies. The London Missionary Society has its stations also there. The latter has chiefly directed its labours to the rich virgin stripes of South America. The slave found on that soil no relaxation of his toil. His "heart was brought down with labour." The taskmaster exceeded every other in merciless exaction. The preachers of the Gospel saw a deeply injured race. The little mitigation, which had been introduced into British slavery, was there unknown. No breath of solace fanned the wretch whose only hope was death. The scourge or the fusillade was always ready to destroy. "The captive exile" first heard from these devoted men words of kindness and compassion. They entered his soul. He joined himself to his benefactor, and was "added unto the Lord." Churches arose. The vampyre dealer was cut to the heart. He goaded the unconverted into revenge. He then would implicate the pious and the patient. But every coil was thrown around the magnanimous Missionary. And Guiana contains the Martyr's grave. "O Earth, cover not thou his blood!"

The extraordinary varieties of our race which meet on the European and Asiatic frontiers of the Russian empire, led the Scottish Missionary Society to seek some eligible position from which it might act on both these grand divisions of the globe. It most advisedly and auspiciously selected Astrachan. Washed by the Volga, standing at the head of the Caspian Sea, it is variegated by almost every costume, and resounds with almost every tongue. It is a most important entrepot of commerce, and a channel of all kinds of influence. Here a centre is obtained which sweeps an ever-receding circle, which may reach the Ural and the Ukraine. But especially does it act with a softening force on the Caucasian and

Tartar clans. It is the check of the predatory, and the home of the outcast and the roving. Besides, the Tracts and Bibles which were issued hence might not only diverge in straight directions,—they might reach the shores of the Euxine. When the Chersonesus was occupied by the same Society, the common influence was more than doubled. Why are visions so reasonable and fair obscured? Why has that sanction been withdrawn, which was truly imperial and as clearly politic? Why are the Missionaries of Siberia the first subjects of a banishment from those dreary regions? they who sought them in charity and pity? This is, indeed, to blur and dim the diadem of the Czars.

India, with its hundred millions, is placed beneath the sway of the British power. It is but the Asiatic Province of this little isle. Who but ourselves are "the kings of the East?" Before whom but Britons has every obstacle to that dominion yielded, and "even the water of the great river Euphrates been dried up?" Is not "the way" of these Mysterious Potentates even now "prepared?" The Missionary spirit was naturally led to ruminate on the mysterious problem of such a trust. As soon as it might be accomplished, this became a favourite scene for evangelization. The foreigner had free access: not so our citizen. Without a license he could not land: in four-and-twenty-hours, that license might not only be arbitrarily withdrawn, but he be actually deforced. Honoured be those champions of truth and love, who, when they could not obtain a passage in a British ship, nor rest for the sole of their foot on British India, sought the guidance of the American pennant and the protection of the Danish fort! No name is more sacredly signalised and storied than Serampore. The great business of Scripture translation was there begun, or at least first worthily undertaken.—The Episcopalian Church Mission was also very beneficial. It did not so much aggress the naked idolatry around it, as impart a tone of new thinking and sensibility to the European. This it was better prepared to do than the more unaccredited and unknown agent. A great impression was produced on the civil and military portions of society. Infidelity and irreligion were put to shame. The Missionary, who until now was hated most by his fellow-countrymen, was "esteemed very highly for his work's sake." The native saw no longer in the rulers of the country a practical argument against Christianity. The profligate soldier, the scoffing trader, yielded to an influence which they had derided and withstood at home. The success of this Branch of the Missionary System, it is not possible to admire too strongly. It is a leaven which is in constant diffusion. Society has taken a new character from it. If it was not its immediate purpose,—until this object was gained, all labour for the general cause must have been inefficient. It was bearing the atmosphere of this country to that. It was raising the kind and habit of thinking there, to the standard of our own. Nor is that Institution without its trophies of more direct success. Krishnagur is a scene of such spiritual life, enquiry, and holiness, that when the zealous Wilson visited it, and saw "the fruits of the Spirit" for himself, he exclaimed: "We stand on the margin of grand operations of Divine grace!"—And we may track the course of other Missions. The General Baptist Community, modestly calling itself "the Half Tribe," has here exhibited that it can receive its "lot," and that God "stirs up his strength before" it. The London Missionary Society stretches its holds through many important regions of Northern and Peninsular India: from Surat to the Mysore and the Carnatic: from Benares to the coast of Bengal. It very early took possession of key-positions in the farther east and south: Canton, Malacca, Bencoolen, Singapore, Java, Penang: the most influential marts and most mixed resorts of the East. This is a noble base of conflicts and victories. From these points it is to be hoped that deep interiors of darkness and wretchedness may be enlightened and blessed.

But not thus lightly must this great dower and feoffment of our Country be dismissed. It presents a surpassing interest. Under our immediate control there are eighty millions of subjects. Within our indirect influence, in allied and confederated states, there are scarcely less. Calcutta, Madras, and Benares, reckon a half-million of inhabitants each. A dozen cities, at least, contain severally, two hundred thousands. Ten, and perhaps more, reckon from fifty to a hundred thousands. A hundred include from twenty to fifty thousands. Thousands of towns comprise their thousands. Tens of thousands of villages are described as swarming like the ant-hills. In the Presidency of Madras, not a sixth in its population compared with that of Bengal, ten thousand towns and villages are comprehended. The anxious enquiry therefore is, How shall an idolatry, a pantheism, like theirs, be rooted up? It is doubtlessly shaken, it is evidently yielding, but is no other enquiry to be proposed? That vague, but universally ramified, superstition being subverted,—the void being produced in the

Hindoo mind,—does it follow that Christianity shall be embraced? Though that people change their gods, must it necessarily be that they transfer their faith to the Christian verity? Know we so little of the human heart, and that heart not improved, at least, by its long contact with idolatry? Is this analogy established in the history of conversion? Infidelity is already there, and its publications are actively promoted. The downfall of the Heathen system,—seldom loosened but by Christianity,—only gives us an advantage. It is but a facility. We cannot account it our perfect victory. At best, it is negative success. Until the Gospel prevails instead of it, and changes the heart, not from error only, but from its own self,—we see nothing more than a most important preparation and forerunner,—the true conflict is not joined, and the real triumph may be as distant as ever. Though the unclean spirit for a season leave the house of his long possession,—and that house be empty, swept, and garnished, as for a nobler occupation,—has he therefore renounced his title, alienated his property, and precluded his return? May he not league with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and enter in and dwell there, with a firmer hold and lodgement than before?

It was a happy thought that seized on Ceylon as a fit site for missionary enterprise. The Methodist Mission deserves the most honoured mention in the history of Singhalese Christianity. This isle, the ancient Taprobana, seems an outwork, the break-water, of India. The success has resembled a conquest. The people has been subdued. Tribes deep-hidden in forest and fastness have yielded themselves with a readiness which no human causes can explain. Education rapidly extends. The dæmon-worship shrinks from sight. Gautamanism is laughed to scorn.

Africa was a claimant on all, and all allowed the claim. Cruel had been the history of that vast continent. Sierra Leone was chosen as an asylum for the freed negro before the Slave-Trade was abolished; and when that Act was passed, many captured and redeemed slaves were allotted to it. The Church Missionary Society took the interesting settlement beneath its charge. Through many vicissitudes, it has not laboured in vain At times, an extraordinary power of religion has been known.—The Hottentot had hardly less cruelly felt the rod of the oppressor. The Moravian came first as his healer. More than a century ago, the Brethren had entered Southern Africa. Their Mission was discontinued after a time, but was renewed sooner than any other commenced. The Wesleyan well co-operates with them: and wherever he comes he ensures civilization, while he preaches Christ. The London Missionary Institution has, throughout this district, many important settlements both within and on the other side of the Colonial line. Lattakoo carries us higher into the continent than any other point hitherto attained. Some of the most exalted proofs and specimens of this Society's success are to be numbered in these regions. It has destroyed a most cruel slavery. It has vindicated a most aggrieved people. It has stopped the indiscriminate pillage of the innocent, carried on under the pretence of retribution. It has formed the choicest examples of Christian virtue. The meeting, the praying, together of Baren and Africaner, the terrors of all,—both converted, both become like little children,—who had never seen each other since they fought for three successive days by the Orange river,—lions turned into lambs,—their look of recognition, forgiveness, love,—their supplications and thanksgivings for each other with many tears,—would defy the painter and mock the bard. What men are labouring, also, there! There is the Las Casas of the insulted and ravaged Hottentot! There is the Hercules defying monster and barrier and hell, that he may found or deliver nations, and spread peace and liberty amidst barbarous wastes!

Madagascar and Mauritius, lying in the great ocean-course to the Oriental field, were spots which required much notice and ample assistance. The first, for a while, exceeded every hope. It was rising fast into intelligence, industry, peaceful habits, and salutary institutions; when fell despotism, leagued with unabashed superstition, withered the whole. But it could not crush the little church which Christianity had gathered there. It meets still on some mountain-top or amidst some retired glen. It has already heard the voice of the King of martyrs commending its noble stand: "Thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you." That Holy Woman, Rassalama, was led forth to death, confessing Christ along the way, and bearing witness to him still in the horrors of her death. Others have followed her, "not accepting deliverance."—Mauritius has been the retreat of persecuted Missionaries: the London Mission has long possessed a station at Port Louis. The interest of the station is greatly raised, and its claims are ten-fold increased, as this island seems the last rallying-place to Slavery. There the monster, keenly pursued and thickly transfixed in every other region, lashes itself to its last fury and stands at bay. Its expiring struggle cannot be long protracted, nor its death-groan deferred.

Taking this rapid survey of our Missionary Societies, —those reservoirs of all talent and of all influence,—it has been our aim, without invidious distinction, just to represent their most important occupations. Not the thousandth part of what they are doing has been proclaimed or sought to be proclaimed. We confine ourselves, rather, to the bearings which their respective spheres and settlements must exert in the conversion of mankind. From Greenland may go forth the Gospel of salvation through many an unknown Arctic tribe.—The Churches now quickly filling so many of the Antilles,—isles lying like a chain of wider links across the Caribbean Sea,—cannot fail to have their effect upon the mighty continents behind them. When the commerce of this quarter of the globe shall seek its natural passage to eastern climes by Darien, rather than at the alternative of the two Southernmost Capes, how important will be a position which commands this majestic Sound! Those fair islands, once the dens of bondage, may then be the luminaries of knowledge and religion to Mexico and Peru. —America here presses upon our sight: a double continent stretching from pole to pole! What a sisterhood of churches shall adorn that land! What a part shall it take in the conversion of the world! Its own native races must it win to the doctrine of the Great Spirit, whom only Christians can adore! What space does that theatre of wonders comprehend! How do the Canadas exceed in size many of the largest countries in Europe, —while the whole of Europe together might lie within the boundary of the Brazils! Will not the discoveries of Columbus and Cabot, scarcely four hundred years in date, not only furnish illimitable receptacles for Christianity, but gigantic resources for its propagation?—India, brought under the control of a Christian press, set thinking on the Christian evidence, and in daily sight of the Christian example, shall look back to the few centres which are now established, feeble and not only few, as the sources of all its light and elevation.—China, incapable of stemming the mighty reflux of evangelic sentiment from the Malayan shores,—while Canton opens, notwithstanding national precaution, invisible sluices for it through the heart of the empire,—will learn how infatuated it was to imagine that she could roll back the tide. Itself enlightened, the lands below it cannot long resist. Papua and Borneo and Celebes will quickly reflect the blaze of that glory that shall rise upon it.—Africa has been touched on its great coasts, and has a little way been penetrated. Its western regions are now better understood. From the south an impulse of no mean power begins to ascend. British possession on its northern side may not be in vain. From Nubia to Angola, there may yet be a straight way in the desert for our God. Abyssinia, already visited by the Missionary, shall gather its few broken rays of Christian knowledge; and the Thebaid, so long the scene of a senseless monachism, shall resound with the joy of Christian populations.

Would that our Missions were in every place more numerous and effectual! But their allocations are most happily selected. They command the principal points, if military language may be employed, of the inhabited earth. They help each other. It would be difficult to say which most is wanted, or which could best be spared. Like the ecliptic, they girdle our globe as with a sun-track, with a belt of ever-spreading splendour!

Yet what are these in proportion to the real world? The depth of continents? The swarm of populations? How few are redeemed out of them! "They are destroyed from morning to evening: they perish for ever without any regarding it." What a small impression has hitherto been made on the long accumulated darkness! "Death reigneth!" "We have not wrought any deliverance in the earth; neither have the inhabitants of the world fallen." "Wherefore should the Heathen say, Where is now their God?"

But He who is "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel," shall have undivided dominion. "He shall be great unto the ends of the earth." "All nations shall call Him blessed." "All nations shall serve Him." Think of the most hostile countries, the most rebellious against truth and righteousness, and then *believe* that they shall all yield to His sceptre, and walk in his ways. We see the beginning, though only the beginning. There are manifestations of more than hope. It is like a mountain-scene, where summit catches after summit, according to their altitudes, the rising sun, while all below is night. The morning cometh! The Day hath broken! The Darkness flees away!

Japan! That country guarded by rock and shoal and vortex and typhoon,—more by the cruelty and jealousy of its people,—firmer in its hatred of all that it knows as Christianity, than any other under heaven,—holding annual festival to trample on the image of the Cross, when the tender foot of each infant must spurn it,—a nation of ruthless cruelty,—those "isles of the Gentiles" shall hear the Voice: "Keep silence before Me, O islands!" "The kings of the isles shall bring presents." The royal crown is pawned to the Crucified One, and shall shine among the many which are destined to deck his head! The true Cross shall be blessed with universal acclaim, and every knee shall bow to Him who hung upon it!

Samoyeda! Ruder than their Scythian forefathers, hardly possessing their wagon or their wigwam, scarcely partaking even of the wild freedom of a nomadic race,—withal oppressed and driven before advancing civilization,—these inhabitants of the waste, long exiled from the family of man, shall believe in Him who is "for salvation unto the ends of the earth." He that was first announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem keeping their flocks, shall be revealed to the herdsmen of these fastnesses: "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him!"

Hindostan! Bandied from power to power, though worthy of constituting an empire of boundless strength and wealth,—adorned with art, not unversed in science,—part of whose idolatry gave way before the iconoclastic fury of the Mohammedan, receiving, however, a lascivious and fierce imposture in its room,—what a place among the nations is it destined to attain! There may now be the timidity into which oppression has cowed it, and the dissimulation which thought to guard itself against rapine, and the recklessness which treats ease and pain almost as equal, and the effeminacy which climate has superinduced. But that character has been brought beneath the influence of a spirit of power, truth, and a sound mind. The native profession has defied every inducement of interest and terror to abandon it. Chambers of imagery, so full of pollution that our worst sensualist could not penetrate them, have been cleansed. Selfishness, so systematic that our most heartless intriguer would in a moment have been counter-plotted, has warmed and expanded into the divinest charities. All those hiveing millions shall be added to the Christian family. All those high energies and endurances, which now characterise them, shall be impressed with a full consecration. All those thrones shall be bowed down before the sovereignty of Messiah. From the Indus to the Teesta, from Comorin to Imaus, the false tutelaries shall flee away, and Religion shall unfold its blessings,—the true Avatar of Christ's Flesh, the true Metempsychosis of the Spirit's Work, the true Veda of the Scripture's Inspiration.

China! There is fixed, in rigid immobility, a mass of human beings yet uncomputed, through every change unchanged, the one generation standing inflexible whatever its accessions or subtractions, like mighty galleries filled with the uncorrupted dead,—history no monitor and experience no guide, a throbless stagnancy, an embalmed life. But a prophet shall be raised up to them, whom they shall hear: and a King shall reign in righteousness. The diagrams of Confucius shall no more engage their mind. When they know that "blessed are the poor in spirit," then, not in the style of arrogance but of truth, theirs shall be "the kingdom of heaven."

Including more than a fourth part of our race, the whole in mysterious unison,—when the Saviour shall be known to those hundreds of millions, when "these from the land of Sinim" shall "come" to him,—may we not trust that the same uniformity shall be evinced, that as one people they shall be converted, that the confession of "the True God, even Eternal Life," shall be with one voice, one heart, one mind? Entrenchment after entrenchment even now is gained. Hongkong and Chusan were already first held by our nation's power, where the Missionary might find protection, and begin his blessed work. Then were ceded to Christian enterprise, free as our native cities, Canton, Amoy, Shangae, Ningpo, Fou-chou-fou. What a nation to be "born at once!" What a harvest to bow before the sickle which has but to be thrust in to enclose it all! Thou "chief of nations!" He claims thee for himself! Thy multitudes he claims! Thy crown,—with its arch of splendours, its setting of gems, its circle of glories, he claims as his,—he will wear it in his right,—he will place it high on that head which does not disdain even now far meaner crowns,—not the bauble, but the power which it represents,—not the type, but the dominion of all thy minds! Open thy portals, Pekin! Lift up your heads, O ye gates! Thousands of Gutzlaffs shall follow that devoted man, entering thy bays and penetrating thy cities! Thousands of Leang-Afăs shall traverse thy dominions in the footsteps of thy native Apostle! Thousands of Morrisons shall gird themselves upon his tomb, taught by his example, animated with his zeal! Still thou shalt hold the custody of that precious dust which slumbers in thy mouth, not to perish, but which as a germ is sown to bloom into holy fame and yield a harvest of glorious fruitfulness! Thy soil shall soon contain, not only his consecrating ashes, but thine own dead in Christ! "Behold thy God!"

Tartary! Birth-place of the superstitions which have deformed the Christian faith and ritual,—that, like the sand-columns rushing through those deserts, have inundated its form and destroyed its life,—where are all contrasts of magnificence and ruin, verdure and sterility, multitude and loneliness,—that mysterious lair of the Old Serpent cannot be overlooked in the conversion of the world. Its Living Idol must cease, when other nations tread into the dust their stocks and stones. They who had all given heed to him from the least to the greatest, saying, This is the great power of God,—to whom they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries,—shall believe the things preached concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, and be baptised, both men and women. Some Evangelist shall go down and preach Christ in Lassa, and there shall be great joy in that city.

Persia! The Araxes yet rolls, the native rose yet blows, the citron-grove yet flourishes, the bulbul warbles yet,—but long since the heart of this great empire has beaten low and dull. Its pristine glories are fled: no Cyrus gives it laws, no Darius lavishes on it embellishments,—no Zoroaster moralises, no Hafiz sings. But Christianity shall restore it from its long exhaustion. The Star, which led its Magi to the stable where lay the Holy Child Jesus, shall anew be kindled, and here find its true ascendant. "The Prince of this kingdom" shall "withstand" Him no more. Sabianism and Soofism shall fall together. Sushan may revive, Purim be celebrated by the "Israel of God," and "light and gladness and joy and honour" rebound through the land!

Arabia! The foot-prints of the Church in the wilderness might still be imagined, and the grim scenery of those solitudes is still monumental of its march. Amidst its haggard defiles the contrite Saul of Tarsus meditated, prayed, and wept. Yet here the base lie of Mohammed had its rise. That imposture quickly passed from those rocks into the region which is called Happy. With the rapidity and blast of the Samiel, its own angel of death, it swept from Medina to Yemen. But its days are numbered. Its sign is not now the crescent when it is young: it is only that form in its dimmest wane. Sinai shall no more gender to bondage. Horeb shall become a Spiritual Rock, a holy type, and that Rock is Christ! The Hagarenes shall open their eyes, and 4
drink, while they discern, the living water!

Afsharon! The Parsee fire is burning there, while from India come the successive courses of priests to tend its flame. The ancient worship, which many supposed to have ceased, never has been abandoned. Amidst exhaustless beds of naphtha it has burnt for unremembered ages. Its cone is seen from far. How shall it be scorned in its ashes, when its votary is baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire! How shall it be loathed, when he discovers that the only vigil is watching unto prayer, and the only offering a living sacrifice!

Anatolia! The Seven Churches shall rise again, and their Angels shall return, ministering to them. Galatia shall once more be filled with communities, that can know no other Gospel. Christians, no longer persecuted strangers, scattered throughout Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia, shall unite and dwell together in quiet, while grace and peace shall be multiplied to them. Those rich valleys shall not be invaded by the marauder, those ancient cities shall be renewed, though once sown with the salt and ploughed up by the share; and those songs shall break out of their long silence which erst were heard along the Tigris and the Euphrates and the Granicus!

Judea! Whatever people may call it at that time their own, whoever may be the citizens of that country, how shall it be the resort of those who must venerate it as the scene of the most glorious visitations! Bethlehem, Sychar, Nazareth, Jericho,—Carmel, Tabor, Zion, Calvary,—what names are these! Will not the converted child of Abraham rejoice to behold the Christian synagogue rising on every side, and steal to the place where his Saviour poured out his blood, weeping as he goes? Will he not love to blend himself with the Gentiles, who no more tread down the holy place, but worship in it? Solyma! Mother of us all! How meekly beams, on all out of every nation who visit thee, thine impartial smile, thine equal eye! Nor see we weakness and superstition in that high-wrought mood which is moved by localities like these. If an Apostle, in the remembrance of the Transfiguration, may call the spot the "holy mount," is not this, more than in poetic license, holy ground? He is not to be envied who could traverse it unaffected. There, on that upland slope, where still the olive grows, stretched Gethsemane! and Hark! Kedron murmurs just beneath! Amidst yonder crumbled heap rose the Prætorium in which Messiah bore his nameless indignities, and the Pillar at which he was ignominiously scourged! Along that winding steep He sunk beneath his cross! That was the summit, without the gate, where He was crucified! Are these remembrances, are these associations, which can ever die? May we not believe,—with all our experience of material images, with all our distrust of sensible impressions,—that the heart will only draw pure sentiment and feeling from each of these historic monuments,—and that simple faith, combined with sublime sensibility, shall "fill the breadth of Thy Land, O Immanuel?"

Rome! Thou awful city, renewed from desolations, and rising out of ruins! Type of power! Image of eternity! Reposing upon the mighty past! A memory rather than a history! A reflection more than a scene! A Shadow thrown far back, reaching far forward, featured into record and into prophecy! One of old appealed to thy Cæsar! It was not in vain. He wore a chain. A soldier kept him. But he preached the kingdom of God, and taught those things which concern the Lord Jesus with all confidence. City of martyrs! loathsome for their persecutions, great for their glories, who does not shudder at thy name, who does not rejoice in thy Christian memorials! What holy tombs, what blessed ashes, dost thou enshrine! Thy heroes have perished, but thy saints shine on! Thine orators are heard no more, but thy confessors plead! Pagan and Antichrist have been thy names! Dragon and Hydra have been thy symbols! Egypt and Babylon have been thy prototypes! Thy blood-shed crieth against thee! Thy superstitious sorceries provoke high heaven! But the pure and undefiled Christianity which once flourished in thee shall revive! Thy "faith," as of old, "shall be spoken of throughout the whole world!" In that "mutual faith" thou shalt be bound to the universal church! Thy disciples shall "labour much in the Lord!"

Athens! Thy sunny skies still gleam upon thee, and still thou art gladdened by the music of thy legendary streams! Thou livest again more fair and bright than ever! Thy classic enchantment is broken, but for a better spell. Thy religion is, "Jesus and the resurrection." Holy temples now adorn thy hills and heavenly meditations now sanctify thy groves. Get thee, to thy high mountains! Borrow the voice of thy resounding waves! Say to the world, that which thou didst hear in long past ages,—God now commandeth all men every where to repent!

Ye Gothic nations, to you we call! It is your mind, your speech, your mission, which we invoke! Every where ye are diffused, and every where your genius stamps itself! With you, under different political forms and amidst different physical regions, is the power and destiny of universal assimilation. To your Father-land, —of deep philosophy and gorgeous imagination,—of Guttenburgh and of Luther,—we owe an endless debt, we offer a grateful reverence! But it is not your soil,—it is your peoples, which we hail! It is your race! That is sown wide as the world. It is your power of conquest! That is not denied nor withstood. It was your native right to give the Word of God by the art which ye discovered first. Your deep, sonorous, dialect, was fitted, unlike the softer tongues of southern climes, to storm the holds of bigotry and superstition, to cover, as with armour, the ideas of truth and the principles of liberty!

Ye are a kindred, however dispersed! More than once, ye have prevailed against tyranny and superstition,—now array yourselves beneath the victorious banner of the Cross! Raise it high! Bear it nobly! Guard it well! Take it as your trust! Conquer the world by it! Your character, your rank, your force, your ascendancy, stir your enterprise and pledge your success! Be this your last irruption! The true subordination of each! The blessed recompense of all!

Egypt! The Young Child went down into it, and there found refuge from his bloodthirsting foes. It knew Him not. But He shall "come into it" again: and "the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it." From its long degradations, from its ruins of Karnah and Esne, shall it lift up its mourning head. A voice from on high only can bid it live. That sound, louder than its cataracts, shall be heard. The Passover shall be kept throughout the land. It shall rise into more than pyramidic state. Its palm shall proclaim an unknown triumph, and its lotus shall typify an eternal life. And Nile, that reflected so many idolatrous fanes, and wafted so many unholy odes, shall be skirted with the gates of the Lord, and be vocal to the "song of Moses and of the Lamb."

Africa! That realm of wonder, that scene of glory, where still moulder the ruins of Thebes with its hundred gates, where still the Sphinx glasses itself on its mysterious stream, where the Delta still yields its miracles of fertility, where Death cannot, after three thousand years, destroy the dead,—whose eld is so illustrious and whose heraldry is so renowned,—She shall soon stretch out her hands unto God! We will not speak of it in its smaller divisions: we know that its whole extent shall be reclaimed and won to Him of whom it is written: "The God of the whole earth shall he be called." Nor will we point to those isles of the West, whither its kidnapped children were basely torn; dying prematurely beneath a crushing bondage, or not uncommonly from simple grief of exile, yet thus hoping to return to the blue hills of their father-land. When civilization and religion shall take possession of its mighty territory, what an uninterrupted course they may run, what a glorious triumph they may signalise! Scenes rise up to our faith, such as never could be painted by our philanthropy. We see you, Ye golden-roofed and minaretted Cities, reposing in your greatness, with your schools, your hospitals, your asylums, your temples,—crowded with life and gladness, the "old man with his staff in his hand for very age, and the streets full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof!" We see you, Ye noble Churches, your order and the steadfastness of your faith, how ye have rest, how ye are edified and increased, varied but united, purer than when your Cyprians and Augustines taught and ruled you! We see you, Ye majestic Ports, thronged with every bark,—a cloud of sails, a forest of masts,—your stores of merchandise, not without many a lading of Bibles,—your multitude of sea-farers, not without many a levy of Missionaries,—for lands where there is still no vision! We see you, Ye peaceful Villages, set against the mountain sides, shaded by the palm and wreathed by the tamarind-bine, echoing with songs of patriotism and religion! We see you, Ye mighty Commonwealths, that need not envy the senate of Utica nor the army of Carthage,—rich, generous, free,—only curbing wrong, only decreeing justice, only conquering peace! Land of demoniacal inflictions! On which every tyranny spends itself! Which, at this moment, to its Great Desert, is the Slave-chase to the world! Weep no more! The blessed Jesus gave thee honour, and bade thee hope, when drawing near to the scene of death that He might be crucified in weakness! Sinking beneath the weight of the transverse of His cross, Thou wast summoned to bear the load! Thy sable, woolly-headed, man of Cyrene, Simon,—who as thy first trophy is "called Niger,"—was for thee surety then! On him fell the dignity,—through him on Thyself!—for which confessors and martyrs would have borne a thousand tortures more, a thousand deaths again! And soon shall that Cross be carried by all thy peoples and nations, not compelled as was their ancestor,—Ye Peoples and Nations, ye shall take it of your own accord, the symbol of your salvation, the signal of your hope, the light yoke of your obedience, glorying in nothing save in it! Teneriffe, lift up thy voice from thy throne of clouds,—nor let Atlas refuse to prolong the mountain cry! Break forth into singing! Gambia, Senegal, Congo, waft that strain upon your tides! And thou, O Zaira, through all thine awful solitudes, rejoice and blossom as the rose!

"O Earth, Earth, Earth! hear the word of the Lord!"

MISSIONS,

THEIR PECULIAR ENCOURAGEMENTS.

Scarcely has a topic of these later discussions been advanced which does not bear upon the present section: but such are rather collateral and indirect relations than immediate and obvious. We may well, then, enquire, What cheers our course,—beyond the proper Purpose and Means of the Gospel, the Influence which blesses it, the Prediction which heralds it, the actual posture of Circumstances which auspicate it? These sources of a varied encouragement may be affected by all the others, yet retain they enough of a distinct character to justify a separate notice.

There are many persons who are disposed to admit nothing as befriending our cause in the present times. With some of their dejection we duly sympathise. There seems a judgment hanging over a very large number of professing Christians. The errors to which they yield appear to spring from an infatuation. "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel!" What slavish principles, what apostate views, what obsolete avowals, are greedily adopted! Instead of thinking lightly of this state of things, we could join the most timid in their prayer: "O our God! we know not what to do: but our eyes are upon thee!" Yet it may be that, in the commotions of public opinion, in even the revival of what we had thought was for ever disproved, there is hope. Quiet and uncheckered circumstances never draw forth important change or shining greatness. Eventful periods, like earthquake bursting open the hidden riches of the globe, show the strength of character and the stores of religious worth. Nothing is less satisfactory than a stagnant uniformity. Mind must be kept in action to be itself, as the water which moves only is living water. The disputes of the present day, its violent extremes, its tremendous struggles, may all usher in the most desirable results. It is a last conflict. It is an irrevocable adjudication. When did noble issues teem, but amidst frightful agitations? When did truth appear in its majesty, but as emerging from envious clouds? This is not an æra which suffers either a pause, or a mere oscillation, between opposite directions. It is ominous loss or glorious gain, broken discomfiture or star-led victory. Can we, then, hesitate? Ought we to despair? Give us this collision of principles, and we know what must be the triumphant sequel. It is not disguised that, in the process, there is inconvenience and peril. We repeat, that we are now in a course of transition. It is a passage strange and fearful. But it is advance. That we are as much perplexed as heretofore, is no proof that we have not approached the latest stage of that perplexity. The surf-wave rolls fiercest upon the strand. The darkest hour of the night is that which precedes the dawn.

If it should be observed, that the *Fiscal Difficulties* which beset our Missionary institutions are unfavourable signs of the public sympathy with them, and that a darkening seems to arise from that deficiency which settles upon our prospects,—the answer to the intended charge is concise and instantaneous. Defalcation no where exists. Embarrassment there is. But it is no consequent on disaster. It is the price of victory. We are exhausted by the pursuit. We are encumbered by the spoil. Our success has outgrown our calculations and drained our means. There is not a difficulty which hampers us but may be viewed in the light of an encouragement. Did public support and countenance diminish, did a sullen resistance in distant countries turn back all our efforts, did our standard bearers faint,—then might our spirits droop, and our hands wax feeble. But, how to seize opportunity, how to improve advantage, how to use power,—these are the self-created straits with which exclusively we contend.

It is by no means an indifferent result, that *Public Opinion* has so greatly determined in favour of this cause. Within our recollection it was not thus caressed. It was called to defend itself against almost universal hostility. It was compelled, step by step, to make good its ground. The scurrilities of our master spirits, the invectives of our journals, we need not repeat. We would not keep alive the antithesis, the alliteration, the badinage, which were then the current encounter. From the chairs of criticism these were the missiles darted. It is past. They would not be now endured. The hatred over-leaped itself. And at the present time, without any reconcilement to the real merits of the principle, there is a respect however cold and distant, an acknowledgment though often reluctant and constrained, an approbation notwithstanding it is reserved and hesitating. It is generally agreed, likewise, that this is a great duty. The differing opinions upon what ought to be the manner of it,—the time, the direction, the zeal,—only confirm the fact of that agreement. The young receive it as a moral intuition. The objector is no longer allowed the covert of a Christian profession. Only the Infidel is held to be consistent in the opposition. He occupies by right the seat of the scorner. He may revile, but he must revile alone.—Now, in speaking of the power of God, we may forget the value of every other power. But this is not what He exacts. In His operations there is a class of subsidiary agencies, yet he truly wields them all. The force of general opinion must not, therefore, be slighted. By reflection and moral taste, only can the Missionary principle ever obtain an ascendancy among men. This is the only path-way and channel by which it can reach their minds and conciliate their affections. It is to be thought out and reasoned, and then on conviction to be embraced. The dissipation of any prejudice, the surrender of any doubt, the check of any jest, must be of value. The whole soul is to be won, and in perfect sympathy with its proper laws. And surely it may animate us greatly that the mind of our nation,—the mind of Christendom,—has roused itself from its sluggishness and relented of its opposition. We confess in this transformation the hand of Him who giveth rest to his children from their enemies round about, and who stilleth the tumult of the people.

He who has investigated the way in which public opinion is affected and fixed, will not overlook the power of *Words*. Only the casual and superficial reasoner will slight the advantage of possessing the exclusive use of a specific term. Its concession is often a high tribute; its acknowledgment an important gain. Ours, in this instance, is a valuable conventional acquisition. Pronounce the words we have found such frequent occasion to repeat. *Missionary, Mission,*—have only a Christian association. They suggest, at once, a particular cause. They may be qualified, indeed, by other epithets. There may be the scientific missionary, or the political mission: but these are violences which the distinguishing connection alone can reconcile. They are not natural combinations. They express what may be merely allowed. They are only admissible. When the functionary and function are named independently, all feel what they mean. They have a primary signification which cannot be mistaken. Every person understands the radical idea. It belongs to our "sound words." We can lend it, but we do not interchange it. We boast our propriety in it, then, as the virtual surrender of prejudice, as the clear suffrage of respect, as the implicit confession of right. The Christian philosopher will never treat such an appropriation with indifference.

The agreement, which is simply general among the nations that bear the Christian name, becomes a *Unanimity* in the large variety of Christian churches. None is recusant to the obligation. None would formally decline taking some part. Too much has taunt been thrown from one to another on account of the neglect. Those which claim the most awful antiquity, on this rest their boast: the most recent, here place the fresh tokens of their divinity. The community which should disclaim the responsibility would, on all sides, be proscribed of of every title to be the outbirth of the first Church, at that point showing the scar of the schism and the brand of the apostacy.

Until an obstacle be once overcome, it may be considered *insuperable:* a foe may acquire the reputation of *invincibility* until he be met. There is nothing more ruinous to enterprise than the illusion of this pretence. It is felt as an omen. It is consulted as a star. All withers before it. Yet there never was found truth in this superstitious fascination. One blow has sufficed to destroy it for ever. The first conquest has shorn the imaginary fate. The enemy has "begun to fall." The magician broke his last spell when you crossed his circle. Thus there can be no denial that Paganism seemed, at one time, an impregnable entrenchment. There was no door of hope. Scripture has allowed the tremendous improbability of its subversion: "See if there be such a thing: hath a nation changed their gods?"* In modern times such a revolution was unknown. There was a charmed life in idolatry which we had to resist. There was a *prestige* which we must disentitle. The earlier onset seemed to court an untried shock. According to mortal reckoning, it was a fearful gage. But now there is no name, no augury, no prophecy, which we need dread. Cities walled to heaven, have fallen. The Anakim have bowed at our feet. The grosser stocks and stones, the more philosophic essences and archetypes, have ceased to overawe. There is nothing which has not been conquered, and which may not be subdued. At the moment that we ceased to despair of success, the Heathen ceased to hope that they could retain it. They can little vaunt their strength. The shrines tremble, and they desert them. There is going forth a blighting influence over all: the votary feels that his enchantment has lost its binding power, and that his altar sinks with the expiring incantation.

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* Jer. ii. 10, 11.

There is, in the *Degeneracy of Idolatry,* a partial and mournful satisfaction. Like all that is vile, it has become worse. What is the Sorcery of the African rain-maker to the awful Magic of olden Egypt? What is the Pagoda of Gaudma to the grandeurs of the ancient Pali? What is the grotesque of barbarous idolatries to the intense and matchless kindlings of Grecian genius? The principle is invariable. Considered as to its increase of wickedness, its growth in guilt, such degeneracy could only more revolt. But this deterioration is simply from the more refined to the grosser, from the more beautiful to the more obtuse, doctrine and form. When it stood forth in every classic grace,—the impersonation of power, wisdom, beneficence, as well as of revolting attributes of cruelty and impurity,—the fable of poetry, the aoid of history, the paragon of beauty, as well as the unblushing chronicle of injustice and revenge,—these were charms which it was difficult to dispute, and almost hopeless to assail. But polytheism has lost this boast. Long since its decline commenced. Like as we may often mark in some massive pile, built at different periods, the series of darkening ages in the corrupted styles of its later architecture,—so do we discover in this system a dotish weakness, a poverty of conception, a constraint of exaggeration, a barbarian wreck of elegance and taste. Where are its fanes, the wonders of a world? Where are its mythologies, the impregnations of a universe? There is general decay. It is mortal consumption. Now, it is easier to reason against absurdity than sophism: to attack grossness than mystery. It is said, that the votaries feel, and unhesitatingly confess, that there is a general distrust, and that there must be quickly a general dereliction, of their idolatry. Its hold is loosened. The imagination which gave it life and lustre teems no more. It is left a passionless, a suspected, a denuded, thing. The last struggle hastens. One master-mind may deal the death. Where is the Phinehas, "zealous for his God," to execute this judgment and stay this plague?

While we cannot but rejoice in these general excitements to hope and confidence, others present themselves more descriptive and distinct.

For many years there seemed an *Inaccessibleness* to Heathen and other unenlightened nations. It was not the iron coast, the river marsh, the whirling gulf, which dismayed. But there appeared no hope of obtaining a peaceful entrance. We knew not where to establish a settlement. What is now our history? Where is the boundary which we may not pass? Where is the interior which we may not penetrate? What seas have we not opened? On what countries have we not disembarked? We are not shut up to one or two corners of the world: it is left to our choice, and given for our subjugation!

Yet even had, in previous times, the nations of the earth been within our reach and suffered our going in and out; another impediment was reported far more counteractive. It was not the barrier of country which we were required to force: the *inhabitants* were most *adverse*. There was a fierceness which it was most difficult to tame, a sottishness which it seemed impossible to interest. Withal, there was ever some power, where the tribe was apparently atheist, some Fetiche, indefinable but tremendous, which forbade the change. Let us attend to the state of things now. Every where there is welcome. By the drifting of some canoe, or the detachment of some straggler, islands and hordes have been led to anticipate the arrival of the Missionary. He has been supplicated to approach by weeping entreaties. He has been guarded lest he should fly. There spreads a moral susceptibility. The furrow invites the seed. The soil repays the husbandman. "The people is made ready, prepared for the Lord!"

It was a complaint and grief, some few years since, that suitable *Candidates* could not be obtained for this department of labour. Youth rather sought the pastorate at home, and scarcely a pastor proffered himself for the foreign field. This was a lack, of all most humbling. It was a very impeachment of the sincerity of our faith. Was there not enough in our ministry of acuteness to master language, of courage to brave the inhospitable region, of zeal to seek the salvation of the world? It was a painful thought: it was a gloomy presage. Had the spirit of the first ages fled? Found this holy daring no admiration in the breast of our preachers? Felt they no emulation? Caught they no fire? Better days have dawned. The leaders of their church or their community have responded to the call. The Missionary character has been set on high. No mean qualifications have been admitted. At this moment there is not a Society of this order, but is overpowered by the claims and importunities, of the pious and able, to be sent to the Heathen. Labourers are crowding to the harvest. Heirs of the world are taking their portions of it, and "gathering all the earth!"

It is a circumstance fraught with encouragement, that so many independent means of *Christian Co-operation* distinguish this period. If all that is necessary to convert mankind were devolved upon one system and class of agency, the work would be too heavy and its administration become confused. It would be well-nigh impossible for each department to be conducted efficiently by the same eyes and hands. The division of labour supposes nothing disjointed in its design, but only a multifariousness of attention, and a particularity of application. All is harmonious in the result, though actions may seem complicated which tend to it. And thus was it most expedient that the Spiritual Charity, of this latter age, should consist of diversified faculties and services. To "every purpose there is time and judgment." The purpose is the salvation of mankind. To secure it, there is a necessary order of means. "The Volume of the Book,"—epitomes and manuals of truth and devotion,—scholastic training,—emancipatory efforts when a population is enslaved,—a diversion in favour of the Jew,—the duty of attending to the Domestic field,—the care of the Sister-Isle, as much a portion of our empery as Great Britain,—the extension of the Gospel in the Colonies,—form a concert and cycle of labours, and are all constituents in any justly arranged scheme of English Missions. But let us suppose that all those objects were demanded of the same men, and of the same organizations. Attention would be distracted and labour overwrought. Less of ardour would be excited; and the energy which is now strong as it is compressed, would be weakened by its diffusion. What are the advantages of our actual situation? We can pursue the simplest purpose of Missions. We take the Gospel and preach it to the Heathen. But we require the Scriptures. If we alone were disposed to furnish them, the cost would consume our funds. The British and Foreign Bible Society,—that Pharos of this dark and tempestuous world,—comes to our aid with its translations, or assists our translations by its well-timed grants.—We require vehicles of instruction to meet an almost puerile state of intellect, but we should feel that the expense of their preparation would soon depress our resources. The Religious Tract Society,—rightly dividing the word of truth to every cast of capacity,—bounteously supplies us with the exact instrumentality that we desire.—Though we cannot do too much to promote the education of the young in our settlements, yet the difficulty of obtaining school-houses and books might baffle our capabilities. The British and Foreign School Society sees the difficulty and affords its aid.—Slavery must always thwart our efforts, while those efforts must always weaken its chains. Yet it would not have been best for strictly religious societies to have borne the brunt of opposing it. It was a duty of patriots, as well as of Christians, to denounce the evil. A nation must be moved. Well was the duty done; and our Missions have gained, from other associations, the direct victory which they really prompted, but might not so becomingly or easily decide.—Could we, in preaching to the Gentile, forget the ground of that appellation? That there was a people, and that they "dwelt alone?" That their ancestor was "the friend of God?" That the Redeemer was in the line of their genealogy? Yet the union of two such tasks would be incompatible. We are relieved by the Societies for the Conversion of the Jews.—The claims of our Own Country cannot be slighted. It is a reproach on it, that it contains so great a portion of ignorance with all its privileges. Can we leave our shores, while this corruption of truth and manners lasts? Our Home Missions, City and Town Missions, Christian Instruction Societies, show that these claims are not forgotten.—Ireland might shame our partiality and injustice in neglecting its interesting but debased children, while the farthest islands are explored; its too well justified outcry against English indifference and cruelty, might be sustained by the present instance; but we abandon it not. The Hibernian Society, the Irish Evangelical Society, the Baptist Irish Society, the Irish Society of London, prove that that fine race has awakened no uncertain sympathy.—The British Colonies could not be passed over in our embassies to the Pagan world. It would be a monstrous inconsistency. It would be a disownment of our native blood. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Colonial Missionary Society, all help to fill this want and to meet this occasion.—Peace Societies lend us assistance in showing to our converts, all whose thought of fame and glory has been associated with battle, the folly and sinfulness of war.—Temperance Societies bear on the vice which most endangers the stability of our Missions. Their publications are invaluable.—What harassing burdens are thus withdrawn from our shoulder! What a simple directness is thus impressed upon our operations! No corner of the field is overlooked! Brotherly love continues! Kind interchanges of service are reciprocated! A vast magazine of auxiliaries is secured! And while Missions excite and strengthen every other movement, — are the very life of them, — they receive liberal returns from all!

An encouragement is given to us, of no ordinary solace and confirmation, in the *Native Ministry* which is the fruit and strength of our Missions. It could not be expected that the churches of Pagan countries, should continually depend upon pastors which this or other countries might supply. That would have involved, not only a constant drain of our talents to a few points, which, having secured, we ought to leave that we might bless others,—it would have given over those churches to a most unhealthy and feeble condition. It would have been a cruel wrong. A true church is intended to "perfect the saints for the work of the ministry." It should seek within itself those who are "able to admonish one another." And in all these Missions, to a greater or less degree, there are found many intelligent and devoted brethren,—the catechist, the deacon, the preacher, the ruler,—men whose competency their Missionaries attest, who are ready to take every service of danger, who have cheerfully laid down their lives,—possessing many an advantage in the mother tongue, spoken with no foreign accent,—and in the analogies of natural scenery, employed with no distrustful application,—and in physical adaptations to climate and usage, beneath which the white man finds his grave. Who can think of that band without the deepest interest? Who can contemplate it, and not see in it the hope and stay of churches, which thus have acquired the true principle of their vitality and the real seed of their increase? A perennial supply is, we may hope, now open; a self-government established, which will inspire sentiments of mutual regard and responsibility; a self-dependence created, which will induce a proper consciousness of powers to be henceforth placed under their own unassisted direction. They can now "consider one another." They are constituted according to the only rule which can "stablish, strengthen, and settle them."

It is a most stimulating reward to our labours that we find, as their result in our stations, a *Character* of *piety* and of *exalted virtue* with which we, perhaps, might shame, certainly might improve, our own. Let us think what must have been the mind of the slave crushed by oppression, of the idolater enervated by superstition, of the cannibal infuriated by cruelty. If in that mind there should be found one consistent idea or connected truth of Christianity,—if you could gather from it one simple expression of holy tenderness and love,—it ought to be "marvellous in our eyes." But the testimony is,—and not a few are the instances in which we have proved it for ourselves,—that the religion which we sent them has worn in their example a beauty and a strength rarely displayed in more propitious circumstances. A quickness of perception and a capacity of impression have been manifested by them, which have surprised their teachers. But what terms can paint their firm decision, their lovely gentleness, their munificent charity, their pity for those who continue in idolatry, their venerating attachment to their spiritual fathers, their generous devotion to any enterprise which sought to Christianise the lands of darkness, their fearless self-immolation on any scene of most certain danger, their calm intelligent contempt of death? "The testimony of Christ is confirmed in them." "Their faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." We need not be afraid that we have run in vain or laboured in vain. Here are the full ears of corn, richer than they were known in the seed-plot whence they were carried. Here are the fair flowers, more exquisitely tinted and more amply blown than when they opened in the nurseries whence they were transplanted. "We are bound to thank God always for them." "We glory in them in the churches of God." It revives us, in these degenerate days, to see the same evidences and effects which followed apostolic zeal. It is the same love of the truth. It is the same work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope. It is the same joy and peace. It is the same living warfare and crucifixion. It is the same triumph over dissolution and the grave. But we must blush for ourselves. How are we outvied! Is it not that God now addresses us by these specimens of excellence: "I will provoke you to jealousy by them that are no people, and by a foolish nation I will anger you?" And yet their religion is not of some bowered scene, some enchanted land. They ply their agriculture and their commerce, they tend their flocks and herds, they bind around them all the ties of society, they live among the unconverted and wicked, they must retain every pious feeling with effort and cost. It is not a fabled region;—it is amidst the eternal ice and the ever-glowing heat, where the soul grows torpid or effeminate,—amidst surrounding barbarism or civilization, where the cares of subsistence are few or many,—it is there that we mark the uniform result. Nor is it a flattered, an idealised, Christianity,—an extract of all that is high and moving, to the neglect of its lowly and constantly recurring duties and mortifications. It is the old path. It is the truth which abideth with us for ever. It aspires to nothing more than to the plain and practical Gospel which ancient churches have received, and from which all temporal and religious good can only be evolved.

There is a feature in the holy aspects of our Missionary people, which it would be unjust to overlook. There dwells in them the spirit of *Martyrdom.* It has been meek and uncomplaining endurance. Bonds and imprisonments and confiscations have not completed their wrong: death has been added in its most abhorrent forms. The dæmon of the fellest persecution has awakened out of its sleep. Our souls sink within us, when we think of the wolf rioting in these blessed folds. Our hearts are wrung when we remember the torments of our brethren and sisters. But shall we lament their heroism? Can we blame ourselves as the cause? While we entreat of Heaven that this tribulation may be stayed, that these days may be shortened,—shall we not give thanks for glories of magnanimity, for palms of victory, bright and verdant as ever adorned martyrology or honoured religion? Nor is the theatre single. Quamina, of Demerara, is not forgotten. Many a South-Sea native teacher has fallen under the spear and club. The Hottentot has not refused to die. The Malagassy,—reiteration when he is in our thoughts may be forgiven,—is "always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake." Can a spectacle like this,—affecting, dreadful, as it is,—fail to arouse us to greater zeal and sacrifice, when, after the lapse of ages, confessors and martyrs re-appear, and the youth of the

Church is renewed and consecrated in this baptism of blood?

Nor can we but derive a recruited confidence from the *Despair* of the enemies to Missions. Hollow are their vaunts. Little might it have been thought, when Jericho was surrounded with its unshaken walls, and stood frowning upon Israel below, that an inhabitant should say: "I know that the Lord hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us." Little might it have been thought, while the Sanhedrim affected a high indifference towards the doctrine of Christ, that its secret chamber resounded with wailings of dejection: "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after him." Oftentimes, when "the seat of the Beast" has rung with triumph, his votaries "have gnawed their tongues for pain." Hell has recoiled amidst its apparent success: "Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?" We see these precise indications in the present period. "They that dwell upon the earth rejoice, and make merry, and send gifts one to another." An assumed effrontery, an asserted indifference, a boastful bravado, ill conceal the misgiving heart. A desperation of effort, a blindness of rage, bespeak a ruined cause. Not for their own sake, but as involuntary confessions of weakness and discomfiture, we welcome the audacious statement, the overreaching argument, the self-convicting calculation, the gorgeous pretence. In that laughter is heaviness. Theirs is a ghastly smile. They know that they have but a short time. In the mean while we mark the tokens of a real alarm amidst constrained exultation, and the certainty of downfall in the hardihood with which they proclaim their victory.

It may scarcely deserve to rank with these special auguries of success,—yet should not the fact be overlooked,—that our Missionary Churches not only have attained, in many instances, a power of supporting themselves, but actually remit munificent sums to the Societies from which they derive existence. A ninth part, and more, of a large Annual Income was thus received within the last few years. So great is our confidence in them, though so lately brought into the Christian Fold, that we send out to them appeals, stating our present difficulties, and calling on them for renewed aid. This is no common event. We cannot adequately appreciate its immense importance. It not merely supplies a mine of the most seasonable contribution: it relieves a suspense as to the future, which has frequently been felt. It is prophetic. It comforts us respecting the continuance and extension of the work in which we are engaged. It gives a reasonableness to our expectations. Another alliance is springing up to strengthen our confederacy. Another independent agency is established, whatever may be our vicissitudes. We think that we may find example for our joy and hope in so considering this circumstance. What of inferiority, at least, is there in it to the generosity of the Corinthian church towards the poor saints in Jerusalem? We want to establish no parity of the claims, though the present is as much more important as the soul is than the body. Yet how did Paul exult! How "confident" was his "boasting!" How he saw in it the cause of "many thanksgivings unto God!" He seems to stand listening as they resound! He pierces to the secret power which produced this deed of so much laud and praise! He announces that it is "the exceeding grace of God in them;" and, combining this mighty cause and beautiful effect into one doxology, he exclaims: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"*

However the *Density* of a *particular* population may threaten to exceed the requirements of labour and the means of subsistence on a given space,—that space perhaps circumscribed by hopeless obstacles to enlargement, —the mighty mansion of earth and the liberal banquet of nature need not fear to be overthronged. A law of dispersion is thus proclaimed, and new lands draw off the frequent redundance. The world is not nearly peopled in comparison with its surface, nor have its capabilities of supporting the double of its present inhabitants been seriously pressed. It was "made to be inhabited." It contains a munificent provision for all who can dwell on it. Now this is the exact state of universal man. He is unequally distributed. We do not now debate any principle of human increase. We know nothing here of its check or its progression. We deny not the impossibility of its excess where all conspires to render man good and happy. We sympathise with no dread of its superfecundity. But evil causes are every where at work; something, like a returning visitation of distemper, periodically prostrates our commercial systems; and nations, which might regard numbers with unmixed exultation, in natural circumstances, are now "increased" without an "increased joy." Adversity scatters them. A law begins to develope itself, steady and certain as the centrifugal force. Elder colonies are replenished and new ones are settled. Columns of emigration are pushing forth in every direction. Even "the Church is scattered abroad." Pastors have left our country with a large constituency of their people. Pious individuals, unable to contend with the pressure of their position, "finding no sustenance," have taken their tent and pitched it in the ends of the earth. How admirable is this new dispersion, whatever its sacrifices, which conducts Christian families into spheres requiring all their most zealous cultivation! What facilities does such an emigration furnish for the reinforcement of the Missionary companies! In what a reasonable light is the hope now presented, that "all lands shall sing unto the Lord!" Who may not now foresee the rise of Christian nations on every shore, in every nook, of our world! May we not withdraw our eye from the effete and sinking monarchies of this side of the world and fix it upon these younger creations of strength and greatness,—as Tacitus turned with sorrow and disgust from the luxury and consequent decay of Rome, to hail in the gloom and depth of German forests that people which should form new empires or recast the old?

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* 2 Cor. ix. passim.

The results of Missionary success have been learnt by us so gradually, with so much preparation and forewarning, that we can form very little conception of their present aggregate. We have sometimes thought, that it would be no improper method to raise our wonder and gratitude, to suppose that the Reports of our Societies were suddenly laid before Romaine and Venn, Haliburton and Gillies, Whitfield and Wesley, Doddridge and Watts. They desired to see these things. But when they endeavoured to present them to their minds, they caught no glimpse, they saw no probability, of their realization. They consulted with their hopes in vain. No streak of light fretted their horizon. They divined not from what quarter the deliverance should arise. Their heart was full of the subject, so were their prayers. But whenever the vision rose to them, it melted but away. Their diaries and their discourses confess the difficulty, while they glow with the aspiration. Could they have but known what we so clearly understand,—the method of the procedure! Could they have but marked the beginning of those contests, now ripened into triumphs! Who can imagine their raptures, when they had read those chronicles, which we are wont to neglect as dull and unattractive, with their letters from Missionaries in every portion of the globe, with their lists of subscriptions to hundreds of thousands sterling, with their portraitures of stations among savages and anthropophagi until now, with their adjuration of churches crowding to the Christian Feast that they may seal the vow that binds them to the conversion of the world! To see these changes all at once, would blind them with the excess of light! The sudden joy would break their heart-strings! All this is agreeable to an easy supposition. Would they have thought our present success little? Would they have betrayed dissatisfaction or have indulged complaint? If they were taken away from the evil to come, from the contemplation of what good were they also snatched? When we remember how much they stood alone, and how few were likeminded with them to care naturally for the state of mankind,—when we dwell upon their trials and temptations,—when we paint to ourselves the gloom and dejection of their times,—can we forbear to wish that the Lord had let his servants depart, not simply in the peace of personal acceptance and ministerial usefulness, but that their eyes had seen this salvation? From them was it withheld! To us the planisphere is unfolded! How crowded would appear the scene were it disclosed abruptly! But carrying back our thoughts through no long period of years, and citing before us worthies of no distant generations, we acquire a standard of easy judgment; and may demonstrate to ourselves what is the extent of a Work whose successes as much exceed our hopes as they fall short of our desires! We are unconscious of this moral progress because of its rapidity, as we feel not the revolutions of our planet on account of their speed. "*According to this time* it shall be said, What hath God wrought!"

All this is the answer to prayer. God has graciously listened to his Church. He has wrought this state of things for it. He seems to say to it: "I have heard, I have heard." We "have," because we have "asked." The Pagan has always avowed the source of his success, "imputing this his power unto his god." Shall we less acknowledge the outstretched hand of the God of gods? We see, so to speak, our very prayers again. We dare not doubt their realization. And is it not a ground of elevated encouragement to compare them with their kindred results, to follow them into every department of evangelical success, to certify that they have taken form and subsistence; to discover that, as in the great changes of nature, these poorest elements have become the matrices of the most precious gems?

Pretending to no accurate notation in Prophetic Chronology, it will scarcely be doubted that the present must hold an important, and, we think, a favourable, position in its æras. If these be "the times of the Gentiles," they must nearly be fulfilled. If the "Woman" be yet in the "wilderness," she is "*nourishing*" there "from the face of the serpent." The scenery rapidly shifts, the catastrophe necessarily hastens. We see in this mysterious action that much is shadowed of what we now contemplate. The tide of times and of the affairs of men is quickly running out. "The end," "the consummation," cannot be distant.*

There is a consideration, also, which appeals to our Christian honour. The present portion of the Mission work is most difficult. Now is the strife and strain. Others will enter into our labours. We are preparing for victory, but we shall not see it. Such is our allotted task. But is it not the more noble? As the more responsible, is it not the more glorious? He who pilots the vessel through the narrow strait, where it may strand on the rocks or sink in the eddies, is surely more honourably engaged, than he who raises its ensign in sight of the port. The renown of Thermopylæ dims the triumphs of Salamis and Platæa.

The Missions of Christianity, indeed, yield to their supporters unmixed encouragement,—not in every detail of their working, but in every application of their principle. We *know* that we are right. There is nothing holy, intelligent, and fair,—nothing kind, tender, and benevolent,—but they favour: only the impure, the unreasonable, the hurtful, the debasing, do they contravene. Every angel smiles: fiends only scowl.—We *know*, too, that their results are certain. Their tendency is prophetic, even had we not the oath of "God that cannot lie." When we diffuse secular knowledge we see a doubtful good, though its opposite can only be a necessary evil. When we raise the political condition of men we discover an equivocal blessing, though its extreme is inconvertible into aught but a monstrous calamity and wrong. In all these speculations we must allow for the operation of a depravity which too commonly mars all. This is the moral resistance and remora to the grandest machinery. But the propagation of the Gospel is beneficence, not only of the purest order but of the most unfailing success. This, therefore, fills us with confidence. To know that we *ought* to overcome, and that we *must*, cannot but inspire a heartfelt joy. We but aim and strive to make all men blessed. So perfect and so sure is this purpose, that the Gospel itself is simply the means to fulfil it. When we can "make all men see what is the fellowship of its mystery," our design is gained. Infidelity has scoffed at our moody and sullen views. But *we* have never jeered our nature. We have never flung ribald scorn on our race. We have never held the dilemma of our world to be hopeless. We do not allow the perpetuity of oppression and vanity. We do not abandon man to perpetual debasement. We know little of dejection, and nothing of despair. We are the followers of Him who "shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he set judgment in the earth, and bring it forth to victory." We are confident that every where our whole species shall emerge from ignorance, thraldom, and superstition,—and stand up in the erectness of knowledge and the majesty of religion. If this be a phantasy, infidelity has not taught it to us. We have drunk in the hope from the bosom of Christianity. The sentiment is sublime. It justifies the honour we should pay to all men! Our "intercessions" for them are blended with "giving of thanks" for their capacity of so much good, and its ensurement to them! We smile henceforth at the charge of enthusiasm. "If they have called the Master of the House Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household!" The future rapidly discloses. Intimations crowd upon us, presages multiply, not to be mistaken. Already we begin to walk in an earth whose restitution is begun. The scene is changing around us. The landscape is painted in a richer beauty, and is suffused with a more heavenly light. Jarring discords die away. Sweetest harmonies succeed. The skies pour down righteousness. Truth springs up out of the earth. We are fanned by incense-laden gales. Flowers bloom along our path. Still waters glide through green pastures. Aceldema grows into Paradise. The trail of the Serpent disappears. The unclean spirit passes out of the land. Angels renew their visits. The Lord God walketh in the garden once more, and man hides himself no longer and is not again afraid!

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* "Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor. Hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

Ovid.

"The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them!"

MISSIONS,

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR CONSOLIDATION AND PERPETUITY.

THE most smiling prospects may be overcast. Religion descends in no certain line. The grandson of Moses became an idolatrous priest. Its fields, too, are often changed. The Apostles, did they return to earth, would not find the continuity of a church which they had planted. We need not wonder, therefore, if in some situations Christianity has declined from its original promise and lost its primary hold, if things which remain be ready to die, if auspicious beginnings have lapsed into error and decay. We shall be foretold this issue by many a scoffer and formalist. "They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth." They may, however, be deceived. It is not every gourd which shades a prophet.

The tendency to deterioration is admitted by every church which seeks revival. Whatever be the advantageous circumstances of that church, whatever its gifts and virtues,—in the absence of constant, sleepless, precaution,—it will "wax cold." As every Christian watches and prays against the decay of religion in his own soul, the Christian society must as strenuously guard against spiritual declension. Why should we anticipate another course of things in our distant Missions? Are not those converts capable of backsliding? Have not those churches to deal with offence? Can *we* only "draw back unto perdition?" Every view of such a case would induce us to expect these failures more frequently and to judge them more leniently.

Now, perhaps, the comparison of the domestic, and the missionary, church, would show a condition of affairs very similar. In both we should probably find much fluctuation; in both, stages of advance and recession. But the impaired energy of one church, among many, may be little felt: where there is only one, the effect must be more hurtful. As this is the simple case of not a few communities of the converted Heathen, so, being solitary, the more must we fear the diminution of their strength and the extinction of their influence.

None can have reflected on the state of the churches to which we refer, without much anxiety. Will that "work abide?" What shape will it assume? Will "Wisdom be justified of her children?" Often it is now most vigorous. Sometimes, from the first, it is almost hopeless. There are strong rods, and there are feeble suckers. The question is, What will be this transplanted Christianity in a future age? We feel as did the ancient founders of states, who sought to learn from Sibyl or Elysian what their posterity should prove, and what *cities,*—the mœnia,—*they should build*. The Missionary system can be but temporary. All foreign help must be soon withdrawn. And the Missionary system being contrived to *foster* the young and tender result, it cannot be denied that such assiduous care may have weakened the power of independence. But the disseverment necessarily will come at last. The Churches of the Southern-sea and of India must stand by themselves. They must be cemented into a native strength, "builded together," — no more resting on foreign counsel and support. Some are fast growing to this dignity. They decline pecuniary assistance. They encourage internal edification. Still they remain under an extrinsic superintendence. The Missionary is "over them in the Lord." His character arms him with sufficient authority to correct error and punish disobedience. Our prospect is now to be taken of a scene where all must be self-controlled: we must think how the machinery will act when out of contact with its present central power.

What are those preparations which will qualify these recent churches, now in such a predicament of fosterage and dependence, to take their proper sway and acquire their desired perpetuity? The existence and direction of all such preparations must greatly depend upon the present Missions; and they ought to be conducted to an efficient establishment, to a fixed maturity, ere any of those Missions be recalled.

There may have been much benefit in the *Colonization* which has not unusually been introduced by different Societies. There was something very beautiful in setting up a Missionary Home amidst the desert for the wandering tribe, in offering shelter and recompense for the industrious, in presenting a model of evangelic faith and meekness, in welcoming to sympathy and safety the victim of persecution. It was the specimen, the microcosm, of Christianity. It appeared in a full provision for the wants of the most needy. Here character and habit were easily formed. The sanctuary-bell calling the settlement to prayer, the school with its busy hum of infant voices, the little garden environing the hut, the farms extending in their circle around the rising town, the pastor's house the pattern of decency and comfort, the contented smile and the enquiring look, all formed a picture of delight and a pledge of progression. It was a lifting up of the most debased humanity. Well might the traveller admire the sudden landscape, hail the unexpected hospitality, and, in the resemblance of his country's manners, forget that oceans rolled between that scene and him. But this system seems to belong to the infancy of Missions. It is doubtful whether it should be regarded as a permanent institution. For it cannot be too often impressed, that our religion is pre-eminently *social.* The Gospel draws out all the tendencies of men to live together. It seeks for its disciples the haunts and assemblages of the greatest publicity. It takes them not out of the world. It builds no Paraclete or Chartreuse. Now, our convertites must be made to feel that their lot is not that of seclusion, but of active and busy life. They must be tempted, in order to be proved. They owe duties to man at large, and must be urged to fulfil them. They must be taught to resist the surrounding influence. They must dwell in communities, whatever be the dangers of that inhabitation. They must be inured to the daily strife. It will, therefore, devolve on us to lead them into those relations of civil life which are essential to the welfare and refinement of the species: and to let them understand that henceforth they have a part and province in all the movements of life's progressive plan. The bird must no more seek its cradle-nest, nor cower amidst its down: the fledgeling, soaring on its new-stretched wing, must be left to its own instinct of defence. Christians must be placed in cities and nations, to constitute, by their example and instruction, Christian cities and nations: and however we postpone the great experiment of Christianity on the social fabric, on the commonwealth of man, it will have to be made at last, and all things invite it. A principal design meditated by it will not be accomplished until we bring out its capacity for the most difficult emergency, and until we try its efficiency on the most general scale. Who is not conscious of a misgiving, whether it can wield the masses of the race, and can overthrow the evils that have always tainted governments and states? Let us, then, endeavour to bring all the effects of our Missions into one means of civil fellowship; teach all their proselytes the obligations which bind individuals and peoples together,—enjoin upon them to build houses, that they may inhabit them, and plant vineyards, that they may eat the fruit of them,—declare openly that our faith is to be administered in all high places of rule, and in all common scenes of barter,—knowing that, until then, the convert will be left in an unprotected and immature state of mind, and Christianity be held back from its surest glory.

To give our Missions that enduring strength which shall survive their hastening modification, we ought very principally to cultivate the *Youthful mind.* There superstition finds its easiest prey and strongest hold. Infant fears are the most despotic. There is allowed us, in this instance, a noble and intelligent scope for exertion. There is little unwillingness on the part of the idolater that his children should be submitted to our instruction. They may be trained to other views and feelings. This is a main advantage, and should be diligently improved. A generation or two of those who are well-grounded in elementary truth, will be indeed a facility for every future course. What an extirpation would be thus completed of noxious antipathy and prepossession! How nearly would that spectacle approach what we recognise in our tabernacles! Idolatry shall soon become unknown. With no fibre of it need we contend. The land is cleared of its abominations. We "train up the child in the way he should go." "Whom should" we "teach knowledge? whom should we make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts." Before this simple education, the most foolish customs and idle fancies melt away. We thus have access to a mind which has never been distorted by fable nor enfeebled by superstition. Thus the idols are "famished." And then it may be asked, Should not the character of that education be enhanced? Should it not be more literary and scientific? Are not the claims of new kingdoms, perhaps, at stake? As no people can become great without knowledge, nor continue free without erudition,—are we not bound to lay the foundations of future nations in religious principle and genuine learning?

In meeting the objection which may very probably be raised against the recommendation of an enlarged and more systematic education of the young, we may be enabled to furnish another counsel tending to confirm our Missions and transmit their results to a native posterity. It may be demanded, What means of enlightening those distant nations exist? In their uncouth idioms, what works of literature can be found? Most of those languages will as easily expand as the intellect which dictates them: the Pelasgi did not write nor speak as their descendants in the Attic age. Now, we would press most earnestly the *Translation of our best Lore* into those tongues. Give them our standard Theology. Let those nations know our Leighton, our Hopkins, our Baxter, our Owen, our Charnock, our Howe, our Bunyan. We possess History without infidelity, and Poetry without lasciviousness, which they might safely and beneficially peruse. Would the Missionary, in these employments, lose his time? As the Shipwright of Russia, in our dock-yards, felt that the Autocrat, in that humble craft, was founding his empire's greatness; so, there was one far greater, though engaged in a meaner naval architecture, who on the shores of Raiatea taught the savage each humanising art. Both, in their different spheres, looked to remote consequences. Let not, therefore, some man of ready and prospective mind be condemned, who, true to the conversion of the Heathen, foresees the distant want and occasion, lays up the treasure of olden thought in newer caskets; and prepares to impart to the mind, which shall ripen through generations, forms of idea and germs of knowledge which it shall then imperatively challenge. Such an extension of translated divinity, philosophy, and letters, will leave our distant conquests comparatively secure. Should the proposal be treated as visionary, we can only reply: If those nations ever fulfil our prayers and expectations, they must possess an exalted character: what nation ever acquired this character, but by high civilization and knowledge? Should that knowledge, divine and human, spring from themselves, the better should we be satisfied. Still, as centuries waited for *our* training, it is not likely that these recent wanderers can strike out a sudden discovery of genius and taste. Why should they not be put in possession of fruits long mellowed in the mind of this country? And the Missionary, who conveys these fruits, exercises the sagacity of the statesman, as well as the piety of the pastor,—he lives for a future, while there arise before him the elements and shapes of higher standards of religion, and nobler combinations of wisdom.

In this category we may comprehend the necessity of *Collegiate Establishments.* As the different orders, into which society will cast itself, cannot be equally educated, it is very important, while none are neglected, to furnish to some greater opportunities and prizes than to the rest. The master-mind is its own nobility, and will generally reveal itself. A curriculum of mental discipline must be found for youth of greater leisure and higher rank. Schools of a more complete design and range will excite a zest to excel. Let the teacher be prepared for every turn of opinion and every development of mind. It cannot but be disastrous, should he be found deficient in means to meet the swiftest growth of enquiry. Opinion, speculation, curiosity, will soon begin to work. The Missionary and his system are discredited the moment he ceases to keep in advance of all. He had better depart when he sees that he is sinking into a secondary rank. He must be foremost, or he is nothing. Oh what are the endowments of mind, what the resources of knowledge, which would not thus be honourably expended and gratefully employed!—But the *Ministry* of those churches is now the chief concern of all. From themselves must it be taken. And what can be its qualification, unless diligently superintended and regulated? May it not be the dupe of uncorrected feeling? Will it not be the engine of fanatical representation? Are "the schools of the prophets," the Seminaries of religion and learning, proved, by undoubted experience, to be indispensable to the prosperity of our churches? Does the conviction strengthen among all communities, that an educated ministry is more than ever necessary? Are the young men of our universities and colleges, though endued with every predisposing talent, carried through their examinations of the Christian Evidence and Theology with strictest care and most rigorous severity? Is it deemed not enough for them to be expert in all such questions, but that they should be adorned also with the graces of polite and various knowledge? Should not, then, our earliest, perhaps strongest, solicitude be applied to Native Institutions, in which future preachers may receive a sound scholarship and a thorough Christian tuition? An untrained ministry, whatever its accidental good, is an instrument so easily perverted, that they, who have pondered ecclesiastical history and modern events, will regard it with more than a feeling of distrust. We have but to ask, What would be the Christianity of our own country, if no ministry was equipped with its proper furniture? What must, still more, be the condition of churches, just gathered from the Heathen, abandoned to pastors who are very inexperienced, who need to be taught, and who are exposed to every incursion of error? "Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?"

Since the converted Pagan must soon observe, when he associates with many who bear the *Christian name*, that the name is no *certain sign* of the *Christian subjec-*

tion, he should be early made acquainted with the distinction between an outward profession and a spiritual state of religion. He may have thought the white man to be invariably the believer. Scarcely, however, is it possible that he has not heard of the pallid slaver and marauder. A casuistry, by no means very simple, must from this time be pursued by his teacher, showing the counterfeit and the reality. He must prove that there is no religious nationalism. He must explore, for his disciple, the motives of avarice and love of power in the human heart. It must be for him to tell of his country's crimes. He will be compelled to confess that licentious ports are to be found besides Matavai; and that Britain has been compelled to put forth some energy to evangelise the sailor, whose visit he must dread. While he gazes on the approaching ship, he trembles for the injury which its landing seamen may do to native faith and consistency. He enters into explanations, which not more surprise his auditors than they grieve himself. But these must be frequent. Christianity is to be disabused. The True Church is to be vindicated. Vital piety is to be contrasted with the vizard which insincerity assumes. The unrenewed man, whatever his complexion, is to be told that he cannot see the kingdom of God. False brethren are to be exposed. As this is the detection of a painful fact, which the Missionary will always fear as most detrimental to success, so should he, again and again, urge that men may seem to be religious, while they falsify religion,—that there may be many a plant in the sacred enclosure, which our Heavenly Father hath not planted,—that, from these deceivers, all the steadfast should "turn away." Thus will "they who are Christ's," be watchful as to themselves; and prepared for those incongruous mixtures with which the professing Church was always corrupted, and by which our holy religion has always been profaned.

Though Christianity is the religion which least of all depends upon an external form, yet it *must be exhibited in worship and discipline.* It seeks its visible embodiment in a church. A church, being a society, cannot be conducted without certain rules. The followers of our Lord must, with a view to this due order, examine the Scripture. It is not our desire to codify the laws of His kingdom for them. We are content with the principle. Set up that kingdom. Let it take an actual mark and subsistence. Be not satisfied with what is casual and expedient, the mere creation of circumstance. Teach the converted Heathen how the least commandment is subservient to their well-being, and binding on their observance. Leave nothing unsettled. Fill their mind with sacred precedent. Urge them to the œconomy of mutual support. Embue them with proper respect for office. Make all feel a common interest. Feed the Church of God. You may inculcate this regimen with every advantage. There is no fallacious use of terms to redeem. There are no prejudiced archaisms to explode. And when you take from them any further supervision, "the building" will be left "fitly framed together," its holy proportions defined, its just limits affixed; within whose outline the temple may expand, and every "lively stone" may command its position.

The advice may seem more than difficult,—but we cannot withhold it,—that the Missionary do employ an unremitting effort to raise in the native mind an *inde-*

pendence of thinking. Let it have a work set it. It should have seeds sown in it, which may unfold in all their growth, and ripen to all their fruit. There is danger of enfeebling it when all processes are wrought out for it, and it is shown the naked result. This is like teaching arithmetic, by presenting to the pupil difference, product, and quotient, already summed: or geometry, by precipitately adducing its amplest corollaries. The Scripture must be delivered into the hands of each neophyte to learn from it. His faculties, under divine influence, must be exercised upon its meaning and application. He must reason for himself. He must form his own ideas. Thus will he originate, as well as receive. Intellectual habit will be shaped, and its hardy vigour be confirmed. The mind, once lubricous and ductile, will now be braced. A fearless integrity will follow the consciousness of strength. Public sentiment will acquire its stronghold. Vindicated principle will stand henceforth unquestioned. A healthy condition of opinion, a sound character of thought, will supervene. And though the teachers of those tribes no more inspect them, they have laid a good foundation; and still more, as wise master-builders, they have made a good commencement of the edifice, which only requires to be carried up to its top-stone. They have taught the labourers, whom they leave behind, how to built the rest.

These nations, or sections of nations, should, likewise, be instructed in a *policy of peace*. We do not feel ourselves called on to state the rights of war, or its legitimate pretexts: the Missionary should feel that no advice is more delicate. Our desire rather is to destroy the causes of violence. As, then, nothing can be more ruinous than war to a nation,—nothing more destructive to religion,—let the Christian people of those countries employ their best influence to form friendly treaties with their neighbours, founded, where there is superabundant supply or different production, on an exchange of commodities. Industry will be promoted. Traffic will be induced. Capital will be created. The contention of rival interests will be easily negociated. And, though these are not the noblest bonds to unite the nations of the earth,—though the law of love shall hereafter affect the community as truly as the individual,—yet even these are strictly proper, and may be the legitimate means of bringing the most distant nations within the limits of the Christian Mercy.

These Mission-Churches will find that a *systematic effort to extend the knowledge of the Gospel beyond them, to nations Pagan still,* conduces in the most successful manner to their own edification. We have known, from a long experience, that indolence and selfishness are prejudicial to enlargement and unity. Wherever communities have merely thought upon their own interests, they have failed of their expectation. Principle is uniform. We cannot be generous and benevolent in arbitrary selections. If we care for a soul, we shall care for every soul: if we seek the honour of Christ, we shall seek it always. When this zeal, then, is genuine, it is impartially diffusive. Let the enlightened Heathen be forewarned of the danger of disregarding others. Cause them to understand that only, in a tender sympathy with the claims of universal misery and ignorance, can they augur the security, and plant the safeguard, of their own increase and stability.

Religion having respect to the "whole of man," however he may be surveyed, it will tend much to uphold those foreign positions of a newly acquired Christianity, to *blend it with every department of operations.* We speak of simple influence, but we would promote its widest extension. It must hallow Literature. It must regulate Law. It must govern Commerce. There should be nothing laid out of its province. Like some electric element, it should be every where. It ought to command a general presence and power. This may be more easily accomplished, because most of the subjects of this supposed influence are of a recent formation. They can take a readier shape and impress. How strong will those churches be, in which all moral ideas are fixed, all ruling principles are final, and no portion of duty is left open to dispute! How will those churches be strengthened, when from without there arises no plague of a prurient classic, or of a godless science! How will unspeakable advantages be accumulated, when true religion is infused into every thing, not leaving an equivocal term or a questionable sentiment! It will be "the manner of the God of the land" pervading every institution of society, and embueing every mode of opinion.

Friendly interchanges of personal visitation, of epistle, of salutation in the Lord, will greatly corroborate those infant communities. Pleasant will it be to "go again, and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." Pleasant will it be to receive their deputations, that "we may with them be refreshed;" and that we may "impart unto them some spiritual gift, to the end they may be established." These mutual offices of love, founded on the strictest equality, in which neither party cringes nor overbears, may carry the links of Love's golden chain around the world. Such embassies from the newly converted Heathen, dwelling in the uttermost parts of the earth, are not unknown, and cannot be forgotten. Who will lose the impression of a Stoffles and of a Rafaravavy, who listened to their tales of oppression, and marked their traits of magnanimity? Who can forget the honest bearing and simplicity of Shahwundais? Who but the short-sighted and penurious can regret the circumnavigation of the world by Tyerman and Bennet, to substantiate the report, which we had heard in our own land, of Christian triumphs over idolatry?

The principles of *Religious Freedom,* the rights of *Private Judgment,* the imprescriptible claims of *Conscience,* should be well understood and impartially taught in our Missionary settlements. When a community has obtained any where the ascendancy, or perhaps has long existed alone, it is under a very common and natural temptation to assert a "dominion over faith." "The wisdom of men" will probably become the rule of deference, rather than "the power of God." There will be a desire felt to preserve the exclusive possession against any "otherwise minded." The Romanist may seek to disturb our converts with his dogmas. It may be in our power, by the influence which we command, to prevent his interference. But we may find that it can only be effected by violence and coercion. Fine, imprisonment, imposed silence, forcible deportation, may be the means. What must we do? We may feel strongly as to the bad taste, the unkind bigotry, the gross impertinence, of this tampering with the simple souls we teach and tend. The question, however, is,—What are the equitable demands of these promulgators? Have not they equal title to act with ourselves? The *power of suppression* may be with them to-morrow which is with us to-day. What "liberty of prophesying" can we boast, which they may not appropriate? Should we call to our aid the civil authority, "those battlements are not the Lord's." We must know that it is utterly inapt and impotent to engender, or to crush, religious belief. We must know that it is a dictator which may quickly shift its side. We must know that this employment of it cannot but be cruel injustice. Ours is the "royal law." We would bind every Missionary to the fairest and most reciprocating honour towards every disputant and intermeddler. Instead of being elated by fickle accidents, let him consult imperishable principles. He may be assured that to swerve, the hair-breadth, will sooner or later involve him in inextricable difficulty. Reversing the position he enjoys, and that of his opponents, let him do to others as he would that they should do to him. This will be his most enlarged policy. Being true righteousness, it is as safe for the smallest island-kingdom as for the mightiest empire. It must not be checked by any salvo or exception. It must be the broad stone of the clearest and best recognised law. He who thus urges,—often against conflicting feeling, often against present convenience, often against immediate self-defence,—the full demands of conscience in enquiry and proselytism, who is just and fears not, is endued with "the prophetic strain," looks into the most difficult and profound futurities, and, like the founder of a city which is destined to be great, some mighty capital,—lays boundaries, ample and secure, for the most distant requirements, encircled by the moat of rivers, intersected by the trench of valleys, and defended by the rampart of heights! Unhappy would it be indeed, should any act of the Missionary, any guarded or reserved word, furnish precedent and justification for the persecution which evil times may witness, or wicked men may goad! "Obsta principiis!" Missions can only rest on the perfect law of liberty!

The Sabbath may be considered the main bulwark, as well as the principal institution, of Christianity. The state of religious feeling in any country is regulated by the manner of its observance. But the strength of devoted attachment to it depends, very greatly, upon the educational bent of the mind. Taught to regard it with reverence, the heart of Youth scarcely can dare to profane it. Whatever else the early transgressor ventures, this is a continual check. He knows it to be most holy, and he can neither inwardly slight, nor openly disregard, its authority. Let the Missionary weigh this question well. Let him fully determine whither each of his admissions or his disclaimers will conduct him. Let him reason both for the few and for the many; both for scenes of favour and of persecution. Let his view be universally consistent and applicable. Let him ask nothing which he would not give. Let him accept nothing which he would not extend. It is a delicate enquiry, involving some of the nicest points of individual conscience and public policy,—it is all-important to any plan which would secure permanence to the Native church. The young ought to be trained to keep the sacred day with the strictest care: the ruler should be importuned for his protection: the commonwealth must be shown its most benignant influence. When the usage is well established in the convictions and affections of a people, their profession of the Gospel has obtained its most intelligent and powerful support. Christianity then speaks by the voice, and at brief intervals, of time. The Sabbath speedily revolves with its blessings and enforcements,—commands a frequent pause amidst the ordinary conflicts of society,—lifts up a warning cry,—sheds a healing influence,—sits like an Angel on the Tomb of Jesus,—and bids man to follow Him who is risen!

The principle of Catechetical Instruction is approved by such high example and such reverend sanction, that we cannot hesitate to urge its practice upon the Missionary as a strong security for the effects of his work. Human as is the form, Scripture is the theme of its exposition. What lingers in the memory so long as the answer which our infancy learnt and lisped? What assists so clearly and impressively the information of later years,—the teaching of the pulpit, the lesson of the pastoral visit,—as these tender recollections? In the settlements which are the objects of our fond solicitude we may, therefore, inculcate this method as peculiarly necessary. How few of these converts can ever surpass the humble character of the Catechumen, or how few of these preachers be ever justified in delivering more than the most popular Catechesis!

It is not an uncommon temptation which besets the Missionary to evade the immediate difficulty rather than boldly to meet it. Let us think of him in his task of Translation. Story, command, rite, press for their most faithful reflection to an ignorant and gainsaying people. Is there nothing which might be suppressed, modified, or, at least, reserved? Behold him building up the church. He stands in doubt how far it can be politic and safe, with his present candidates, to found its institutions, invest its officers, and apply its laws. Follow him to the council of chiefs: or to his audience of kings. Each avowal of consequence and result may awake alarm. When he touches upon superstitious, still patristic, customs, if he speak his ulterior expectations, he will scandalise the ancient spirit which burns in the present race. May nothing be withheld? Should there be nothing guarded? Let integrity and uprightness be our rules, and these will preserve us. If we tamper with them, we prepare for ourselves ignoble detection and inextricable perplexity. It is a false prudence. We are discredited. The bond of truth is broken. The calm reliance can never be restored. We fall into our own snare. We are taken in our own craftiness.

The *Toleration* of any *existing evils,* so far as Missionary influence could avail to their removal, will always be found as impolitic as unjust. No momentary compromise ought to be entered into with them. The front of Christianity must never be bent down to show them favour. They should be "resisted unto blood." Some practice, or, it may be, relic of idolatry will ask for indulgence. Its intrinsic innocence will be affirmed. But let it not be spared. Put away the cursed thing. Or a natural wrong may be established there. Of cruel grievances we do not speak. The right of interference with them is more equivocal. But wherever man is made the slave, the indignity is done to our nature independently of national conventions. Too unflinching reprobation cannot be dealt on it. And lest the Missionary himself might be brought under the influence of any surrounding customs,—lest he might first endure, then pity, then embrace,—lest his mind, becoming inured to the continued spectacle, might lose all its earliest dislike and horror,—he should daily, aye hourly, work out his Christian principles, renew their original impression, restore their pristine freshness, and contend every step which may carry them to their perfect ascendancy. The language of God to his prophet respecting the people may be applied to the connection of the Missionary with the Heathen: "Let them return unto thee; but return not thou unto them."

Experience strongly dictates a concentration of Missionary agency. Our Divine Lord sent not solitary his disciples to the work. "He sent them forth by two and two." Wisdom and kindness alike suggested the arrangement. Mutual counsel and encouragement were secured. It cannot be less important in our distant settlements. The lonely labourer is without external check on temptation, without the soothing voice of friendship, without any alleviation of his burthen. Where several are found, they stand by each other,—cheer them who are depressed, warn them who are tempted, and relieve them who are overborne. The duty of the Mission is better performed. The model and normal family of the Mission-dwelling is more holily supported. Translation is expedited and duly revised. A stronger confirmation is given to every influence. A truer œconomy of effort is established. The one condensed power is more efficient than the many when dispersed. *They* were as tapers just glimmering along the shore: *this* is as a beacon-blaze which shoots across the deep.

We have not suppressed a certain anxiety,—sometimes verging even on a foreboding,—in this view of the future. We do feel it to be a critical problem. What *has* been the History of the Church? What *may* it be? "These sheep in the wilderness,"—who does not tremble at their jeopardy? These saplings of a young enclosure, —who would not anxiously tend them that, like the Banian, every branch may become a root, and every root a tree? Minds so unformed, feelings so ill-controlled, —into what errors and extravagances may they not fall? What a jealous and provident care ought we not to exercise for these objects of a deep and tender love, "after our departing?" While we implore the blessing and influence of "Him that is of power to stablish them according to our gospel," let us offer every counsel and adopt every preliminary which Christian foresight may approve, to make our work enduring. Let us warn of every rock. Let us guard against every corruption. Let us "seal to them this fruit." Be it our endeavour that the present influence resemble not the flight of the arrow through the air, the way of the serpent on the rock,—but the track of the plough furrowing the soil! May they "hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering!" May they be "kept from the hour of temptation," which seems "coming upon all the world!" There may the "glorious Church" arise, "not having spot" of defilement or "wrinkle" of decay! It would be heartbreaking, were false doctrine and lying fable to obtain a hold, and still more to find a source, among them; if, after all, "any man should take their crown!"

An experiment is involved. It is anxiously regarded. Christianity has been very generally a thing of corruption and decline. Why has this been its result? It cannot be its tendency. It must have been designed to prevail over human nature and not to obey its failures. Has it been erroneously preached and represented? Has it been flattered by false caress? Has it leaned on the arm of flesh? It is our wisdom to improve by disaster, to rouse with disappointment, and to learn from mistake. It must be our care to encourage most effectually the vital principle of the Gospel,—to allow its heart the fullest warmth and freest action!

O Thou "who stablishest us with them in Christ!" May "their congregations be established before Thee!" May "they join themselves to Thee in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be forgotten!" "Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself." "Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us."—"Remember *us,* O our God, concerning this, and wipe not out our good deeds that we have done!" Let "Thine elect long enjoy the work of their hands!"

MISSIONS,

SOLEMNLY URGED ON THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

There is something very awful in thinking of individual Man. He "is made after the similitude of God." "He is the image and glory of God." He exercises the rule of earth. He, from the initial point of his being, shares the immortality of his Creator. There is a fearful greatness even in his sin. He has dishonoured God! He has profaned Creation! He has destroyed himself! What misery he suffers! What guilt he incurs! What retribution he provokes! The sinner from the womb! The unclean thing! The vessel of wrath! Ordained to this condemnation! Such is individual Man.

The sum of the Human Race, either at any given or general period, is an unsettled, and perhaps an irresoluble, question. To a serious mind, there is something fearful in the methods employed, and in the materials collected, for such a computation. The differential tables show an excess, or deficiency, of many millions! What is a million? There is no such distinct idea. What are many millions? These are not intelligent numbers. They require a long process to work them, and a laborious memory to retain them. Simple illustrations may show us this. The conception of a million, is the conception of ten hundred thousands of units. It is a false conception, unless we have all the integers before us; it is an imperfect conception, should one be overlooked. But to mark down a hundred thousand strokes, whatever the rapidity of the manipulation, would occupy the penman well nigh all of a day that he could devote to the labour. The requirement of the nine successive days, for the repetition of the labour, would prove that it was a sufficient modicum for every day. Ten days are consumed ere the millionth stroke is inscribed! Before the task of noting in this manner twenty millions, more than half a year would have expired. So little do we analyse our terms! Millions! Great swelling words of vanity! We, thus, impose on ourselves. But, when we speak concerning a million of souls, twenty millions of souls, in what confusion do we wilder! We have a sense of something vast, painful, dread. Nothing is defined, disentangled, decomposed. And what increases our difficulty in these calculations is, that we suffer, so to speak, the figures to run into each other. But these souls are not aliquot parts of a mass; each is individuated; if we may borrow the phrase, it is a monad. The soul depends not for its capacity of pleasure and suffering on any proximate soul. It is a perfect system in itself. And such is the difference in the estimates of this world of souls!—*some* millions more, *or* some millions less. The population of the earth may be seven hundred *or* eight hundred millions of immortal beings! But still this fearful problem leaves the great total, the undisputed amount, untouched. None of these are figurative characters, arithmetical symbols,—but *beings*, always thinking and feeling, each consciously separate in "his own self," in a moral identity, which cannot be interchanged, or confused, or forgotten, ever, ever, ever! Then, let the long procession pass us! Let each composing it glance like a meteor by! "Who can count the dust" of that assemblage? Who can "count one by one, to find out the account?" Who shall survive the enumeration of that train? Oh let us ponder well what we are enjoined to do,—what we may hope to accomplish,—for this innumerable multitude of souls!

We want to understand more vividly the duration of that joy, or misery, which the soul inherits. Immortality, that awful word, but confounds us. How shall we discriminate, and not diminish, our ideas? Let us not call the luminaries of heaven to our aid, those which keep their revolutions in the mystic dance of planets to a rigid second, orbs which are for our seasons. They move in a too accustomed path. They shine with a too familiar ray. We can count the year! Let us break up our law of years, and appeal to more eccentric notations,—the comet's extravagant ellipse,—and try to exceed our common thought of time, though still we fail of the truth of eternity. Begin we with the humblest course,—three rounds of our planet and a little more, give the stranger's flight. Seventy of our years are exhausted before another visits us to the same point of space. A third far more fearless traveller into the unimaginable regions of infinitude, requires for its return five hundred and seventy-five years! In the year 2255, its next journey will be completed, and its fiery train will re-appear. —Here are more calculable scales of time. We may more easily dwell upon such divisions. But what are they to eternity? To the world without end? To the sum of endless bliss and woe? Could we understand eternity, then only could we appreciate the responsibilities, and count the results, of Missions!

To the Church is the conversion of these immortal spirits entrusted. It has the doctrine which alone can save. It has the only interest with Heaven. To it are all the promises sealed. It has the mighty power of prayer. In unselfish considerations it has an unknown strength. It has always been dreaded by the world. Its present wealth is more than adequate for its every claim. Omnipotence is always moving near it, that, when duly acknowledged and implored, it may interpose. There is nothing wanting, but that the Church be true to itself, but that it take its assigned part and do its proper work. "The blood" of those who perish, through our neglect, "shall be required at our hands."

Imagining ourselves to possess the blessings of Christianity, its pardon and renovation,—that it is "the true grace of God wherein we stand,"—the fear of this requirement does not properly appal. We wonder how any portion of the Divine anger can be compatible with our state of acceptance. But this method of soothing ourselves is most unreasonable and dangerous. It is arguing in aid of self-deception. "Since the days of our fathers have we been in a great trespass unto this day." To flatter ourselves that our actual condition and relation towards the Deity is that of perfect security, notwithstanding the proved neglect of duty, amidst the pointed menace of retribution, is the vile and monstrous perversion of the doctrines of grace. Talk not of Antinomianism after this. "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is *marked before me,* saith the Lord God." The true believer will often see, in such a charge, enough to invalidate all his evidences of piety; and in such a warning, enough to shatter all his foundations of hope. "Blood-guiltiness" lies heavy on his soul. He does not dispute his share in it. He does not make light of it. He shudders at the stain,—he trembles beneath the burthen. For this, he knows that he deserves to die. No offence against the second table of the law could have worked such ill to his neighbour. It is to him like the spectre of the murdered. His brother's blood crieth against him. All it "incarnadines." He dares not set up any *experience* of religion against this crime. He confesses, and he forsakes it, and finds mercy. He thinks not that he is safe but in forgiveness. He deeply repents. When he obtains his pardon, seeking it afresh, as though all his religious emotions were at least uncertain before, still he remembers that a portion of infliction may remain. "Terrible things in righteousness" may follow our prayer. He who "forgives us, may take vengeance on our inventions." How much may the low state of personal enjoyment, how much may the small increase of the Christian Church, be attributable to this neglect! Church of the living God! Pray, watch, agonise, that the blood of souls, —as only souls can bleed,—of wounded spirits crushed with everlasting destruction,—as only spirits can be destroyed,—of undone spirits sinking into perdition,—as only spirits can perish,—be not discovered in thy skirts! Let not that dark stain be upon thee! Think not that the guilt, thus divided, may not be apportioned,—that any maxim of earthly jurisprudence, weak because earthly, can embarrass the distribution,*—or, that the consequent wrath, whatever its *general* impression, may not *personally* strike !

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* "Quicquid multis peccatur inultum."

It has not been infrequently said by the infidel, that, did he adopt our views of religion and our opinions of mankind,—that, did he regard them all as guilty and all as perishing, he would lift up his voice and spare not, lest any should go down to endless ruin unwarned and unresisted. He retorts upon us our sentiments. He demands of us consistency. We may know that it is his attempt to evade the argument against his infidelity, by turning it into a recrimination upon our sincerity. We may know that it is not in a way of abrupt and violent importunity that we must "persuade men." Until the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot, he ran not thither to the Ethiopian proselyte: and then awaited his desire that he would come up and sit with him. Our Lord "did not strive nor cry; neither did any man hear his voice in the streets." But let us admit that we are exposed to the stringent rebuke. Had we worthily believed, there would have been more practical evidence of zeal and piety. What manner of persons ought we to be! The sword cometh upon the earth, the sword which can cleave the spirit, and shall we not give warning? Is there nothing in our cold formality, our "ease in Zion," to discredit our honesty of principle? Ah, it is not difficult to convict the most generous of selfishness, the most susceptible of apathy, the most devoted of disaffection, the most liberal of parsimony, the most constant of fickleness, the most active of sloth! We might be compared to the Chorus which, often, in ancient Tragedy, counsels sage caution and prudent self-control amidst shrieks of murder and cries of blood!

The alienations which are found in the bosom of the Church must greatly prejudice the character, and delay the progress, of the Gospel. They are unfitting such a system of unity and love. They are indignities to the charity that "doth not behave itself unseemly." Is it seemly that we wrangle among ourselves, and war together in our very gates? Do we not thus bring down upon us the reproach of our enemies? Are we not, in consequence of this temper, disqualified for that concentration which the mighty project of Missions demands? Cannot we forbear one another? We may not enforce, we do not expect, the precision of a strict uniformity and mechanical movement; but why should not love abound? What is any gift we heap upon the altar if we be not reconciled to our brethren? "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." The Saviour is now pleading for us that we may be one! The one Spirit is now constraining us that we may be one! We seek to set this distracted world at one! And do we forget that we "are all one in Christ Jesus?" "espoused to one Husband?" "baptised into one body?" that, while surrounding the table of the Lord, we are "one bread?" that, acting in the vineyard of usefulness, "he who planteth and he who watereth are one?" "For these divisions there are great searchings of heart." Oh let the Church be adjured to put away from it "all envies and all evil speakings!" Then may a ratification go forth upon its labours unlike any which they have hitherto obtained. Then may the battlements of Paganism rock as to an earthquake. But if we "smite our fellow-servant," can our returning Lord accept us, and honour our bickerings with his plaudit? If we contend who shall be greatest, will He not reprove, while even he receives, us: "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" While we strive, the enemy rallies: while we quarrel about the "mint and anise and cummin," a world sinks down the gulf of ruin!

On the Church the Missionary duty is devolved: the necessary treasure must, therefore, be levied on it. It must not expect "the earth to help it." But we must show unto it the guilt that it has incurred. It is possessed by a vile spirit of accumulation. It has to learn the obligation, under which it is placed, to give the much and consume the little. It takes its Lord's account, and asking how much it owes Him,—for the hundred measures, it sits down quickly and writes fifty or fourscore. Let the poor here feel their true importance. Their little pittance combines with mighty arrangements, and conduces to glorious results, as the drops of the shower, minute in themselves, refract the sun-burst, and each contributes to the magnificent arch which is thrown from one end of heaven to the other. The poor have done their part. But the rich, with a few noble exceptions, have to begin. There must be such a standard of giving, that it shall be, not the easy overflow of superfluity, but the wringing of sacrifice. It must leave behind it inconvenience, and necessity of retrenchment. The rule must be, not what can be spared, and we remain unconscious of any loss, but what should be devoted far beyond the first point of pressure and self-restraint. To *feel* that we are yielding our *utmost*, can alone bring us into the proper disposition of mind. Have we reached this pitch of expenditure? Do we yet labour under this strait? Have we done what we could? Have we withholden only that which is meet? Has the tithe been consecrated? Property has asserted its rights with sufficient distinctness: it has yet to learn its duties. Therefore is wealth accursed. The gold eateth as doth a canker. Prosperity destroys. All is commotion and disappointment. "Behold, is it not of the Lord of hosts that the people shall labour in the very fire, and the people shall weary themselves for very vanity!" The heart is faint. It is a hungry dream. Men receive the recompense which is meet.* God "shakes them out from their house and from their labour." There must be another spirit. The living man must bestow his substance, and not, unable to retain it any longer, relieve his living avarice by his dying bequest. The Christian community must consider that it is no mean end of its incorporation to raise and swell the funds necessary to this godlike work. It is the only treasury. Then shall be heard, not the excuse nor lie,—but the voice of thanksgiving: "Who am I, that I should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of thine own have I given Thee!"

And has not the Church almost to learn what is the power of *Prayer?* What conception have we of *believing prayer,* before which mountains depart? What, of *persevering prayer,* which causes us to "stand continually upon the watch-tower in the day-time, and which sets us in our ward whole nights?" What, of *importunate prayer,* which storms heaven with its "violence and force?" What, of *united prayer,* "gathering us together, to ask help of the Lord?" What, of *consis-*

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* "O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!"
PERSIUS.

tent prayer, which "regards no iniquity in our heart?" What of *practical prayer*, which fulfils itself? Let but such prayer be understood, let our spirit but "break with such longing," and the expectation of our bosoms shall not be delayed. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear!"

The Church has not yet proved, to their fulness, the grace and omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. We speak, perhaps not with exact critical propriety, of "the residue of the Spirit."* But allow the quotation to pass,—How much is yet unknown of His might! What is yet unexerted! What is "the hiding of His power!" What is "the residue!" What cannot He do! That which remains of unconquered territory, of unrenewed humanity, seems to us a hopeless, an interminable, obstacle. It is no small act of faith,—"I believe in the Holy Ghost!" It is no mean realization of thought,—"The power of the Holy Ghost!" We want this simple confidence. It should be an ever-present consideration. It ought to be our one idea. We might then regard the difficulties of our undertaking as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, as a rolling thing before the whirlwind!

The Church will never enter aright into this work until it partakes, and cherishes within itself, a more elevated temper of disinterestedness. Its notions of thrift, its penuriousness, will then yield to a lavish generosity. Personal service will be the first suggestion and strongest ambition of our minds. All things, that we would call great and noble, must stand in some connection with the propagation of the Gospel. Every event will interest us just as it is related to this issue. Why is it not so now? Our heart is yet hardened. The life of religion is low in us. We want the substantiating force of faith. We too little admit the impression of "the things which are not seen and which are eternal." Were our profession of Christianity reasonably consistent, decently just, ours would be a life of joy. If ever we attain to such a state, —"heart, soul, mind, and strength" will be thrown into this holy cause.

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* Mal. ii. 15.

Too little does the Church consider its present opportunities. It never, hitherto, enjoyed the same means of establishment and extension. These are times of light and liberty. The human mind is every where excited. The institutious of society receive constant improvement. How long may the season last? Should this pass from us, when may one so favourable again arise? "On such a full sea are we now afloat." Let the Ark of the Church now take the current and speed its voyage!

It is a painful humiliation of Christian principle, when Missionary Societies must appeal to us in their present tone. Like mercantile establishments do they warn the debtor-churches. They bring forward their balances, and threaten us with their ruin. It is a matter of finance, and they are not blameworthy in so treating it. But where are the right appeals? Who calleth on the Love of Christ? Who speaketh of the Cross? Who telleth of Satan, the enemy of souls? Who pleadeth the cause of a Hell-devoted World? It has been tried. What spirits trembled? What bosoms yearned? Where was "the great and very sore lamentation," as at the floor of Atad? Where was the "great cry, such as there was none like it," once heard throughout the land of Egypt? The mind of the Christian world gave but small response. A lower motive must be shamed into action. Ah! well could *this* remonstrance be understood, though it should be pitifully obeyed. These are losses that the present generation can calculate! These are embarrassments which they can conceive! Make it an affair of ledgers, and they can enter into it! Speak of bills, and they can catch your meaning! What can he care for the immortal soul who never thinks of his own but to say, "Soul, take thine ease?" What can he care to save the world from ruin, who loves this present world? Yet is it doubly mortifying, that our Missions should feel the want of support, and that this should be found the most congenial argument to obtain it. Our Missionaries must be withdrawn, our stations abandoned, unless there be pecuniary excess over the last receipts! What else can our boards decide? They must be guided by outlays and assets. They must "provide things honest in the sight of all men." They can only regulate their measures by their means. Though they spread the kingdom of heaven, it is necessarily by an earthly administration. Treasurers, clerks, collectors, acceptors, auditors, have a monetary province. Of this instrument we cannot make light. Though it is a "corruptible thing," though "Cæsar's image and superscription" be stamped on it, it may be converted into that which is "not corruptible," it may be appropriated among "the things that are God's." Still, it is an alarming thought, that this should be felt the fittest incentive to arouse the company of our churches,—that a wretched arithmetic should be put forward to do that, which thoughts of salvation and conceptions of eternity failed to accomplish!

But the Church owes another obligation to this work. It should "look out among" its Ministers and Members for those who are most suitable for this direct agency. The highest qualifications do not frequently present themselves. Sometimes,—though this is not the present difficulty,—when the Missionary has been most needed, he could not be found. The parable of our Lord has again and again been realised.* See the ripened harvest. It invites the sickle. It bends down with its own luxuriant weight. It waves before the breeze. The sky lowers. The wind moans. The air chills. The season will soon be past, and the opportunity be expended. But, where hundreds of hands should seize the spoil, and hundreds of voices should swell the carol,—a labourer is seen, here and there, breast-high, mocked by the hopeless impracticability of the work, and dispirited by the cheerless solitude of the separation. Where are our ardent youths, who will wage their lives in the high places of the field? Where are the fathers who will part with their heirs,—where the sisters with their brothers,—where the mothers with their sons? "Tell me not," said Cornelia, addressing her boys, "that I am the daughter of Scipio: do something, that I may be styled the mother of the Gracchi!" Alas, for what poor acquisitions and low honours is the flower of our youth stricken into the foreign grave! Parents can surrender them to the contagion of idolatry, vice, death, for pelf and bauble! They are surrendered, with little struggle, for traffic and for war! It is we,—it is we alone,—who will sacrifice nothing, endure nothing, dare nothing! It is we,—it is we alone,—who are false-hearted to our avowals! "Who is blind, but

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[*] Matt. ix. 37, 38.

my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?" Nothing unreasonable is felt, and we are the farthest from imagining it, when philosophy seeks its experiments amidst distant climes: when a Banks traverses the South Sea, to mark the transit of a planet over the disk of the sun; and a Herschel fixes his telescope on the sands of Africa, to watch the double-stars. But is motive wanting to the Missionary, then,—to him whose work concerns the immortal mind? the mind, which survives the crazing of those heavens, with all their mechanism of beauty and wonder? when the fair star of dawn and eve shall not herald another interval of time, and those stellar twins shall break from their common axis and revolve no more! Let the household, let the sanctuary, let the altar, reverberate the appeal: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?"

It is to be feared that the Church, too little regarding its duty of exertion and denial, finds, very commonly, but a luxurious sentimentalism in these Missionary results. It would be the "eye" to gaze and the "ear" to listen, but not the "foot" to run nor the "hand" to work. It would quaff any cup of excitement without thought that it is "the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives." It would hail amusement in description, and chord a poetry out of fact. But does it not impress all who are "partakers of the heavenly calling," that this most certainly *is universally* their business, *may* be their *individual* appointment, and ought to be, with true-hearted devotedness, with cost, with labour, in one or another department, sustained by all? Should we not "endure hardness?" Are we not required to "forsake all?" Is the occasion past? Or is the law repealed? What is the highest effort that it might not be higher? A Michael Angelo may tell even a Raphael that he is working on too small a scale.

These are the tests of true greatness; when affection, sorely tried, makes its sacrifices. It surrenders father and mother, son and daughter, country and home. The requirement is most severe. But, then, it is more acute than prolonged. It is, too, a concentration of virtues. Like the "temptation" of Abraham, it forms a character and a history. It cannot be judged by common rules. The mind must have reached the highest condition to make the act intelligible. It is the result of an almost perfected humanity. It is mortal will raised to the Divine. There is a refinement of the soul from its dross. With a Christian comment it explains the visions of Pagan heroism. These spoke of excellence and effort in such compressed forms. They imagined specimens in which a whole life was abbreviated and condensed. Their philosophers, their rhetoricians, their poets, painted these spectacles in their choicest descriptions. They became enamoured of them, and bowed adoringly. They were smitten with their ideal loveliness. When Aristotle describes the worthy man giving up every thing, that he may vindicate to himself that which is *beautiful in conduct*,—he exclaims: "He will seek a short-lived transport of benevolence, rather than a long-drawn feeble delight: and to live to some purpose for one year, than desultorily through many years. He will prefer one beautiful and lofty action, to many inconsiderable ones. . . . . Noble-minded men, therefore, covet a great good for themselves. . . . . That which is truly beautiful, profits the worthy man himself, and he distributes to himself the greater good."* Oh were this reasoning more present and excitative to us! Could we see that the absorption of habits and years in one strong exertion of self-denying devotement repays and honours all! Did we "count those happy who" thus "endure!" Did we recognise the glory of this designation, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake!" Did we appreciate the wealth of this bestowment, "For unto you it is given in behalf of Christ, to suffer for his sake!"

The Church must be more ready to recognise the *substantive effects* which God has already wrought among the Heathen. Every record of these should be anxiously awaited and eagerly perused. We should "declare His doings among the people, and make mention that his name is exalted." We speak advisedly, when we assert that great criminality is evinced in a general indifference to what has taken place. We are accustomed to say that little has been done. What mean we by that little? *Know* we how *much?* Have we received, with the joy and gratitude they should inspire, the tidings which reach us from distant lands? Could we trace, in our mind, the Missionary chart? Could we guess the number of Missionaries? Possess we any competent knowledge of these details? It is profane thus to repine, dastard thus to flag, when the heart is evidently cold to all success. "They say, Let Him make speed, and hasten his work, that we may see it: and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it." "When His hand is lifted up, they will not see." It is upon such a state of disposition that God particularly pours his rebuke. What care these murmurers among the people for that to which they direct neither study nor enquiry? We may put the question to these indifferentists, which once was proposed to the Deity, to clear Him of any such collusion: "Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?" The means of information are at hand. All might be known in a few hours, or at most, in a few days. But all is going on with their entire ignorance and recklessness. What is this but to aim against themselves the fearful doom adjudged of old: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you?" How might we affect the young, console the old, and often convince the gainsayer, by distincter narrative of our Missions! How well would it edify, to "gather the church together, rehearsing all that God has done with them and how he has opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles!" Does God rejoice to "mete out the valley of Succoth"—does Christ, in the few converts of Sychar, foresee the harvest of the world,—and shall we hear with indifference, and leave to vacancy, and betray to oblivion, records of triumph which surpass the long and united experience of the Church? "Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth." "Shout among the chief of the nations: publish ye, praise ye!"

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* "Ολιγου γαρ χρονου ησθηναι σφοδρα μαλλον ελοιτ' αν, η πολην ηρεμα· και βιωσαι καλως ενιαυτου, η πολλα ετη τυχοντως· και μιαν πραξιν καλην και μεγαλην, η πολλας και μικρας·...... Αιρουνται δη μεγα καλον εαυτοις." κ. τ. λ.—Nimoch: Eth: Lib. ix. Cap. 8.

The *Pastors* of Churches may examine themselves with much advantage in this matter. They are Christ's: by Him they are given to his people. The same authority which prescribes their present lot may summon them to the ends of the earth. They must stand ready for every sphere and description of labour. But if their ministry at home be unblessed, may it not be the intimation that they are called hence? If the Missionary is oft compelled to *sink* into the pastor, why may not the pastor *rise* into the Missionary? We may advance on even this. Were a few of our most able preachers, our best beloved Ministers,—the men of the most fixed association, the largest success,—to offer themselves to fulfil this work,—it is believed that such would be the impression and the impulse, that the Church would assume a new aspect and date a new æra! Would they hesitate? Are they now reluctant? What keeps them from the onset? The want of call. The call of what? The call of heaven and earth by the voice of the Church! They only tarry for its enunciation! It would decide them! It would make all clear and self-evident in duty! Parley not with them, approach them with no caution and prove them with no forbearance,—tell them at once to what they are bidden! Even for a moment it does not startle. It is relief. This was only wanted, only awaited, and the long cherished purpose of the heart is sealed. Cast but the mantle upon them, without preparation and warning, and they will follow. Point but the way, and they will eagerly run it. The duty would, however, be correlative. Will their people resign them? Could they magnanimously bid them speed? Would they, though with weeping, yet with firmness, "accompany them unto the ship?" Oh it will be a joyful day, when all talent and influence shall be at the disposal of the Church, and her selfishness shall wholly perish! When, like a heavenly monitress, she shall send forth her most "precious sons" on the most arduous services,—and they shall seek no pre-eminence, but of toil and danger!

It is a stern reflection, that there should be so much of unavailing power among us. Were it all elicited, and all directed, scarcity of any means would not be known. Each Christian ought often to ask himself, Whom have I brought,—how many,—to the knowledge of the truth? Whom have I saved from death? To many it would be a scandalising question. They would think it should only be proposed to the preacher of the Gospel. Ah, it is thus that we are neutralised! Almost every thing lies latent. We have to learn our first lesson, and to take our first step. We have yet to see the reason why we were brought into the fold. Then were we devoted to the cause of universal salvation. Missions are to Christianity but its proper expansion and evolution,—like the mathematical genesis of the given line or segment. Have we obeyed the pledge? Have we not made the Church our lurking-place from labour? Have we not sought a very indulgence there? "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another: for every man shall bear his own burden." Let no one shrink, supposing that the work is doing without him: "*Thou mayest not hide thyself.*" Idleness has no longer the excuse: "*No man hath hired me.*"

In the piety which alone can move and impress our Missionary zeal, one element needs to be greatly strengthened,—*love to Christ.* Is it the part of this affection, on whomsoever it is placed, to raise the spontaneous image, to suggest the absorbing devotedness, to induce the ready assimilation, to avail itself of all for its exercise? Lower proofs cannot be allowed that we "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Do we thus "*consider*" Him and place Him always before us? Are we ready not to "be bound only, but also *to die* for His name?" Know we the "*fellowship* of His sufferings, being made *conformable* to his death?" Does "His Love *constrain* us?" "If any man love Him," what can be withheld? What can be declined? What can be dreaded? It was this enlightened and fervent principle which the apostle, the martyr, the Missionary, cherished, and, in cherishing it, reached their high renown. It is this which we only want to smile at sacrifices, dangers, and deaths. But it is no blind impulse nor involuntary movement. It is intelligent, reasoning, conscious. It approves well its object, and only laments the feebleness of its exercise. It is so real in the true believer that, when its evidence is most obscured and its power most weakened, still he can say: "Thou knowest that I love thee!" It becomes an unconquerable fervour in him which urges him to seek the honour of his Saviour, and makes him long for the seraph's voice to chant, and the cherub's wing to waft, and the archangel's trump to herald, the great Salvation!

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds, that we have now reached a point of the highest interest and dreadest responsibility in the History of Missions. There is no alternative but to advance or to recede. The building we can raise at pleasure, and leave at any height: the tree must grow or wither. The city may keep within its walls: the army must march or fly. It is not failure that troubles us but success. New fields of labour invite us; admirable candidates plead for our patronage; distant churches are hastening to a maturity, but still more than ever they need our help. Conversion inspires revival, and revival produces conversion. "As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." The urgent claims which now appeal to us grow out of this prosperity. From what has that prosperity grown? The answer is joyous, and yet awful: we have besought it, and we have been heard. "In the *day* when I cried Thou answeredst me!" Our prayer has not "returned into our own bosom!" We have "covered the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and with crying out." Were we sincere? Did we dissemble? Do we grudge the consequence? Do we grieve that our prayers are answered? Would we that there had gone up "a bootless bene?" That we still groaned in unavailing intercessions? That our Missionaries were put to shame? That they had fled before their enemies? That the Pagan should not understand nor seek after God? That the Gospel should be hindered? Some subtle hypocrisy is here. God is "the Hearer of prayer." It is a glorious name. Our exclamation has been of it. We have declared it to the Heathen. They have prayed. He has glorified his name. Hearing prayer, all flesh shall come unto him. Would we blot out that memorial? Would we quench that serenest out-beaming from His crown? He has been faithful to his promise: he has done his part. His arm has put on strength: have *we* put on strength? He has plucked his right hand out of his bosom: is *our* "heart at our right hand?" His work has appeared unto his servants: where is *our* handywork? Human agency alone is wanting. "Is not the Lord gone out before thee?" What have we done? Can we speak of "counting all things but loss" for this? Has any thing that we have attempted "drawn out our soul?" Is there not the same race of ambition? The same pride of life? Should not our conduct, to comport with the crisis, bear a far more self-denying feature? "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep and oxen, and men servants and maid servants?" May not this inadequacy, this unworthiness, of the Church, be the occasion of our national judgments? Why His present controversy with us? "Our breach is great like the sea." In vain we have spoken of our prospects but as dimmed with passing clouds. "The clouds have returned after the rain." Prognostications have but mocked us. "We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!" Where is the dial which only counted its bright and cheerful days? When knew we such "distress with perplexity?" Thick-coming omens may well excuse thick-coming fears. Our Country sitteth desolate! "Her tears are on her cheeks." Why has "the Lord come out of his place to punish" us? Among innumerable and aggravated sins, may not the apathy of the Church in our land be henceforth considered a national offence? Instead of saving our country, may we not have hurried it to its doom? "Our way and our doings have procured these things unto us." Falls there not a two-fold retribution on the wicked nation and on the supine Church? For, though previous admissions are cheerfully recollected and re-affirmed, —that much has been accomplished, that many have been interested,—where is the treasure, the mind, the energy, we *could* bestow? The expenditure of one war might be enough for all we need. "Ah, sinful nation!" Is this thy requital of all thine honours and resources? Is this thy care of a world which thou hast only been raised to govern that thou mightest the better bless? How soon might thy ruin come! Should He speak to pluck up and to destroy,—all thy might and all thine alliance, thy massive form, thy wide command, would avail thee nothing,—as easily wouldst thou perish, in the day of His fierce anger, as the flax burns up before the flame, or the ripe grape bursts beneath the foot of him who treadeth in the wine-press!

We should regard this season not only as one of warning,—lest the kingdom of God be taken from us,—but as that which is singularly responsible. We have every facility. Where all is praiseworthy, it is invidious to discriminate: yet the order of our Missionaries seems to us the greatest of all our auspices. There could have been no rational expectation of finding such men. They are found for us. They are raised up among us. They go forth under promptings from heaven. An inspiration burns with them. Scarcely has the Church owed them more in their distant labours, than, when driven back by disease or persecution, for their return. Then has it listened, like the Saviour to his disciples, to "all things, both what they have done, and what they have taught:" and then, too, like the Saviour, it had said: "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while." To those visits, mournful in their occasion, how large a measure of holy impression and righteous excitement is due! But this teaches us the lesson of mortality. How soon shall those admirable men go hence, and be no more! How quickly will their acquisitions and experience be lost! How should we seek the extension of their invaluable lives! How does it become us to work amidst so precarious a day! How must we, if we will do our duty and improve our season, make the utmost of gifts and habits, on which the grave so soon may close! Fathers may rejoice in children thus devoted,—children can emulate their fathers in the sacrifice. Wives shall share the glory. Mothers will bid their sons go forth, tearing themselves from their embrace. Unlike the "wars and fightings, which come from our lusts warring in our members," this conflict involves but cheerful though trying loss, and well-supported though poignant sorrow. None hate the cause, however it bereaves them.*

There arises a motive to urge our work and redouble our labour, from our abandonment by all other help. We are left alone. Once we needed not to be surprised that men spoke of it as *one* of the means which should accomplish the happiness of our race. Other operations were put to their issue. Benevolence, noble and courageous, sought schemes worthy of its undoubted disinterestedness. The State combined with individual enterprise. Rivers were to wind into trackless continents the benefits of knowledge and cultivation. Such adventure can boast its pioneers. It may enroll its martyrs too.

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* "Hîc matres, miseræque nurus, hic chara sororum
Pectora mœrentum, puerique parentibus orbi
Dirum execrantur bellum."

Virg: Æneid: Lib. 11.

We have hailed all such agents. We have welcomed all such auxiliaries. No envy distorted our estimation of them; and distrust, if ever it intruded into our mind, found no ready harbour there. But all is failure! Discovery and conciliation are hopelessly debarred! Niger sends forth among the hardy explorators of its secrets the fell blasts of death. The flag which has scarcely bowed to the storm, and has streamed as the meteor of the battle, has drooped over these discomfited expeditions. Tale of disaster, murder, defeat, has followed tale. The day for Civilising Expedients is past. Never more can they retain a pretext of plausibility. Never more can they command a right of place or a hope of success. The Missionary must do it! Alone must do it! He is already without competitors, even so far as they emulated the meanest portion of his cause. Who lightens his toil now? Who divides his glory? Who but he shall pierce to the central antres of Africa? Who but he shall burst the ices of the Poles?

Three conditions of things may be confidently foretold by us as certain to arise, all of which must involve duties of a very high and earnest order: demanding, as we anticipate them, deep and severe reflection, the formation of corresponding habits, and the pursuit of appropriate tempers. We should now school ourselves in the sentiments, and equip ourselves with the reasonings, and enure ourselves to the sacrifices, which such a crisis will challenge.

The first new form of things which we may expect, is that which must require an exercise of more simple, naked, *principle*. The opinions of men minister a tyranny with which none other can compare. Society seems a contrivance to sophisticate and pervert all the natural expressions of human character. The Christian is too often, by the subtle influence around him and in the midst of which he dwells, corrupted in his ingenuousness. When a fashion attaches to religion, when a factitious popularity invests it, it is easy to wear its insignia. But it may be that other times may come, and with them different manners and different tastes. We shall then be left alone, as a beacon on a hill. We must make another stand. We must call more aloud to our inner life. We must lean more dependingly upon truth. There may again be danger. Persecution may arise. This we know, that its cruel appetite is not stayed. The embers which it kindled are not quenched. Then shall come the Exigent and Perilous proof of what we are. We shall be tried. Nothing can serve us in any stead but the real and vital decision of the heart. We want something great in labour and zeal. The transcendental! the lofty! the heroic! Faith in its triumphs, piety in its fervours, only can avail.

A second ingredient in this new form of things must be, effort of a more *personal* description. The great system of our religious institutions is conducted by a few. The Missionary goes forth as an agent of others, though fulfilling his own vocation. A sort of delegation enters into almost every undertaking. We thus compound for our ease, purchase exemption from danger and toil, remain secure while others hazard their all, and are even self-complacent in the means of the commutation. But this is a poltroon selfism. It is an effeminate indulgence. We cannot absolve ourselves from individual exertion. Our sloth must be stirred up, our indisposition to fatigue and inconvenience be resisted, our dainty senses be grated, our cherished and poetic delicacies of feeling be shocked. There is hardness to be endured. There is mortification to be practised. Every hand is to be set to the plough. Every shoulder is to bear the burden.

Another scale of pecuniary contribution is demanded. He is not blamed by general Christian opinion who devotes to the spread of the Gospel that which he can readily spare from his wants and comforts. That residue is supposed to satisfy his obligation. It is thus the last concern. It is the doubtful contingent. Should these things be? Ought not the larger share to be devoted to God, and the less to be accepted for ourselves? Ought not His cause to be primary and preponderant in all our thoughts, plans, and calculations?

It is plain that we are not prepared. The Lord would find us sleeping. We are not worthy to stand before the Son of Man. Even now,—when a preeminence of zeal will be accorded to easy tasks and uncostly offerings,—we fail. We come short of an easy requirement. Can we, then, be ready for a scale of a thousand-fold greater effort and sacrifice? Do we as yet murmur and shrink? "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

We might goad ourselves into more consistent activity, by thinking on the devoted attachment of Pagans to their superstitions. Religion is every thing to them, interwoven with all their customs and influencing all their ideas. It is the life of every festival: it gives a note to every day. Music and poesy court no other strain. The element fills their lands. "All people will walk every one in the name of his god." The Hindoo is supposed to give the half of his income to his rites and temples. The idolater is in earnest. He will perform any pilgrimages, he will endure any tortures. "Ye have taken away my gods, and the priest, and what have I more? and what is this that ye say unto me, What aileth thee?" "The king of Moab took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering." But *we* hesitate to bear any inconvenience. We confer with flesh and blood. Covetousness is our idolatry, and here, idolater-like, we are generous and sincere.

> "In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
> A needful but opprobrious prayer. As much
> Our ardour less, as greater is our light."*

Nor will the results of a more corresponding exertion and liberality be secured, until a higher condition and mood of piety obtain among us. We need a stronger faith, a more diligent devotion, a stricter self-discipline, a more disinterested determination. We are not yet susceptible of the grace we profess to implore: we could not wield the usefulness of which we think ourselves ambitious. We are not sufficiently clean that we should bear the vessels of the Lord. Too many wicked things are with the host in its going forth against its enemies. Our ministry at home must be raised in its spiritual energy. Our congregations must be set in order. Our household regimen must be purified. High-souled integrity and honour must govern our trade. Our whole example must shine in an embodied Christianity. The Gospel must be allowed all its utterances and all its demands. As he was, our Lord and Pattern, so must we be in the world. We must speak in light and proclaim from the house-top. Reserve and disguise must be contemned. We must exhibit and urge an undeviating decision. We must blow the trumpet and summon to the battle of the great day of God Almighty. Each man must gird his sword upon his thigh. Resolve must bind and move the compact mass of His army Who sitteth on the white horse. The Church shall then be equipped for its warfare and capable of its victory. Its renovation is that on which all is suspended. Let the Refiner sit, and purge its gold and silver. Let the Husbandman, with his fan in his hand, thoroughly purge its floor. Let judgment, saving but searching, begin at us. As soon as God shall convert the Church, the Church shall convert the World!

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* Young. Consolation.

When Xavier,—and who can pronounce that name without a deep veneration?—lay upon the bed of death in Santian, the death which arrested his career of triumph, while the delirium of fever acted upon all the associations of his zeal,—he cried, as though giving military orders, Amplius, Amplius! Farther, Farther yet!—The whole East was too little! Island and continent could not satisfy! He dreamed, with method in his madness, of still enlarging conquests. Or might it not be more? An inspiration of hastening death? An outbreak, last and sublimest, of a heavenward soul? "Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit."* So let *us* advance our standards to other fields! Let us go up to the regions beyond! Let us seek the nations which are far off! Let us speak to the people, that they go forward! On, on, be our cry! We may not pause till the furtherance of the Gospel be circumscribed but by the limits of our world! Christians need only fear retrograde and declension! They cannot dare too much! They cannot pledge too far! They cannot adjure too solemnly! They cannot expect too confidently!

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* Seneca.

> "Let such bethink them, ...
> That in our *proper motion we ascend*,—
> . . . . . . descent or fall
> To us is adverse."*

Members of the Established Churches of these different realms! In them ye think that there are noble advantages, a national confession of the Divine Providence, a public testimony to Christianity, standards of doctrinal purity, checks upon the license of enthusiasm, the security for an honourable clergy, a living infusion of religion into all the departments and even ceremonies of the state, the holy baptism of all civil interests, the basis of jurisprudence and the bond of society, a conformity to the divine model, a laying of all power and wealth and learning under a requisition to extend true piety, an apparatus which may be expanded with our colonial growth and greatness. Stand ye, then, before the world. Make full proof of your system. Your influence is indisputable. What cannot ye do? What resources cannot ye command? At your summons the already anointed diadem glitters on you with its brightest rays, the aristocracy is pledged with all its lineage and bravery, high names of martyrdom invoke your zeal, illustrious foundations encite your munificence. Appeal to the throne. Let your heart be to the governors of Israel. Plead the cause of the wretched nations in senate and in judgment-seat. Let it be heard through the venerable temples which by massive tower speak of your solid faith, and by heaven-pointing spire tell of your immortal hope. Let your colleges hear the call until their alumni be fired with the ambition of the enterprise. Ye are cities set on a hill. Let your dioceses, let your synods, rouse themselves up: and earnestly, and directly, and unanimously, resolve the salvation of a lost world!

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* Milton.

Members of the Dissenting and Separatist Communities! In them ye think that there are high facilities, a spirit of freedom, a range of action, an exhibition of more apparently disinterested motive, a more elastic application of principle to circumstance, power to meet the most exigent crisis, a more legitimate principle of contribution, a truer cement of union, profession more spiritual and conscience more free, closer assimilation to Apostolic ordinance and usage. Stand ye, then, before the world. Seize your enlarged opportunities. Let not this be empty boast. Say it not to swell a party or to flatter a sect. Your straitness has been alleged against you. Your mind has been charged with censorious bitterness and minute cavilling. Your action has been described as petulant and intrusive. Your answer need not be delayed a moment. What hinders you from going into all the world? What ecclesiastical formalities have you to observe? By what slower jurisdictions are ye stayed? Use your liberty and press it to the utmost.

Let it be seen that your nonconformity, of whatever ground and degree, is not a thing of captiousness, repulsion, moroseness; that it is only dear to you because it supplies you with a greater latitude of usefulness. Sow beside all waters. Set your feet in a large place. If less restricted than others, go ye into the highways,—if more impassioned, compel the outcasts to come in. Whatever is characteristic in your respective denominations, employ to evangelise the world!*

There still remains a case, a predicament, of guilt and danger, greater than that of the idolater! "It shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment for him," than for the unconverted among ourselves. There may be those who connect themselves with Missionary interests, and have not "given themselves unto the Lord." They are moved in their animal feelings at the pictures of the misery which abounds among the Heathen: they intellectually appreciate the triumphs of civilization and of truth. But their heart is disaffected still. "Come with me," exclaimed Jehu, "and see my zeal for the Lord." The historian adds: "But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart." What a contradiction of profession and principle, what a self-variance, do thousands still exhibit! They assist in building that which they continue to undermine,—in healing that which they continue to inflame,—in enforcing that which they continue to annul. They make a mock at sin, and yet warn against it! They neglect the great salvation, and yet proclaim it! They hold forth the cup of blessing, and pass it untasted by themselves! But the word of the Lord is against them. He is walking contrary to them. Oh, could searching remonstrance reach these infatuated ones! Could they see that the inconsistency, the incredibility, is fulfilled in them,—"Moab howling for Moab!" "Satan casting out Satan!" They may be useful. Their labours may be crowned with efficiency. They may "join themselves to all the living." Failure may follow zeal, and success insincerity. They may, by their means, save souls from death. By the converted Heathen they may be recognised as their spiritual benefactors. To them those converts may "owe their own selves." By a new faculty of discrimination, they may suddenly perceive the authors of the blessing. And now, for the first time, they meet at the Judgment. There is the interview! The ransomed Pagans break forth into utterances of gratitude towards the instruments of their redemption! 'We glorify God, on your behalf. We were ready to perish. We were in the power of Satan. We were of the nations which forgat God, and, but for you, we should have been turned into hell. You heard our cry. You pitied our distress. No voice of kindness sounded, save from you. You ministered the only balm for our broken hearts. You taught us to feel the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. How beautiful were the feet of the messengers you sent us! Your hearts spoke by them! You cared for our souls! Blessed and honoured servants of the Lord, his ministers and witnesses, how can we cease always to long after you, and to acknowledge that unto us He sent you to open our eyes? What debt can creature contract to creature, that we owe not to you? Come, let us sing unto the Lord. Take your harps, ye the First-born, and lead the song. Take your crowns, and cast them before the throne for tribute. Ye were in Christ before us. It was you who first led us to His feet!'—Why are the objects of this grateful appeal covered with sudden shame? Why are their eyes fixed on the ground? Why does their tongue cleave to the roof of their mouth? Why shrink they from the salutation? Why gathers that paleness on their countenance? Why shivers that tremor through their frame? Why bursts that outcry from their lip? They who greeted them, ascend into heaven! Hark to their halleluias! Gaze on their brightening splendours as they rise! The reason now is clear. The door is shut, and these stand without!

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* The Author knows not in what terms to express his admiration, in referring to the recent work of the Rev. Dr. Campbell. It is one original conception. Its execution is worthy of the high genius which planned it. It is a most masculine and sinewy appeal. Before Missionary greatness he causes all other forms of earthly majesty to bow themselves. Any one could have said that the Herald of the Gospel to the nations is far nobler than the men who are commonly celebrated. But who, save the writer of "The Martyr of Erromanga," could place this thought, sufficiently obvious to the Christian, so distinctly and burningly before statesmen, orators, philosophers, and heroes,—with such address and such fidelity,—that, as we read, we see them tremble? and can mark them "come bending to" the supereminence of the lowly, but ever-renowned, man who has thus received a costly embalmment at the hands of one, that seemed alone qualified to do him justice by proving how truly he was great?—It gives him much pleasure to take this occasion to recommend to serious perusal the publication of a dear friend, the Rev. Professor Stowell, entitled, "The Missionary Church." To its elegance of composition, closeness of reasoning, and piety of temper, is added much information on the details of our modern Societies and on the branches of their agency.—Nor is his satisfaction less, in adverting to "Letters on Missions, by William Swan, late Missionary in Siberia." It is a Book full of right principle and holy feeling. Who, that knows that incomparable man, could expect other contents?

The banquet is full, and these are not bidden! The harvest is past, and these are not saved! Many helped to build the Ark, whose weltering corses were scattered in its wake. Many contributed to the services of the Tabernacle, who as lepers were thrust from the camp, or as transgressors were stoned beyond the gate. Many toiled to build the Temple, who never sacrificed at its altar, nor bowed to its God. Balaam predicted a kingdom, with which he felt no sympathy; and Caiaphas foretold an atonement, in which his very enmity thirsted for its revenge. Hindoos, Boschmen, Cherokees, Esquimaux, Calmucks, Feejeeans,—tribes the most imbruted, hordes the most dæmoniacal,—receive the grace of God: converts hasten from the east and west, from the north and south, and press into His kingdom: "and ye, when ye have seen it, repented not afterward, that ye might believe." The infatuation is unspeakable! It is for rebels to speed the chariot at whose wheels they shall be dragged! It is for prisoners to invoke the day of execution! "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light!"

There is a hell!—it admits of dread degrees,—the sorer punishment,—the many stripes,—the wrath unto the uttermost! Who must lie lowest, who suffer the most keenly, there? In comparison with whom, may idolaters find a higher region and a softer flame? All who have perished by the rejection of the Gospel! These will know an agony in which dæmons cannot share. Spirits in that prison will shrink from a retribution unlike their own. They will shun the sufferers of such a doom. They will fly the writhings of their woe and the paroxysms of their despair. They "will stand afar off, for the fear of their torment!"

Reader! This is a message from God unto thee! Here are thine accountabilities! These are the duties to which thou art called! These are the honours with which thou mayest be invested! These are the victories with whose garland thou canst be wreathed! What art thou doing for the salvation of the world? Didst thou ever cry mightily in prayer for it? Art thou suffering a single sacrifice made towards its advancement? Is it in thy heart? Is it a daily thought? At its acceleration, does thy chief joy respond? Seek first, thine own salvation! Make it sure! Receive the Atonement! Then raise it before the nations, "a great altar to see to!" Be converted, be renewed! Then exhibit this blessed Regeneration, by which thou art transformed in the renewing of thy mind, before all people,—like the Laver Sea of the Temple, with its mysterious supporters turning every way, and its perimeter set to the circuit of the world!

ERRATA.

Page 47, Line 23, *for* * *read* †; and Line 25, *for* † *read* ‡.
124, Line 10, *for* whoever *read* who ever.
169, Line 2, *for* reponses *read* responses.
195, Line 12, *for* secresy *read* secrecy.
287, Line 25, *for* Demons *read* Dæmons.
352, Line 32, *dele* of, the first word in the line.

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